# The Life of JOHN A. ANDREW

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JOHN A. ANDREW

John A. Andrew

*John Albion Andrew in 1860*

# THE LIFE OF

# JOHN A. ANDREW

GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS

1861–1865

BY

HENRY GREENLEAF PEARSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

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*For the sake of History itself, let us deal honestly and fearlessly with the record our predecessors have left behind them. For the sake of every science needful for the development of human society, its emancipation from avoidable error and pain; and for their own sake too — who, now removed from the distractions of this world's allurements, must desire, more than all things, the universality of Justice and Truth — let us explore the lives and actions of men, and their generations, with pious carefulness, but with impartial fidelity and independence.* — John A. Andrew, Address delivered before the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, January 2, 1867.

*What he did as Governor of the Commonwealth, during the late slaveholding rebellion, both for the State which he represented and the nation whose liberties he upheld, is it not a signal part of the history of the times, to be admiringly rehearsed by a grateful posterity?* — William Lloyd Garrison, Letter to the Testimonial Committee, March 12, 1868.

# PREFACE

It is hard to imagine a man of a more transparent nature than John A. Andrew. Yet, for all that his character lies open to the understanding, there was about him a quality which compels one to recognize at the outset the impossibility of presenting him fully to the reader. In his own degree, he was a man of genius. Therefore, though his deeds may be set down in black and white, his ways escape the record of the pen.

Inasmuch as this story treats of the Civil War from the point of view of one of the great commonwealths composing the nation, the picture that it presents of Abraham Lincoln is complete only within local and contemporary limits. To set forth without reserve and to render intelligible Andrew's opinions about the man and the President with whom he had to deal is all that I have attempted. The reader, having a sight of Lincoln as he appeared to the war governor of Massachusetts, can make for himself the allowance demanded by history.

Andrew's correspondence, covering his five years as Governor of Massachusetts, was preserved in files and in letter-press books carefully classified and fully

indexed. The official correspondence is still kept in the rooms of the Executive Department at the State House, and may be consulted only by permission of the governor. For this permission my thanks are due to Hon. W. Murray Crane, Governor of Massachusetts from 1900 to 1903. The remainder, containing personal or confidential communications, is the property of Miss Edith Andrew, and has been placed freely at my disposal. Miss Andrew has lent me, too, the volumes in which her father preserved, with the same elaborate system, his correspondence after he left the State House, and she has put into my hands such of his earlier letters as are still in existence. I have had access to many letters of John M. Forbes, through his daughter, Mrs. W. H. Hughes, and, thanks to the kindness of Miss Mary Woodman, to the carefully kept files and letter-press books of her father, Cyrus Woodman, and to the scrap-book of newspaper clippings which he began at the time of Andrew's death. From Mr. C. S. Bird I have received letters of Francis W. Bird, and from Mrs. Nathaniel Gage and Miss Ada Andrew of North Andover many family letters. One long letter of Andrew's has come to me through Mr. Horace P. Chandler.

In printing letters I have ventured upon the experiment of reproducing in type the idiosyncrasies of the writers in matters of punctuation, capitalization, spelling, and even grammar. The chief exceptions to this practice are the use of the word "and"

for the character "&," and of the contraction "etc." for "&c."; also, in the long note at the end of chapter xii., and in some of the letters in chapter xv., where the punctuation was chaotic rather than characteristic, changes have been made for the sake of clearness. I fully appreciate the typographical blemishes which, by reason of my course, many of the pages contain, and cheerfully relieve the printers of responsibility; if in any degree the personal quality which is such a significant thing on the written page shall have been suggested by the printed page, I shall be satisfied.

As to the numerous omissions indicated in the letters, they represent invariably redundancies or irrelevancies. Andrew's natural style was exhaustive; moreover, when writing letters he habitually sat back in his chair and dictated to one of his secretaries, correcting the pages afterwards by additions rather than by excisions. Of course almost every letter contains repetitions; it is only the man who is not hurried who has time to be brief. Under these circumstances I have felt that my first duty was to preserve not the integrity of Andrew's letters but the patience of the reader. Irrelevancies I have had no hesitation in omitting altogether or transferring to their proper places in the narrative. Finally, these two reasons are the sole causes for my omissions. I may attest the truth of what was written by the late Edwin P. Whipple, who, selected

soon after the death of Andrew to write his biography, read the thirty thousand or more pages of his letters but only began the work of composition. "Under the microscope," he declared, "nothing could be detected, even when passions were raging the fiercest, which had the least taint of envy, jealousy, meanness, bigotry, or any unworthy feeling." [1]

To those who knew Andrew, whether at college, at the bar, in politics, in social life, or at the State House, and who have aided me, whether in conversation or by letter, my sincere thanks are due. Particularly must I make acknowledgment of gratitude to Mr. Daniel H. Chamberlain, Mr. Robert S. Rantoul, and Mr. John Austin Stevens, for important criticisms on some chapters. Mr. Rantoul has also kindly lent the original of the letter printed on pages 252 and 253 of volume ii., that a characteristic example of Andrew's handwriting may be presented. Mrs. William S. Robinson has kindly allowed me to consult the scrap-books of her husband ("Warrington"), thereby saving me the trouble of searching for his letters in the files of the newspapers for which he wrote them. Here also I wish to express my indebtedness to Miss Leslie Hopkinson for her reading of the proof-sheets.

When a man has finished writing a book he is made aware, as he looks back over his work, of the

[1] *Memoir of Governor Andrew*, Peleg W. Chandler, p. 141.

way in which it has been bound up with the familiar events of his daily life. Times and places, experiences of sorrow and of joy, associate themselves with this and that subject or page so vividly and inevitably that the substantive quality seems to reside not so much in what has been written as in what has been lived. All this is generally no business of the reader's. His concern is only with the printed page. But if he reads in this book I cannot have him unmindful of the counsel and assistance given by my wife from the first hours of preparation to these ultimate hours of completion, — a service which has ranged from the care of multitudinous details to the broadest questions of scope and treatment, and which has bettered every page. This companionship in work has been my inspiration; let the last word written in this long labor be of gratitude to her.

Boston, 16 February, 1904.

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# JOHN A. ANDREW

## CHAPTER I

### WINDHAM AND BRUNSWICK: 1818–1837

In the month of July, 1817, Jonathan Andrew brought his bride to his little house in the country town of Windham, Maine. He was a native of Salem,[1] who for the sake of his health had some

[1] By way of genealogical information it should be said that on May 29, 1668, died in Rowley Village (now Boxford), Massachusetts, a certain Robert Andrew, — otherwise Andrews, Andress or Andross, — a householder and large landowner, who with his wife Grace had settled there, coming possibly from England. Their son Joseph, born September 18, 1657, one of ten children, the last of the line to spell his name other than Andrew, married somewhat late in life for his second wife the widow Abigail Walker, of an old family of Graftons, and moved with her to Salem. There he reared his family (six children by his first wife and two by his second), and there he died in 1732. His son Nathaniel, born August 10, 1705, and married September 30, 1729, to Mary Higginson, a great-great-granddaughter of Rev. Francis Higginson, first minister of Salem, also died there, on February 4, 1762. Of Nathaniel's seven children, John, the youngest, was born September 27, 1747, and married Elizabeth, daughter of Abraham Watson and Elizabeth Pickering — the Pickerings being another Salem family as old and honored as the Higginsons. John Andrew carried on a profitable jeweler's and goldsmith's business at the "Sign of the Gold Cross." Soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, he removed his family to Windham, Maine, a town

ten years before settled in Windham near a married sister; now, at thirty-five, he was the prosperous owner of the "store," where the farmers came to barter. His wife,[1] a woman of great personal attractiveness, had, strangely enough for those times, pursued her vocation of teacher until the age of thirty-three unmarried. The first child of this union, John Albion Andrew, was born on May 31, 1818. A year later came another son, Isaac Watson, and in the next five years two daughters, Sarah Elizabeth and Nancy Alfreda.

From the reminiscences[2] which Isaac Andrew wrote out in later life of his brother and their childhood, one may gather scattering facts, interesting and at times significant.

John Albion was so named for a brother of his mother, a remarkably bright, *promising* young man, who died while a member of college. John Albion, or Albion, as his parents used to call him, early

fifteen or sixteen miles from Portland. In 1791 he met his end by the discharge of his own gun in his own hands. Three of his daughters married farmers and were settled in Windham or the neighboring towns. The widow with her younger children returned to Salem, and there Jonathan, the eighth child, born in 1782, received his education and went into the grocery business.

[1] Nancy Green Pierce, born in Westmoreland, New Hampshire, July 27, 1784, married to Jonathan Andrew on July 14, 1817, was the daughter of John Pierce and Sally Farnsworth. Her father was born in Groton, Massachusetts, and was connected with the family of President Franklin Pierce; her mother, born April 12, 1755, was one of the eight children of Deacon Isaac Farnsworth, of Groton, and Anna Green, who were married December 4, 1744.

[2] Concerning the quotations from Isaac Andrew in this chapter, see note on p. 14.

learned to talk. . . . When he was quite young, some of the good old ladies conceived the idea that the baby was tongue-tied, and unknown to his mother, who was still confined to her bed, sent for an old gentleman who was supposed to be good for such operations, to come and cut the offending strings. He came, but failing to see the case in the same light as the women did, declined doing anything, on the plea that his hand was too unsteady for him to perform the job with safety. His parents used to say in after years, when Albion's tongue had been running fast as usual, "that it was lucky that the old gentleman did not cut that boy's tongue, unless to cut a piece off, for if he had there would have been no living with him." . . . He was a feeble child for a long time, and indeed he was never up to the average of country children in health and vigor. His father in after years, when speaking of the infancy of this son, used to say, "He did not look as tho' he was worth raising."

The boy was short and very stout; his features were good, his eyes bright blue, and his head was covered with tightly curling blond hair. He was too delicate to look sturdy, and too fat and curly not to be somewhat funny of aspect; yet the dominant impression made on those who talked with him and looked at his open, sunny face, was of manliness. His father used often to call him *Governor;* his mother said that she had never known him to tell a lie.

Isaac Andrew's reminiscences go on with a vivid account of one of their amusements. On the Presumpscot River, at a short distance from their father's house, which stood on high ground above it, were a

mill and a dam, at which were gathered every spring the logs coming down on their way to the saw-mills.

There was a small building . . . built upon a raft in about the middle of the river, which was called the counting-house. In this rude structure a man sat for several weeks . . . as the logs were being driven past, and took account of them, their marks being called over by one of the men, who was familiar with the different characters cut upon each log and designating the different owners. . . . [Some of the men guided] the logs one by one from the boom above down through the narrow passage in front of the building, while one in sonorous tones would call out the names as follows: "Single A." "Down," would respond the accountant. "Squabble S." "Down." "Crooked River W." "Down." . . . "2yy upside down." "Down." "Maj. Pierce's Pipe." "Down." And thus they would go on hour by hour while Albion and I would sit on a log near by and listen to them with childish admiration. During the highest of the season the river was full of logs, and frequently they would get badly jammed, as it was termed, at the foot of the dam. Then with how much delight we used to watch the river drivers, all clad in their red flannel shirts, work at breaking the jam. There were exciting scenes, and often attended with much danger.

Of the father and mother there exist several enlightening records. Jonathan Andrew, though he lived on a farm, did not work it himself. His son Isaac says that he could not drive oxen or mow, and that he had not enough mechanical ability "to make a respectable cider-trap." Another reason for his

managing the farm in the easiest possible way was the state of his wife's health. "Our mother," writes Isaac, "was a delicate woman from my earliest recollections of her, was very gentle and kind to us, and being so intelligent and sociable was a great favorite with the visitors who came there. Father was a small talker. He had not the gift of language that mother had, and used often to say that he had much rather sit and hear her than talk himself. She was a good singer and fond of music. Father, tho' fond of music, did not know one note from another. They were both very neat and orderly in their habits. Father always took care of his horse and cow in the barn without a lantern, no matter how dark it was. He always expected us boys, after we were large enough to go to the barn, to leave everything exactly in its place, and if the pitchfork or the shovel had been moved only a few inches, it was entirely out of place." Jonathan Andrew was equally inflexible in regard to the proprieties of speech and manners; Albion's first letter from college which began "Dear Father," and ended, "Yours affectionately," he returned with the reminder that the words should have been, "Honored Sir," and "Your dutiful son." Under his reserve and formality it was not always easy to read his thoughts. At the time when the temperance movement began his wife was eager that he should give up his long-established custom of selling liquors at the "store." "For weeks, the children used to hear her, after retiring, lecture their father on the subject with

earnest volubility. He kept silent; but at length, one night after a discourse of unusual length and vivacity, told her quietly that he had given up the sale for some months."[1]

Of Jonathan Andrew and his wife Peleg Chandler writes: —

> Both . . . were above the ordinary mark. Jonathan Andrew was a quiet, reticent man, of much intelligence and a keen perception of the ludicrous. Firm, courageous, and resolute, he was at the same time shy, and so unobtrusive as to pass for less than his worth, except to those who knew him well. Of his wife it is almost impossible to speak in terms of exaggeration. She was well educated, with great sweetness of temper, and altogether highly prepossessing in appearance . . . admirable in her domestic arrangements, judicious, sensible, energetic, and a rigid disciplinarian of her children. There was a rare union of gentleness and force in this woman, which made her generally attractive, and especially endeared her to all who came under the influence of her character.[2]

Once, so the story is still told in Windham, when a woman who was employed to cut the grass about the house and had deposited her baby in a safe place by the front door missed the child, she was astonished and reassured to see Mrs. Andrew bring it forth, clothed afresh in the long-disused garments of her own babies. Something in the telling of this story goes to show that the neighbors were not on

[1] *Memoir of Governor Andrew*, by Peleg W. Chandler, p. 14.
[2] Ibid. p. 12.

intimate terms with Mrs. Andrew, — even that they suspected her a little of holding herself above them. The character of Jonathan Andrew's business, as well as his native ability, contributed to distinguish him too from the rest of the townsfolk, who labored with their hands. He was a deacon of the church and owner of twenty pews; he was at one time the postmaster; at his house the ministers who visited the town were entertained. Slight though the difference was, it was one which the smallness of the community tended to magnify.

The sense of separateness felt by the elders of the family showed itself nowhere more markedly than in the pains which they took with the children's schooling. At first the boys were taught by their mother, assisted by a young niece. Then, after one or two unsuccessful experiments in sending them to the district school, Jonathan Andrew built a tiny schoolhouse near his house, and there the four children were instructed together. With his mother as guide and companion, Albion acquired a fondness for reading which always meant much more to him than any lesson. When he came to the age at which he needed more advanced schooling, he was sent first to the academy at Portland, then to that at North Yarmouth, then to that at Bridgton, always boarding, as the custom was, in some private family. At Bridgton he stayed for a year and a half, — that is to say, until the end of 1831, Isaac being with him there during the last term. These academies, all of them well established and flourishing, furnished to

the youth of the surrounding country the education by which boys were prepared for college and girls were "finished." The perfect adaptation of the institution to New England life, the spirit of hard work and high endeavor in which these young men and women met and mingled, every one understands who has read the winning pages of Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Oldtown Folks*. The standard of excellence which had been held up to Albion Andrew at home was also kept before him in this, the next stage of his education.

In the winter of 1831–32 Mrs. Andrew's health had reached such a critical state that she and her husband were unwilling to have the two boys away from home. Neither of them went to school; Albion helped his father with the post-office work, meanwhile reviewing his studies and reading history by himself. Toward the end of February Mrs. Andrew fell acutely ill, and after a sickness of a few weeks died. Albion's nature was emotional; that the sorrow went deep with him is not surprising. But there was more. The crisis brought into action in him powers of sympathy and of tenderness which amazed all those who watched him. His care sought out not only the younger children but his broken father. From that time on the tact of human sympathy never failed him, and the memory of his mother, which, as he said long afterward, kept him "from many youthful errors," became for him consecrated above all things else. The door was opened for him into manhood.

The relatives in Salem had always remembered

Jonathan Andrew kindly, for the sake of his youth passed there, and now, being drawn to him in the time of his trouble, became greatly interested in his oldest son, who took off his father's hands the whole burden of replying to their letters. In the summer of the same year, when the boy came to visit the family of his uncle, John Andrew, in their stately house on the Common, their interest in him quickly changed to warm regard; Albion, on his part, acquired a sense of possession in Salem which was to grow stronger with repeated visits.

After his wife's death Jonathan Andrew could not bear to be parted long from his sons. The nearest academy, at Gorham Corner, was only four miles away, and there it was possible, except in the middle of winter, for them to attend school while still living at home. Isaac has described their journeys to and fro.

Previous arrangements having been made with Capt. Robie to allow the use of a portion of the shed connected with the meetinghouse at Gorham Corner for our horse and chaise, at the commencement of the summer term, the old white horse and yellow-bodied chaise was bro't out and Albion and his brother . . . were started for school. Taking our dinners with us, as well as hay for the horse, we attended daily through that summer and the next fall term. It was a pleasant ride and we enjoyed it, only Albion used to regret having to spend so much time on the road which he thought might be better employed in studying. While riding to and from school at Gorham he learned many a lesson and

committed to memory much that he used to declaim on the stage at the academy. He and I used to take turns in driving our horse. . . . When the weather would allow, no sooner [had he] given up the reins than he would take a book and would usually read or study aloud. He was very fond of poetry, and from a small boy was in the habit of committing a good deal of poetry to memory. He learned the most of Charles Sprague's poems on "Curiosity," as well as his poetic 4th of July oration, much of which he used for declamation, while riding, reading and reciting while in the chaise aloud.

A fondness for eloquence was one of the boy's most noteworthy characteristics. In an extemporaneous speech delivered at the Windham Centennial in 1862, the man recalled certain far-away preachers of his boyhood to whose words he had listened as a child seldom listens in church.

How there comes up . . . [to mind] the old meetinghouse on the hill where my parents worshipped — the venerable form of old Father Kellogg, not an eloquent man, but what is more than all that, a *good* man; the old gentleman who led the choir and pitched the tunes. . . . Here, too, is the yellow house on the farm south of ours . . . whence I used to hear the voice of Paul Little,[1] whose exhortations at the little meetinghouse will be among the last of

[1] In Governor Andrew's Fast Day proclamation for 1863, he used the expression "leading us in the way which is hewn out for the ransomed to walk in, where the vulture's eye never saw, and the lion's whelp never trod." When he heard that some one had objected to the clause as a misquotation of Scripture, he said, "They don't know that though the idea is in Job, the language is from old Paul Little."

my recollections of public speaking. Let me remind you of another man, not of our town, who first revealed to my childish intellect the idea of eloquence — Elder James Lewis; his clear utterance and warm heart cannot be forgotten. And Elder Wight — venerable and majestic; a sweet touch of poetic fancy ran through his sermons, and his oratory was the first which touched my heart. Nor can I forget the calm and quiet meetings of the Quakers — always visited twice a year at their quarterly meetings by Franklin Huzzy — and among whom was Noah Reed, whose heart and hat were big enough to cover the whole town.

His diligence in listening to this Sunday eloquence Albion put to good use on his own account. With a good memory and an admirable power of mimicry, he soon caught the trick of reproducing sermons with the original intonation and manner rendered to the life, and from this practice he developed an extraordinary readiness in improvisation. On stormy Sundays he used to gather the younger children about him and preach to them "in loud tones and with many gestures." At the academy auditors were never wanting. The fame of his juvenile eloquence spread about the town and finally brought him an invitation to speak at a meeting of the temperance society. The incident, as narrated by his proud and affectionate brother, makes a delightful story.

It was a pleasant afternoon when the meeting was held, and there was a full attendance. . . . Albion

took his seat with the audience near the rear of the house, and a little to the speaker's right. After the President of the society had delivered his address and some others had spoken upon the subject, Albion was called upon to make some remarks. I well remember the time, place, and scene. Occupying a seat close behind him, I had a good chance to hear, as well as watch him. He rose to his feet, cool, calm and collected, with the dignity of a man, and the modesty of a child, and began. Commencing with the child who is early taught to partake of alcoholic drinks and following him along his downward career he pictured his wretched end. In contrast to this, was shown the onward and upward life of those who early resolved upon a life of temperance. And to illustrate this point, [he] directed his hearers to look upon some eminent men, whose names he gave them. The company was held almost spellbound. . . . Elder Shaw afterwards said to my father, " Albion beat us all." . . . Though forty years have passed away since that occurrence, I can distinctly see in my mind's eye that short, fat, chubby, curly headed little fellow, as he stood in that old church and with earnestness and eloquence gesticulating with his right arm, he advocated the cause of temperance and besought the young as well as the old, to beware of strong drink.

The boy's control of language served him not only in monologue; on subjects of theological dispute he came to be a ready debater, versed in all points of difference between Congregationalists and Free Will Baptists, and past master in Biblical quotation. On political topics, too, he talked fluently, showing a quickness of thought and a comprehen-

sion of facts which amazed the grown men with whom he conversed. Isaac Andrew has left it on record that as early as Jackson's first nomination, in 1828, the little boy took a great interest in politics, and amused his elders by calling himself, like his father, an "Adams man." Indeed, in many a political discussion the father was more than content to keep silence and let his son contend alone. More than once the local doctor, a "Jackson man," neglected his patients for the sake of talking politics with the boy. Isaac remembered, too, that in all arguments Albion took sides against expediency, insisting always that "Truth is mighty and will prevail." It is easy to believe that he found his favorite theme when the doctrine of immediate emancipation began to be preached. On January 1, 1831, Garrison published in Boston the first number of the *Liberator;* Whittier's *Justice and Expediency* and Lydia Maria Child's *Appeal in Favor of that Class of Americans called Africans* appeared in 1833. The moral objection to slavery was now treated as paramount, and the boy of fifteen, eager to be a champion, made the negro's cause his own. From a weekly religious paper called *The Christian Mirror* he chiefly drew his anti-slavery inspiration, and to go for the mail in which it was due became the great excitement of his week. His ardor one may read in the lines which he wrote on the fly-leaf of a copy of Mrs. Child's book: —

To my two sisters this little volume is affectionately presented, with the fervent aspiration that the instruction contained in it, and inculcated by one of

the gifted ones of their own sex, may prompt their hearts to pity for the oppressed African, may uproot all prejudice that may be implanted there against those immortal beings, whose only crime is that of being unfortunate and having a skin of a darker hue than their own, and may teach them to remember that "of one blood, God made all the nations of the earth." Your brother

ALBION.

Meanwhile Albion carried on at Gorham Academy the course of studies necessary to prepare him for Bowdoin College. His master, Reuben Nason, was one of those fine old teachers for whom that generation was famous, — invincible in Homer and Virgil and mathematics, outrageous in discipline, and, according to the wisdom of his time, having no place in either theory or practice for the dullard. With his feet braced against the scorching air-tight stove, he heard recitations unerringly without the book; his certificate that a boy was fitted to enter Bowdoin made the oral examinations at the college a mere form.

In the class ahead of Albion at Gorham Academy was a boy named Cyrus Woodman. Though there were four years between them, the two boys made the beginning of what was to be a lifelong friendship. There still exists a note from the younger to the elder, which belongs to the time when Woodman was already in his Sophomore year at Bowdoin and when Albion, for some unknown reason, was doing at Gorham the first term's work of a Freshman.[1]

[1] Cyrus Woodman made a practice of keeping all the letters he

South Windham, Oct. 13, 1833.

Friend Woodman, — I just take a few moments to say a few words. I should like if you would take the trouble to answer me before long, as I should like to know how I am getting along compared with the rest of the class. I have got more than half of 80 pages of the first book of Livy, some in Xenophon, and I am now going at algebra. I have been reviewing Greek reader a little. Please to find out what they are doing. . . . If there is any one asks for me, just tell them I am in the land. Am well — all Gorham folks are about as you left them. The academy goes on about so. In haste,

Your friend, etc.

John Albion Andrew.

Bowdoin College, in the three and a half years of Andrew's course (from February, 1834, to August, 1837), contained about one hundred and forty students, mostly boys from the surrounding country. The president was William Allen, a Congregational minister; the professors were six in number, the young Henry Wadsworth Longfellow being one of them until 1836. The college was, in fact, an academy raised to the next higher degree.

Under the influences of this restricted community the characteristics which were to distinguish Andrew began to take form. He delighted in reading, but in his prescribed studies he took no special interest. His sociable disposition was strong. He was fond of

received and copies of all he wrote; after Andrew's death he formed a scrapbook of newspaper clippings entitled "John Andrew." It was at his request that Isaac Andrew wrote out in 1873 the reminiscences quoted in this chapter.

hanging about in students' rooms, of telling yarns and anecdotes and mimicking the college preachers for the benefit of whoever would listen. To what degree his classmates and friends took him seriously it were hard to say. Intellectual thoroughness he showed in the zeal with which he probed to the bottom the questions on history, poetry, or what not, which they constantly referred to him; there was undeniable earnestness, too, in the ardor with which he defended his views on such subjects as prison reform, and temperance as opposed to total abstinence; but from day to day he was a jovial and rather lazy undergraduate, a tireless talker, whose personal presence was a constant reminder of the incongruity of even his own seriousness.

Nevertheless, seriousness was the quality prevailing in his relation to the college organizations of which he was a member. The rival college "societies," known as the Peucinian and the Athenæan, were of exactly the same nature, the chief interest of each being the accumulation of a library. In some inexplicable way, however, the Athenæan, the newer of the two, was held to be less orthodox and respectable; characteristically, it was the Athenæan that Andrew joined. In his Junior year, at its annual public meeting on Commencement Day, he delivered the "poem." As orator on one occasion of the Peace Society, of which he was the founder and the first president, he won laurels, both by the maturity of his discourse and by his skill in improvising a passage to supply the loss of a few pages of his man-

uscript. For the meetings of the Peace Society he also wrote a hymn, which was to be sung to his favorite tune of *Coronation*. In the college debating club, which was called the Theological Society, he apparently took little interest. Its topics for debate were such subjects as: "Ought the young men preparing for the ministry in this state who are natives of the state to remain in the state?" "Is the general tendency of protracted meetings good?" "Will there be a time when all the people upon earth will become righteous?" These very titles in themselves connote a narrowness of view which must have repelled Andrew, in spite of his fondness for speechifying.

A richer religious life, with its powers less frequently in abeyance, than that which John A. Andrew lived is rarely found; and if, as one likes to believe, the chief inspiration of it was his mother, it is unlikely that he should at college have been passing through an arid tract that yielded nothing to experience. Moreover, the college was under strong denominational influence, and, since its avowed purpose was the making of evangelical ministers, the admonitions of the professors were addressed as often to the student's religious as to his mental state. Nevertheless, it would appear that the religious life which surrounded him there worked upon him, if at all, mainly by the force of contraries. That religious life, as it expressed itself in the students' "Praying Circle," was concerned with the egotism of individual "experiences" and with petty

details of conduct such as the immorality of going to the post-office on Sunday and of "scraping," — that is, shuffling feet in recitations, — this last practice being ranked in the constitution as an offense equally heinous with that of "denial of any of the fundamental doctrines of the Bible." Although Andrew joined the Praying Circle in his Freshman year, much as a matter of course, the meetings soon proved little to his taste. In his Senior year his backsliding was so open that a committee, appointed "to examine into the state of delinquent members," summoned him and a classmate[1] to meet the Circle and answer charges made against them of neglect of its meetings and unseemly levity in speech and behavior. Andrew answered the charges in person; but when the Circle, after pronouncing judgment, summoned him before it to be admonished, he refused to come, — a course of action which at once led the society to appoint a committee to effect a reconciliation. As for church-going, which of course was compulsory, he was not a church member, and he cut chapel so much as to affect his rank in the class. He was one of the few students who asked permission to attend the Unitarian church in the town, but this fact is probably of little significance, except as showing his desire for listening to shorter sermons. At all events, when he left college he considered himself of impeccable orthodoxy. The truth undoubtedly is that whatever religious life he had in these years was fed not from public exercises but

[1] The late Dr. Fordyce Barker of New York.

from the long thoughts of youth brooding on human destiny, from the hope of a world where there should be no more war, of a nation in which there should be neither bond nor free. These were not mere dreams; a determination on his part to serve humanity gave his thoughts substance and direction.

Even early in his college career he began to see the part that he himself might play in causing these ideals to become realities. The complacent evangelical attitude of the students on the subject of negro slavery was expressed by a Colonization Society, which on the day of its annual meeting gathered all the conservatism of the college into a procession that reached well round the college yard. The professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, William Smyth, had, however, collected a small group of independents into an Anti-Slavery Society. In the fall of 1834 a great impetus was given to its activity by two visits from George Thompson, the English abolitionist, who was addressing audiences in several towns of Maine. Students and townsfolk went in large numbers to hear him. At meetings in the afternoon and on the next morning he answered their questions and entered into discussions with them; in the evening he "lectured" in his impassioned manner to an audience which listened to him with breathless attention. To Andrew, then at the beginning of his Sophomore year, this oratory was a wonderful revelation. He saw how much a winning power of speech might do for an unpopular cause, and was fascinated by Thompson's superb command

of his art. To try to imitate it was his immediate instinct, and soon it was a favorite demand of his friends that he should give them Thompson's speech. One of his classmates, recalling this familiar incident, says: "Andrew would stand in the college grounds or in his room with the window thrown open and give us the repetition of the lecture almost verbatim; and to one listening with averted face, it was generally agreed that the redelivery of the lecture was scarcely a whit inferior to the original presentation in its rhetorical finish."[1]

The influence upon Andrew of Thompson's visit did not, however, end here. The preaching of the gospel of immediate emancipation for the slave confirmed him in the faith and roused him to action. Andrew's own account of the impression which he then received, as he looked back upon it in the light of his anti-slavery experience, is well worth quoting. At a reception given in Music Hall to George Thompson on February 23, 1864, he said, recalling the first time that he heard the "lofty, stirring, and commanding eloquence" of the British orator: —

I remember a single sentence which fell from his lips, and has adhered to my memory, and will last there while memory itself endures. . . . "Sirs, I hesitate not to say, that in Christian America, the land of Sabbath schools, of religious privileges, of temperance societies and revivals, there exists the worst institution in the world. There is not an institution which the sun in the heaven shines upon, so

[1] Letter from E. Bond to Cyrus Woodman, printed in the Brunswick *Telegraph*, July 22, 1887.

fraught with woe to man as American slavery." These were the words of George Thompson thirty years ago. I remembered that I was an American; that all my destiny, humble though it might be, and the destiny of all my own posterity, was bound up in the destiny of that America; that I and they, and all of us, were linked indissolubly, by eternal bonds, to that "worst institution in the world," so long as it should exist; and I dreamed by night, and mused in leisure hours, and read and thought by day, and wondered if the "worst institution in the world" would forever last, and if it would cleave like the dead carcase to the living body, to the name and fame, and fortunes, and future of my country.[1]

For all this inspiration, Andrew made his anti-slavery vows with a difference. Thompson was a loyal British subject; William Lloyd Garrison, American-born, boasted that his country was the world. Andrew, as the last sentence of the quotation shows, was content to be merely a citizen of the United States, and to help in its upbuilding as a nation. At the time of his graduation he wrote in the album of a classmate: "Stand fast, hold on, fear not; a few bullet-holes through the bodies of reformers, though they destroy mortal life, are only so many sky-lights for the truth to shine through, — and so much the

[1] *Liberator*, March 4, 1864. It would seem that Thompson's sentences had a way of burning themselves into the memory. In the year 1900, Elijah Kellogg, who was a student at Bowdoin in 1834, recalled word by word, in much the same way as Andrew in this speech, a sentence which he had heard then, and which, fixed in his memory by the orator's fiery passion, he had ever afterwards had at his command.

sooner will its light illumine the nations."[1] But another part of the same inscription, — the sentiment "one Constitution, one country, one destiny," showed his loyalty to the school of Webster. The evil of slavery must be fought; but it must be crushed out not together with the Constitution, but through the Constitution. Andrew, a descendant of the Puritans, a true Yankee of his own time, with a bent for mixing morals and politics, could not but ally himself with the men whose idealism was well ballasted.

If one thing is more notable than another in Andrew's college career, it is the fact that he graduated with less scholarship and more skill in speaking than most of his class. The point at which he most nearly reached full development was his interest in the large humanitarian aspect of moral questions. This interest was nothing more than another form of his sympathy with individuals. The easy-going enjoyment of college companionship, the greater interest in his friends than in his work, — in fact, everything which prevented his mates from thinking that he could win distinction, — these qualities, when generalized and turned to the service of a great cause, such as that of human freedom, became the chief means by which he reached his high place. At the time of his graduation, in August, 1837, his age was only nineteen years and two months, but he was beginning life with a clearer conception of what he wanted to do with it than has many an older man.

[1] Quoted by William Claflin in his speech at the unveiling of the Andrew statue at the State House.

## CHAPTER II

### BOSTON: 1837–1857

During Albion's years at Bowdoin College the family life at Windham had gone on quietly. The father at fifty-five was old beyond his years. After his wife's death outward affairs had less hold upon him; more and more he retired within himself. In worldly matters he was prosperous, and the son at college was not stinted in money. Isaac, who at the time of Albion's graduation from Bowdoin was eighteen years old, had chosen to be a farmer, and as the farm at Windham was not to his mind, he now persuaded his father to return to Massachusetts. Accordingly Jonathan Andrew bought a farm in Boxford, a town about seventeen miles from Salem, and here, in October, 1837, the family made its home. The running of the place Isaac took charge of; his father, making no attempt to establish any sort of business in his new home, was content to live an old man, cared for by his children.

Perhaps one of the causes for the removal from Maine, which was made to coincide with Albion's graduation from college, was that the family might be near him, whether he should decide to pursue his law studies in Salem, in the office of his cousin John

Forrester Andrew, or in Boston. It is pretty clear that through his Senior year he looked forward to entering a "law-shop," and in reply to Cyrus Woodman, who was already studying law in Boston, and who not long before Commencement had urged him to come and live with him, he wrote: "I know of nothing that would make me more happy than to study and live near you. There is no one of my old friends with whom I have been so much and with whom I should feel so much at home." A remark in a letter to his brother Isaac, written at about the same time, shows that he had indeed centred his hopes on a lawyer's career.

> You would not change places with me, nor I with you perhaps, having each chosen the path best suited for us. However, if when I get to studying law, hard work, close attention and all the effort I am capable of making will do anything, I shall give my friends no reason to blush.

A month or so after his graduation, Andrew appeared one morning at the office in Boston where his friend had a desk, and asked advice. Woodman took him to Henry H. Fuller, senior member of the firm of Fuller and Washburn, who at once offered to receive him as a student. Andrew accepted the offer, and early in November began his studies.

By way of making his expenses as low as possible, for he was still dependent upon his father, Andrew agreed to Woodman's suggestion that he should share his attic room at Mrs. Blodgett's, a

typical "West End" boarding-house on Howard Street, which was a favorite resort of young men from Maine come to the centre of New England life to seek their fortunes. One of these young men, Peleg W. Chandler, a graduate of Bowdoin of the class of 1834, became Andrew's fast friend. Chandler has given sprightly reminiscences of the exuberant life sheltered in that attic, of crowded, scantily furnished quarters, of tremendous psalm-singing in the early hours of the morning, of a table presided over by a "gallant militia-colonel, who . . . occupied the best room," [1] and by the landlady, who "kept her boarders well in hand." [2] Woodman soon abandoned the study of law in Boston for business which took him to Wisconsin; but Andrew for eleven years was to continue a nomadic boarding-house existence, with its touch-and-go intimacies.

Andrew passed his examinations and was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in 1840. For a year or so he was in partnership with N. T. Dow, under the firm name of Dow and Andrew; then, in October, 1841, at Fuller's invitation, he went back to his old master's office as junior partner. As this arrangement continued for five years, the first nine years of his professional life were dominated by one man.

It always seemed to me [writes Chandler] that his character was much affected by contact with that somewhat remarkable and much misunderstood lawyer. The attraction between him and young Andrew was mutual. They became almost like brothers.

[1] Chandler, p. 76. [2] Ibid. p. 78.

The student sat at the same desk with the master, entered into all the business affairs of the office, wrote letters from dictation, and was consulted on almost every subject that came up; so that they seemed, in fact, like one person. Mr. Fuller had an extensive acquaintance with all sorts of men. He knew the personal history of almost every citizen of the town and of all public characters, living and dead. He had decided opinions, which he never hesitated to pronounce on any suitable occasion. Mr. Andrew, with the curiosity of a young man fresh from the country, took this all in; but what is remarkable, while some of the peculiar traits of the master stuck to the pupil, the latter had decided opinions of his own, especially in regard to American slavery, which were sometimes in ludicrous contrast with those of his senior. Mr. Fuller was a conservative of conservatives. He stood by the ancient ways even in the cut of his coat and the shape of his hat; his ruffled shirt, his white cravat, shirt-collar, and tall bell-crowned hat of real fur, were significant of a past generation.[1]

In 1846 the obligations which Fuller felt toward a young nephew made it necessary for him to separate from Andrew. The letter in which he broached the unwelcome necessity shows how young Andrew appealed to men's affections. "I can hardly bring myself to think of dissolving the partnership between yourself and me," Fuller wrote. "It has been in all respects so happy and agreeable, — you have ever been so acceptable, so worthy, so just what I would have you to be, — that I feel great pain and

[1] Chandler, pp. 16–18.

melancholy, at the thought of dissolving our connexion." Early in 1847 Andrew formed a partnership with Theophilus P. Chandler, the brother of Peleg. The new firm established itself at Number 4, Court Street, on the corner of Washington Street, and continued in existence for fourteen years.

Andrew's early progress at the bar was slow. The cause of this was perhaps his juvenile aspect and behavior, perhaps his disinclination to bring himself to the notice of men who might employ him. His greatest difficulty, however, was the lack of the habit of steady application to work. For one thing, he was constantly interrupted by headaches; for another, he liked to talk better than to work. At the office it was his wont to entertain the half-dozen law students connected with it, and everybody who happened to drop in, after much the same fashion in which he had amused his college mates. A well-thumbed copy of Byron had a place on his desk, and his reading of it was as often aloud as to himself. As a letter which he wrote to Woodman after four years at the bar shows, if he did not at once overcome the obstacles which stood in his way he at least comprehended the nature of them.

> The truth is, I am a terrible procrastinator; I am, by nature, irregular, averse to labor, always thinking of something else; I am forever dreaming about doing, but half my time I am either insufferably lazy or too unwell with my old enemy (if I have a right to call anything so that is so much by me), the headache, for any exertion.

As for real work, what may rightly be called so, it is not for me to pretend that I spend a great many hours, taking the days together, in any steady occupation ; and yet the time steals over me, it runs past me, I grow tired and sleepy and go to bed. It would be, very often, a hard matter for me to give any strict account of many of my days, which seem, as they pass, to be, nevertheless, in some way, used up in what went at the time for employment.

When at last the moment came beyond which a given task could not be postponed, "it was amusing to see him with his coat off in the midst of a pile of books digging out the legal roots with the painstaking effort of one to whom such study was not congenial, all the while telling stories and indulging in jocose remarks. But he had a manly courage, united to great pertinacity of purpose, and never left a point until he had thoroughly mastered it, although it cost him far more labor than it does those whose minds are early disciplined by earnest application to the prescribed studies of school and college." [1] Once, however, he was on his feet in court, he was a different man. He was thoroughly at ease; all his faculties were at their best. By instinct he had the right way with a jury ; his examination of witnesses was keen and thorough ; he stoutly stood up for his rights and privileges against the intimations of judges in a hurry to get through the docket ; the lawyer retained for the other side usually found him a dangerous opponent. According to Chandler, "courage, perseverance, spirit, and a dash of old-

[1] Chandler, pp. 83, 84.

fashioned but manly temper" characterized his method of trying a case. He sought success, and was satisfied to gain it even on the most technical points.

Another thing which hindered Andrew's speedy rise at the bar was the fact that his personal ambition was not so strong as his philanthropic interests. From the early years of his residence in Boston, it was his habit to devote Sunday afternoons to visiting the prisons. From listening to stories of misfortune the step was a short one to making offers of help, particularly as the listener had at his command the only power that avails to open prison doors, — that of skill in the law. Then other unfortunates began to come to him.

No one [writes Chandler] who had a "hard case," with no money to pay for legal assistance, was ever turned away from his office for that reason; and no one however guilty was denied whatever assistance his case was fairly entitled to receive.

A disposition and a reputation of this sort bring clients enough, such as they are. Nor can any one outside of the profession justly appreciate how much good may be done by listening to the stories of the poor who are charged with crime, and by carefully investigating the circumstances of cases which to a casual observer have nothing but evil about them. "I thank God," a lawyer once exclaimed to Andrew, "that there is one man at the bar to look out for the poor devils of criminals who are guilty enough and have no friends and no money."

. . . He was employed a good deal in divorce

cases, especially on behalf of the weaker sex. One of his sympathetic temperament would be easily as well as deeply affected by the circumstances ordinarily attending such a business. An injured woman — especially if she were poor, and more especially if she were interesting in manner — would secure his most earnest efforts at once. It must be confessed that in these cases he was sometimes grossly deceived by the fair sex, and the guilt which was as plain as possible to others had no existence in his opinion. Nor could he always repress his indignation that others did not agree with him.[1]

This attitude toward his profession meant an extraordinary singleness of purpose and simplicity of nature. No matter what miserable wretches of both sexes frequented his entry, Andrew bore the rallying of his brother lawyers with good-natured equanimity. For the evil prejudice that this dispensary work might be to his regular practice he cared not a whit; it was not in him, as he wrote of himself later in life, "to consider the effect of an action back upon" himself. Though the proportion of these cases decreased as the years went on, he always stood ready to help an unfriended prisoner. Once in 1859 his attention was drawn to the case of a man sentenced to death for piracy. Andrew did not know the man and had had no part in the trial; but having satisfied himself of the injustice of the sentence, he took the matter into his own hands, went to Washington, and procured the man's pardon from

[1] Chandler, pp. 79–82.

President Buchanan. All this he did of his own motion and at his own expense.[1]

The strong moral sense in the light of which Andrew regarded his work as a lawyer showed itself not merely in his efforts for individuals. He was led by it to scrutinize the body of statute law, searching out its injustices and inconsistencies and bending his efforts toward their removal. His legal work in the anti-slavery cause, which properly comes under this head, may be discussed more conveniently later; here mention may be made of the energy with which he put his shoulder to the wheel in behalf of the abolition of capital punishment. Under the guidance of Robert Rantoul, the chief champion of the cause in Massachusetts, he worked faithfully, preparing petitions, attending legislative hearings, and performing much of the work that is known as "agitating the subject." The need of reform in the laws governing usury and divorce he learned from his own practice and urged in similar ways. In short, it proved impossible for him to work at his calling merely as a lawyer; within its own limits and after his own fashion he must bring to bear upon it the spirit of the reformer.

To a young man of Andrew's openness of mind, no environment could have offered more distraction from the law than the Athenian ferment of new ideas which characterized Boston in the early Forties. One of the most significant events of the decade was the

[1] See Andrew's testimony on p. 190 of the *Report of the Senate Committee. The Harper's Ferry Invasion.*

appearance in Boston of James Freeman Clarke, and his attempt to leaven the hard lump of Unitarianism by founding the Church of the Disciples. This small and unfashionable congregation Andrew, who had formed no religious ties in the city, sought out as by the operation of affinities. The qualities in the church and its pastor which attracted Andrew are described in the following extracts from letters to his friends. The first, from a letter written in 1841, gives his impressions of Clarke after hearing him for the first time.

In the first place I liked the flavor of the *man*. He carried his service as though he felt it a good thing to worship God and wanted the people to feel the same. I liked his sermon thoroughly. It was upon well-seasoned speech. "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man." And the sermon was itself a good illustration of the theme. Its spirit was Christian to the core, and did not disturb my Orthodox conscience in the least. I think I felt the catholicity of the man; he did not say a word that could be fairly understood to touch any man's honest convictions ungently. The whole service I enjoyed heartily; and not the least agreeable experience was the being invited to seats at least half-a-dozen times while I was waiting for my friend at the entrance.[1]

The second extract is from a letter to Cyrus Woodman, dated a year later, when Andrew had been a member of the new church for some months.

[1] Hale's *Memoir of James Freeman Clarke*, p. 313.

Mr. James Freeman Clarke, formerly of Louisville, Ky., of whom I think I have spoken to you in some of my former letters as preaching here in Boston, continues to remain and has a very flourishing society in Amory Hall. His preaching is morning and evening, not afternoon, and his hall is crowded to its utmost capacity. I think next season he must be provided with new quarters. His church is based entirely on the voluntary principle, and is always to remain so, there being no taxation or letting out of seats. It is now and is to be always free. The expense of ministers etc. is paid by subscription. The mode of worship is somewhat novel, the congregation repeating the Lord's Prayer with the minister, and also reading from the Psalms with him, and the singing is performed by the people and not by a choir. There is also a short period of silent prayer after the sermon which adds to the effect of the whole. There is much more zeal and earnestness among the people than is often found, there being other meetings than those on Sunday and all in a social way. I think you would be greatly pleased if you were here. Mr. Clarke is himself a young man. . . . He has the best mind, style, and everything for a minister that there is a-going. None of his people would change for anybody. He is logical, sensible, earnest, pious, forcible, solemn, quiet and calm, in fine, my beau ideal of a pulpit orator and a private gentleman and christian. This is high eulogy, but deserved.

The novelty of method which so attracted Andrew was more striking then than now, when the principles for which the Church of the Disciples stood and stands have been disseminated far and wide. In

1841, when conventional church-going meant little more to most families than the act of sitting every Sunday in the pew that was as much their property as house or silver, the practices that James Freeman Clarke instituted and the spirit that he breathed into them made to the young and eager an appeal as stirring as that made by Brook Farm or Ralph Waldo Emerson. On Andrew the church had a further claim by answering precisely to the intimate demands of his nature. Probably up to this time there had existed in Boston no church in which he could feel really at home. At the Church of the Disciples he found, besides devotional fervor and warmth of fellowship, — one might almost say good fellowship, — a hearty subscription to the principle of toleration. In this atmosphere, the laying aside of the old creed must have been as natural for him as is the putting by of northern clothing when one has moved to southern latitudes. Whatever may have been the way of Andrew's theological beliefs, his entrance into the privileges of the new discipleship was immediate and hearty. The first time that Clarke ever saw him was one Sunday afternoon when the minister went to the large Bible class of the Sunday school, which was conducted by its lay members in turn. "The presiding member," he says, ". . . seemed scarcely more than a boy. His cheeks were rosy red, and his head covered with thick curls, and his mouth was quivering with interest." [1] This was the beginning; from that time on An-

[1] Clarke's *Memorial and Biographical Sketches*, p. 8.

drew's religious nature developed steadily. It was not a plant of delicate nurture, growing in shade and in silence ; it was of a growth that flourished on sunlight and fresh air. He loved the democratic quality of common religious experience ; he gladly gave his religious confidence, and received that of others ; he was full of religious fervor. He delighted in worshipping at Father Taylor's Bethel for sailors in North Square, or with Brother Grimes' colored congregation, — with any company, in fact, where he could indulge in what he called "a good warm time." To a man for whom religious expression was such an easy matter of course, the practice of the Church of the Disciples touching the conduct of services by laymen offered a welcome opportunity. He was always ready to take his turn as leader, and for a number of years he was superintendent of the Sunday school.

One of Clarke's chief reasons for establishing the Church of the Disciples was his desire to make religion go through all the days of the week. An expression of this need was the "Wednesday Evening Meeting," at which the church, turning itself into a sort of club, took thought and action on whatever the interest of the hour made worth while. The meeting "was not so transcendental but that it could send rifles to Kansas ; it was not so practical but that it could discuss free-will and fore-knowledge."[1] Here was a powerful impulse to quicken Andrew's philanthropic legal work, and to arouse

[1] Hale's *Memoir of Clarke*, pp. 202, 203.

his interest in "humanitarian" enterprises. One of these was the Boston Port Society, which sustained Father Taylor's Bethel, and of which Andrew was secretary from 1846 until his death. Another was the *Christian World*, a weekly newspaper which was meant to hold toward the *Christian Register*, the regular Unitarian "organ," much the same relation that the Church of the Disciples held toward the older and conservative Unitarian churches. As assistant to George Channing, the editor, Andrew wrote book reviews, and articles with such titles as *The Confession of Christ*, a personal appeal to embrace salvation, and *The Death of Christ*, a theological discussion. He also reported for the paper the meetings of "Anniversary Week" and Unitarian conventions in other cities as well as in Boston. All these labors he undertook with an earnestness that, even among Clarke's earnest congregation, made him conspicuous.[1]

In one incident of the history of the Church of the Disciples it fell to Andrew to play a part which

[1] In a letter written about this time, Cyrus Woodman rallies Andrew on the expansiveness of his humanitarian zeal. "I presume you are still exerting yourself in behalf of 'downtrodden humanity,' striving to free the slave from his bonds and the felon from the halter. The annexation of Texas (that bloodless conquest ?) is consummated, and on that subject your heart is sad and your harp is on the willows. The principal subject of your discourse is now, I imagine, the unlawfulness of war in general and of the war in Mexico in particular. Alas for poor Jennie [Mrs. Blodgett's daughter], whom for an hour past you have been besieging on that subject and to whose unlistening ears you are still talking about the 'harlequin of the nineteenth century,' and endeavoring to prove that the soldier's glory should be but shame."

brought his name for the first time into something like public notice. Early in 1845 Clarke arranged to "exchange pulpits," as the phrase is, with Theodore Parker. This offer, made at a time when Boston Unitarianism was torn by the strifes that followed Parker's sermon on *The Transient and Permanent in Christianity*, was meant to express simply the broad toleration for which the Church of the Disciples was to stand. A division within the church, however, soon made plain the fact that to some minds there were degrees even of toleration. A man must at least be a Christian, it was said, and Parker, in rejecting the supreme authority of the Scriptures, had put himself beyond the pale. Therefore, since according to the theory of the church all its members might be held responsible for the acts of their pastor, those most violently opposed to Parker threatened secession.

Andrew, if doubtful of the expediency of his pastor's act, at any rate, now that it was called in question, was earnest in defence of the principle on which Clarke had acted. At the meetings held by the distressed church to find a way out of its troubles, he argued that Parker's denial of paramount authority to the Bible was not different from that of Roman Catholics, Quakers, and Swedenborgians, who had not thereby forfeited their right to the name of Christians; moreover, the Church of the Disciples itself founded its belief not on the Bible but on Christ. As for seceding, the true way to treat all who seemed to be in error was "not to go from

them, but to go to them; not shut them out, but take them in." His concluding sentences made a deep impression. "Brethren," he said, "I do not believe in the principle of come-outer-ism. I am not a come-outer. I am a stay-iner. I shall not leave this church because the majority may differ from me on this or other questions. You may, indeed, turn me out; but you cannot make me go out of my own accord. If you turn me out of your meetings I will stand on the outside, and look in through the window, and see you. If I cannot do this, I will come the next day and sit in the place where you have been, and commune with you so. I cannot be excommunicated, for I shall continue thus always in your communion." [1] His appeal did not prevent the schism; fifteen members of the church severed their connection with it. Still his words and his act were remembered. At a moment of great strain he had come forward and had put the principle assailed into effective words, making, according to Clarke, a speech "seeming at the time as powerful in argument and persuasive in appeal as any I ever heard." [2]

The words quoted from this speech of Andrew's furnish, too, the best testimony to what the Church of the Disciples meant to him in the way of friendship. It was here that he first struck down into the life of Boston, — that he had, as it were, a domicile.

[1] *Sketch of the Official Life of John A. Andrew*, by A. G. Browne, Jr., pp. 20, 21.

[2] Ibid. p. 19.

Here he formed intimate and permanent friendships, of which the chief was with his pastor. Clarke, the elder by eight years, was a man of thirty-one when Andrew first knew him, — old enough to have worked out of the baffling illusions of youth into certitude of thought and action, and yet not so old as to be out of sympathy with the young man in whom the process of finding himself was still going on. The power of eliciting sympathy and loyalty was a gift which they had in common; in Clarke's possession of it to a supreme degree lies the secret of the life of the church between 1850 and 1854, when his sickness and slow recovery forced him to give up his pastoral work and to go away for rest. Of the little company that met from time to time for the Communion service, keeping the church alive in spite of diminished vitality, and on Clarke's return rendering it back to him to work new wonders with, Andrew was one; and by these years of trial its members were drawn still more closely together. In Salem, too, Andrew had a group of friends, of which the family of John Forrester Andrew was the centre. At that house he was so welcomed at all times and was so often the moving spirit in hospitalities that it came to seem to him like a home.

The best comment on the practical effect of Clarke's gospel that religion is meant for week days as well as for Sundays is the fact that Andrew through his work in the *Christian World* became familiar with the politics of the day. One of the objects of the paper was to urge upon its readers the

moral aspect of political questions. After the first year or more, Andrew's rather youthful compositions on religious subjects gave place to firm and definite treatment of the slavery question. The immediate cause that drew him into political discussion was the imminence of the annexation of Texas. The more he studied the subject and the more the course of events revealed the schemes of the annexationists, the more was his indignation roused. He wrote leader after leader urging on ministers and the religious press the duty of protest. After the war was forced on Mexico, he followed it step by step, protesting against the injustice of its inception and demanding repeatedly that it should be stopped. This writing, which covered a period of about four years, coming to an end in the spring of 1848, was the beginning of his political apprenticeship. The Garrisonian cry of "No union with slaveholders" he put in the same category with the watchword of the "come-outers" of the Church of the Disciples, "No union with errorists;" his writing was addressed to those who, submitting themselves to the yoke of the Constitution, sought freedom for the slave through the slow circumstance of political change.

Local as well as national anti-slavery agitation also began to engage Andrew. In particular he was quick to act upon any hint of infringement by the slave-power on the laws of Massachusetts. In the summer of 1846 the brig Ottoman, which was owned in Boston, entered the harbor from New

Orleans, bringing a fugitive slave who had hidden himself in the hold of the vessel before she sailed. The captain, anxious to stand well with his patrons in New Orleans, left the negro on an island in the harbor and made arrangements for his return by the next vessel of the line. The negro escaped, was pursued, was recaptured, and, in spite of the efforts of anti-slavery people, carried back to slavery. His would-be rescuers, thus baffled, resolved to vent their indignation by a meeting in Faneuil Hall. Among the handful of men who on September 13 met at the house of Dr. Henry I. Bowditch to make arrangements were Dr. S. G. Howe and Andrew, who was made secretary. Howe was chosen chairman of the committee of arrangements, and to Andrew was entrusted the work of collecting testimony with a view to presenting the matter to the grand jury.[1] At the Faneuil Hall meeting, which was held on September 24, the great card was the presence of John Quincy Adams, who, though feeble in frame and weak in voice, consented to preside. Howe gave at length the facts of the case, the Boston ship-owners coming in for a lion's share of the blame. After this Andrew read the resolutions which had been prepared, and speeches followed from Charles Sumner, Stephen C. Phillips, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Charles Francis Adams, and others. The assembly broke up after a vote on the resolu-

[1] Upon his first application with evidence, the grand jury had too much other business ; upon his second, his evidence was pronounced insufficient.

tions, which called for the formation of a Vigilance Committee of forty members.[1]

In spite of the presence of Wendell Phillips, the character of the meeting was not abolitionist, but anti-slavery. The fact that Phillips found in the resolutions too much law and Constitution to suit his restless spirit shows within what sober bounds the managers of the movement constrained their indignation. In the address which was put forth a month later by the Vigilance Committee, and which, with the proceedings of the Faneuil Hall gathering, was issued in pamphlet form, the extreme declaration that "Any longer voluntary allegiance to the Union would be sin towards God and treason to humanity" was precipitately qualified by the words "unless we conscientiously use every effort to effect the speedy change in those political relations, which deny the right of trial by jury in a matter of more than life and death to any member of our community; which enable the slave-owner to trample upon the Habeas Corpus." It having been decided to raise the sum of one thousand dollars for the work of the Vigilance Committee, the Committee on Finance, of which Andrew was chairman, prepared a circular appealing for contributions. "The committee mean to spare no rightful effort to secure every human being upon the soil of Massachusetts, in his right to liberty, against the contrivances of slave-hunters and their agents. . . . The committee, and many others, know what, probably, the public does not know, that there

[1] See Pierce's *Life of Sumner*, vol. iii. pp. 130–132.

are, almost constantly, cases occurring where the liberty of human beings, oftentimes under circumstances the most affecting, demands the aid and support of firm and watchful friends." These words declare Andrew's purpose to abide by the law, but to wring from it the utmost protection for any person on Massachusetts soil whose liberty was called in question under the laws of the United States.

The Whigs of Boston had renominated for representative to Congress Robert C. Winthrop, who had given his sanction to the Mexican War by voting for the resolutions which declared that war existed "by the act of Mexico." The group of men with whom Andrew had associated himself — "Young Whigs" they called themselves — determined to protest by nominating an independent candidate to run against Winthrop. A meeting was called for October 29 in Tremont Temple, and to Andrew was assigned the work of preparing resolutions and finding a candidate. Everything pointed to Charles Sumner as the man. Though it was barely a month since he had for the first time taken part in a caucus or political meeting, he had in the mean time published his open letter to Winthrop charging him with having by virtue of his vote set his name to a falsehood. Andrew, who knew Sumner well at Number 4, Court Street, pressed him to accept the nomination; Sumner, unwilling to enter political life, left with Andrew, as he started for a lecturing trip in Maine, a positive refusal. Nevertheless Andrew decided that he was justified in going counter to Sumner's

instructions, and the resolutions which he read at the meeting in Tremont Temple, after condemning the war and scourging Winthrop, concluded with the name of Charles Sumner, as the man best fitted "to represent the interests of the city, and the cardinal principles of truth, justice, liberty, and peace, which have not yet died out in the breasts of her citizens." Though this was acting Providence for Sumner with a vengeance, it was manifestly the only and right thing to do, and Andrew, as soon as he got to his desk the next morning, began a letter to justify himself in Sumner's eyes. After explaining the complicated circumstances which operated at the time, he did his best to make Sumner accept the direction of destiny. "Are we not all of us," he urged, "are not all men in a high and true sense — *providential* men? Does not an unerring finger point us, visibly and often, to a duty at once irksome and dangerous, but still as certain and clear, as the fiery cross of Constantine? Are you not *the* man, if there is or can be one, for this crisis in our affairs? If I know anything, I know that, I know it both by outward observation and the inner light, it is in the faces and on the tongues of a host of young men in Boston." The letter was to no purpose; Sumner, on his return, insisted that his name should be withdrawn. In this, according to his biographer, he was unwise; for "he was by nature, and already in action, more a politician than he thought."[1] S. G. Howe was persuaded to stand in

[1] Pierce's *Sumner*, vol. iii. p. 136.

his place, and on November 5 a meeting was held in Tremont Temple to support his candidacy. Sumner and Adams spoke; Andrew was in the chair. The result of this little bolt of "Young Whigs," as declared by election day, showed that Howe had taken from Winthrop "hardly more than five hundred votes."[1] The significance of the movement was not measurable by numbers. A moral principle had been made a rallying cry in politics; a group of young men had received practice in united action,—practice which two years later made easy the formation of the Free-Soil party.

In this political training the young apprentices paid attention, it must be admitted, to the ideal side of the business somewhat at the expense of the practical. Chandler[2] tells a story which goes to show that when it came to the manipulation of a caucus, Andrew and Sumner were sadly to seek.

There was at one time great excitement about the Boston schools, when Horace Mann had his controversy with the school committee. At No. 4 Court Street, we wished to have Charles Sumner chosen a member of the committee in old ward four, where he resided. Anticipating the difficulty of obtaining the nomination of one who had so little popularity with the people, and who uttered such pronounced opinions in regard to Mr. Mann, considerable preparation was made for the contest. Andrew lived in that ward and was relied on to manage the affair. It was a wretched failure, and the candidate who afterwards became so distinguished was severely snubbed by his

[1] Pierce's *Sumner*, vol. iii. p. 138. [2] Pp. 90, 91.

own neighbors. Sumner was present, and I think not much surprised; although, as an intimate friend of Mr. Mann, he earnestly desired the place. But the indignation of John A. Andrew was great. In giving an account of the meeting, he wound up with this remark, in order to contrast Sumner's magnanimity with that of one of his opponents, "There was ——" (a disagreeable Cambridge graduate, who had an office in the street and affected to despise Sumner, and who has long since passed out of sight and memory), "he did all he could against Sumner, and the latter voted for *him* as one of the ward inspectors!"

Through undertakings such as these Andrew came into close friendship with Sumner and Howe. In 1846, Andrew's age was twenty-eight, Sumner's thirty-five, Howe's forty-five. Sumner was a man whose presence produced an effect of beauty beyond the power of words to describe, but his uncompromising spirit had already won him enemies in Boston. Howe was director of the Asylum for the Blind, — the creation of his own brain, — and was famous for his work with Laura Bridgman. He who had fought for liberty in Greece was not likely to refuse to speak for liberty in Boston, and from this time on he was active in anti-slavery politics. In spite of this activity, he was always a favorite in society. Besides Sumner and the Chandlers, there were other lawyers at Number 4, Court Street, with whom Andrew formed ties of acquaintance and sympathy. Richard Henry Dana, Jr., was one; George S. Hillard, the early friend of Sumner, was another. Hillard

and P. W. Chandler were conservatives; the others belonged to the little party of reform, but to Andrew none so stood for the ideal reformer as Sumner and Howe.

In 1848, when all signs pointed to the nomination for President by the Whigs of General Taylor, the Louisianan slaveholder who had never voted, the Young Whigs found new cause to work together. Meeting at the office of Charles Francis Adams in Boston before the date of the Whig convention, they agreed that if the nomination should fall to Taylor or one of his like, they would create in Massachusetts a new party organization based upon anti-slavery principles. The result was the Free-Soil party. Through all the campaign Andrew's work as a member of the state committee was hearty, tireless, inconspicuous. He presided at meetings, he drew up and reported resolutions, he tailed along with a speech near the close of meetings in Faneuil Hall, he performed other inglorious labors such as one does for the joy of the working. To have just touched thirty in the Free-Soil campaign of 1848, to have brought into the arena of politics all one's ideals in full panoply, to have carried them undimmed and undented from the field, to have sounded the call for "free soil and free men, free lips and a free press, a free land and a free world," to have seen the Whigs, neglecting their old enemy, gather all their forces to repel the new, — to have gone through this experience could hardly fail to confirm in an ardent spirit like Andrew's

the faith that righteousness is indeed a power in politics.

Throughout all these years the course of the young lawyer in Boston, with his many avocations along the lines of politics, religious and philanthropic work, and journalism, was watched with affectionate pride by the other members of his family, who continued their quiet farming life at Boxford. He was kept constantly in touch with them by letters from both the sisters, especially from Alfreda, the more intimate and expansive correspondent. Sarah followed the orthodox ways of her father and Isaac, but Alfreda, by reason of a winter's residence in Boston, while attending school, claimed Albion's beliefs as her own. He, in turn, though his visits and his letters were never frequent enough to satisfy his sisters, showed his devotion by doing them every service in his power, and by keeping them abreast of all his interests by a constant supply of newspapers. Chandler, indulging in cheering recollections, has given a picture of the Andrew family as he saw it in 1846. Soon after Thanksgiving the Chandlers and Cyrus Woodman paid a visit to Boxford to hear John A. Andrew give the opening lecture in a lyceum course which had just been started in the town. The address, which he had prepared two years before for the annual meeting of the Athenæan Society at Bowdoin, was an earnest working out of the proposition that college men should apply themselves to politics with "devoted enthusiasm."

If, as some ironical flings in Alfreda's letters lead one to think, the lecturer did not reap the full measure of appreciation from the audience gathered in the "fearfully heated schoolhouse," [1] the merriment of the rest of the evening proved ample justification for this winter excursion into the country. "After lecture," writes Chandler, glowing with reminiscence, "we drove home in the cold and bracing air, about as full of fun as mortals can be. . . . There was cider, the inevitable doughnuts, and all the Yankee 'fixings,' with a blazing fire that it is good to think about. What a time it was! What shouts of laughter at our own jokes! How we egged each other on for 'more;' while Deacon Jonathan Andrew sat in the chimney-corner by himself, with his hand over his face, but the latter all aglow with the mirth he tried to conceal." [1]

Jonathan Andrew often recurred to the evening with joy and pride. His daughter wrote that he was "wonderfully brightened up by our visitors — I never saw him seem to enjoy more. . . . Father seems to look upon your lecture as the *only one* ever delivered and that nothing *can equal it.* He is greatly stirred up by it." [2]

Not until Andrew was almost twenty-nine could the family at Boxford complain of a divided devotion. "I have often thought it very queer that a fellow with such strong home feelings, so fond of women as a mass, i. e., inclined to be interested by

[1] Chandler, pp. 133, 134.

[2] Jonathan Andrew died in 1849, at the age of sixty-seven.

the sex, should never manage to pump up any more particular regard — should never feel an individual flame." Thus wrote Andrew to Cyrus Woodman at the age of twenty-six. In the spring of 1847 he became engaged to Eliza Jones Hersey, whose home was in the old town of Hingham, on the south shore of Massachusetts Bay. He had first seen her about a year before in a tableau at the anti-slavery fair; she was young and very pretty, and he sought her acquaintance on the spot. The story of his courtship he gave in a letter to his sister Sarah soon after the engagement was announced. This letter tells admirably all that one should be glad to know, and gives the key to the method of action which was beginning to characterize its writer, — an endeavor to think out clearly from his own point of view and to execute in straightforward deeds a line of conduct which should approximate justice. Remembering the strong emotional bias of the man, one cannot fail, even while one smiles at the lover's desire to appear cool, to note appreciatively this counterbalancing trait. The letter begins with an account of the way in which the newly engaged couple passed a Sunday in Hingham, with enlightening remarks on the sermon, — the Herseys were Unitarians, — the Hersey household, the look of the town, and the character of the minister. Then it continues: [1] —

For myself, I am entirely satisfied that I have acted as I have done. — I like Eliza better, the more

[1] This letter bears no date, but the envelope is postmarked "Boston, 27 Mar."

I see her. I was pleased with her from the first time I ever saw her face, — more than a year ago. But I would not and did not think about her. Still, meeting her constantly for many months, once in a while, when she happened to be in Boston, either at some lecture, or at church, or in the street, or somewhere or other, . . . and seeing her in Hingham somewhat, . . . I could not repress the idea, that there was a certain "internal harmony" between us, that I had not been conscious of, in regard to myself and any other person. I then, but not until I had happened to see her two or three times late in the fall, determined to become more acquainted, when she should next visit Boston, which was to be towards the close of December. Everything had always been wholly accidental — as it seemed — (perhaps I should say, though, providential); — and then, when she came at Christmas time: when I took some pains to be with her, I found it was just as natural and easy as if we had been much more acquainted. I was certain she had rather a good opinion of me, and I became more positive of what were our true relations to each other. My attentions to her soon attracted some observation. But that made no difference with her nor with me. And, after she had been here some ten or twelve days, being most anxious, not to seem to be carrying on a mere flirtation, which I should despise doing, and wishing to be perfectly manly and open in the matter, I wrote Eliza a brief note, telling her my true intentions towards her. I did not then propose an engagement. That I thought would not be best. I wished her to know me well; and to be known to her friends: and wait until matters ripened themselves naturally to such a point. But, I wanted to occupy an unequivocal position. After that we were

more together than before. I waited upon her a good deal — as Alfreda knew at the time, and in that way we gradually knew each other more. But, perhaps, less than many others would have done, with less reserve than both she and myself have. She is as reserved as to her own private, inward self, as I am, or as Alfreda is. But it lies under great frankness of manners. I went to see her once at her house in Hingham. . . . When she came up again, she stopped at her uncle's, in Summer street. . . . We did not make an open and acknowledged engagement until she returned home. There was everything, you might say, but that; — we understood our own position. But, having some notions of my own, of delicacy towards a young lady under such circumstances, such as I have before indicated, I did not feel it quite right to propose that, until she should have returned home, and had an opportunity of seeing her own father and mother, after this visit was over. It was enough for me, to feel sure that we were mutually attached to each other; and I did not wish to run the risk of any possible embarrassment to her, by precipitating the aspect of our relations. Indeed, it was better for me, too, not to be doing anything having the appearance, to my own friends, of rashness and sudden impulse, beyond the necessity of the case. And, as it happened, from the beginning to the end, everything worked exactly right — so far as I have traced matters through, — and my mode of conducting the whole matter has surprised me, almost, by finding how accurately it fitted the case. But, it was, in reality, nothing but conforming to my own notions of propriety, delicacy and honor. Eliza is not the girl, I imagine, whom the most of my more judicious friends, in the exercise

of that most judicial, but still, in such cases, almost always, superficial judgment, which people bring into the service of third persons, upon such occasions, would have chosen for me. They would have somewhat mistaken her and me both, in coming to their conclusion. . . . I have a strong belief that I have surprised almost everybody. . . . In our church, Bro. Clarke says, the people are so friendly to me, from the long and intimate associations I have had there, that it is feared, because they do not know Eliza, . . . that I have not done as well as they wish for me. Not that they have any objections now, but that they wish they knew enough to have a decided opinion. . . .

Eliza has fine qualities. She is warm-hearted, generous, affectionate, hopeful and mirthful ; but at the same time, strong in her purposes, very honest with herself, sincere and frank, a lover of reality and a hater of seemings, governed very little by forms or customs, — indeed quite independent throughout, conscientious as to that which goes to the substance of right and wrong, and not at all difficult to be influenced where her affections and respect are united upon one who should attempt to exert an influence over her. She has a good womanly mind ; i. e., a woman's tact and insight. She is not what would be called a literary person. She is not given to discussing books or literary topics. Nor is she the reverse of that. If she really lacks anywhere, it is in training and discipline of mind. But, she is quick to appreciate what is elevating in books or persons, I think ; and quick to feel their power. She always takes most, (I have noticed from the first), to sensible people, those who have something in them, and she denounces very soon, one who is merely silly or

empty. Her mirthfulness makes her sportive with those who do anything to excite it; — but still such persons do not satisfy her the best. She evidently likes in me, my solemn and more earnest side, better than my gayer one. Her feelings are gentle and quick. She cannot endure irony, or harshness in one she loves. . . .

The truth is, I think Eliza is extremely well adapted to me. . . . I never have seen any one else of whom I could say as much. . . . It is not possible that I should fail in getting along pretty well, with almost any moderately well disposed person: but I suppose that with some I can be more at my ease than with others, and that some would be happier with me than would others. In this case, I think that if I do my duty by Eliza, she will be true and good to me, and, I might say, I think she will do right, even if I do not. — I am not blinded by love, nor am I made captious by a desire to have the objects of my regard become perfect beyond others. I can judge of her, as I would of you or Alfreda, with the same justice to the right and the wrong, as I understand it. I am not wont to admit faults in those I love. I choose to over-look them, if I can. I wish all to be free, not desiring their freedom to be sunk in conformity to me, nor to anyone. And I will not admit to others, what I see myself, when it is none of their business. . . .

On Christmas eve, 1848, the two were married at Hingham in the New North Church. They began their married life in a boarding-house in Bowdoin Square; then, for a number of years, principally for the sake of their children, they lived in Hingham, in different houses belonging to the Hersey family. In

Hingham, in October, 1849, their first child, Charles Albion, was born. The young father wrote : —

From the moment the little hero blew his trumpet, all was well. . . . We are all so pleased, that it is hard to tell which of us seems the most silly. Eliza lies and laughs [and] looks at him, calling him "so cunning," and all that. They think he is very much like me. His eyes are dark blue, large nose, brown hair and inclined to curl. Eliza's mother says he is the prettiest baby she ever saw ; and that she would say so, if it had no relation to her.

Within a year the baby died ; two months afterward a second son, John Forrester, was born ; between this time and the year 1858 came three other children : Elizabeth Loring, Edith, and Henry Hersey.

For nine years after Andrew's marriage (December, 1848–December, 1857) his activities were almost entirely other than political. First of all was the necessity of building up his practice ; his spare time was absorbed by his religious and philanthropic interests ; until the fall of 1855 he lived all the year round at Hingham, going to and from Boston every day, in summer by boat, in the other seasons by train.[1] In that year the importance of his practice justified him in buying a small house in a brick block on Charles Street,[2] and this was his city home for the rest of his life.

[1] Once during this period he was a candidate for the State Senate from Hingham, but was defeated.

[2] The house, at first No. 71 and then and still No. 110, stands on the water side of the street, between Pinckney and Revere streets.

As intermittent as Andrew's part in politics during this time was his share in protecting the rights of Boston negroes. Though during the first months after the enactment of the Fugitive Slave "Bill" in the fall of 1850 he may be said to have lived in the very midst of the excitement produced by the escape of William and Ellen Craft, the rescue of Shadrach, and the rendition of Sims, still he kept steadily at his law business, thinking hard and feeling deeply on the great matters of the day, but giving no labor except that devolving upon him in the Vigilance Committee as member of its Committee on Finance.[1] An indication of this detachment is Clarke's description of Andrew on the day in June, 1854, when "a posse of many hundred constables and policemen, the marines from Charlestown, cavalry, infantry, and a light battery with shotted guns" was the measure of force deemed necessary to return Anthony Burns to slavery. "John Andrew's office," writes Clarke, "at the corner of Court and Washington streets was the centre of the excitement, and filled with people. Some of his friends were draping it in front with black cloth. On the opposite corner swung a coffin, under which the escort must pass. But Andrew sat quietly at his desk, writing, the only calm man in the room. He had done all he could to prevent the rendition before,[2] —

[1] In the *Liberator* of February 18, 1860, Andrew's name is signed to a report which states that the six thousand dollars subscribed since 1850 has been used up in giving assistance to some four hundred fugitive slaves, and ends with a call for more subscriptions.

[2] There is no evidence that he had taken any formal steps in the matter.

now he could do no more, and sat at his desk as serene as if no such events were taking place around him."[1] When, to prevent another such rendition, the eccentric Anti-Manhunting League was organized, Andrew was one of its members; but as he was physically unsuited for its robust duties, his membership must have been largely a matter of form.[2]

The chief connection which Andrew had with the exciting incidents marking the history of the Fugitive Slave Law in Boston was in serving as one of the counsel to defend the men arrested for attempting the rescue of Anthony Burns on the night of May 26, 1854. Indictments were made against Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and five others, for inciting the mob, either by inflammatory speech or by action. The part assigned to Andrew was an argument to prove one of the flaws in the drawing of the indictment, but when the time came for the trials, the presiding judge, Benjamin R. Curtis, ordered the indictments quashed; both sides, doubtless, were content to let the matter go no further.[3]

[1] *Memorial and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 38, 39.

[2] For some account of the operations of this mysterious organization, the only secret society to which Andrew ever belonged, see pp. 271–282 in vol. i. of the biography of its founder, Dr. Henry I. Bowditch.

[3] Some of the cases in which Andrew gave his services in behalf of negroes deserve slight mention. Becoming interested in Seth Botts, a fugitive from Virginia, he raised from time to time enough money to buy the freedom of Botts' wife, three children, and brother-in-law. The affair, owing to litigation and other delays, bade fair, as he wrote Sumner, to "last as long as the siege of Troy." Another case (1855) was that of Betty, a slave who was travelling through Boston with her master and mistress, and whom some

Although in these years up to the fall of 1857 there were so few intervals when Andrew was not occupied strictly with his lawyer's work, it must not be supposed that he was out of touch with whatever was doing politically in Massachusetts. By reason of his connection with a private dining-club which met every Saturday at two, he had full knowledge and share of the Free-Soil councils. The informal president of the club was Francis W. Bird, an owner of paper mills in East Walpole. Among Bird's characteristics were an incorrigible passion for independence in political action and a social gift so marked that it was no more than natural that where he sat should be the head of the table, and that the group of diners should be called the Bird Club. Statements as to the origin and early membership of the club differ somewhat, according to the memory of the man who makes them, but it seems to be clear that its meetings became regular about 1850, the time of the "Coalition." Perhaps Bird's own account is as good as any.

In those times which tried men's souls, when a little handful of Free Soilers grappled with the giant Whig party of Massachusetts, a half-dozen, more or less, of the faithful found themselves around the

zealous person brought into court on a writ of *habeas corpus*. Andrew was her counsel, and had little to do beyond acceding to the proposition of her owners and their counsel that she should herself choose between an immediate freedom in Boston and a promised freedom in Tennessee with her husband and children. Still another case (1857) was that of the negro for whom Andrew and William L. Burt were counsel in a suit brought against the Howard Athenæum for excluding the man from its "Family Circle" because of his color.

same table on Saturday afternoon. It was a venial offence, for heaven knows our legs were never under a genteel mahogany in Boston. I think John A. Andrew, James W. Stone, Henry L. Pierce, William S. Robinson[1] and myself were nearly or quite all the original members. Gradually the numbers increased, and, emerging from the narrow quarters of No. 30 School street, where a luncheon was served from a neighboring eating house, we attained the dignity of a room at Parker's. Then came the Know-nothing

[1] Robinson, better known by his pen name of "Warrington," was a newspaper writer who never swerved a hair's breadth from the truth, who demanded full and free speech for himself, and whose biting ridicule made him an opponent much to be dreaded. At the same time he was full of genuine kindliness and was wholly at ease in the world of men. Limited means he accepted as a necessary concomitant of the position of free lance in journalism. As "our own correspondent" from Boston, he sent letters to whatever paper would employ him on his terms of absolute freedom of speech. For the weekly letter to the Springfield *Republican*, the paper with which he was longest and most familiarly associated, he was "Warrington," having taken the name from his beloved *Pendennis;* for the Worcester *Transcript* he was "Boythorne;" for the New York *Tribune* "Gilbert." His range was narrow, including state and national politics, an occasional criminal trial, and a review of the latest number of the *Atlantic Monthly;* but in the field of politics, especially local politics, he was master. There was not a public man of any sort in Massachusetts the details of whose career he had not at his finger-tips. He absorbed the gossip of party committee-rooms; and no man could touch more surely the personal note which is the essence of American journalism. Though he was intensely radical in his own political opinions and was almost as incorrigible as Frank Bird in his treatment of party ties, he was remarkably clear-sighted. Thus for the student of the early days of the Republican party in Massachusetts his letters are almost invaluable. Though in form they are as hasty and fragmentary as the events which they record, one is under constant temptation to quote from them for the sake of their vividness and their closeness to the living realities which they describe.

deluge, whose subsidence left in our quiet retreat considerable driftwood. Some practices obtained which were distasteful to a portion of our friends and we parted by a natural cleavage, we migrating to Young's Hotel.[1]

The individual characteristics of men like Bird, Andrew, and Robinson were typical of the general temper of the club. They stood, above all things, for ideals as the guides of political action. In their creed, what constituted leadership in a democracy was adherence to a theory, a plan, an inward vision, — to something beyond the accommodation of the moment. The natural outgrowth of this principle was a scorn of those who "pretend to be convinced when the votes are counted against them,"— of "the spiritual slavery of the few to the majority,"[2] and a pitying contempt for the men who, trusting to politics for a living, could not afford to be unsuccessful. Some sentences from Andrew's address to the Athenæan Society on this theme show what an invasion of the ordinary notion of democracy men of this stamp were willing to make in the interests of excellence. "He is unfit to be the object of popular regard who bows to the dictation of old authority or to the voice of the people, until he is convinced by reasons before which his mind naturally gives way." "No man places implicit confidence in the infallibility of his neighbors, and the doctrine of the in-

[1] F. W. Bird in the Boston *Journal*, October 29, 1870.

[2] From Andrew's Address to the Athenæan Society, printed with Chandler's *Memoir*.

fallibility of the people can find no basis in the practical sense of mankind." "As one of the people myself, I say that we are oftener wrong than otherwise, and so we have the right to be." To these principles the right to bolt is a natural corollary; by Bird and his friends it was deemed a sacred privilege which they exercised again and again.

If such organized idealism as the Free-Soil party and later the radical element in the Republican party exemplified in American politics be regarded as an abnormal phenomenon, it must be accounted for by the abnormal condition of things. When descendants of Puritans were living under an organic law which preserved the rights of an institution so morally tainted as slavery, some group of men, sooner or later, was bound to respond to a political rallying cry against this moral wrong. At first the protesters were in a hopeless minority, for the great commercial and social forces of the whole land were against them; but, being practical Yankees as well as idealists, they kept to their purpose of working through politics and under the Constitution. Their force was enough to threaten and alarm the great parties, if nothing more; by the Coalition of 1850 they put their leader, Charles Sumner, into the United States Senate. Within the next decade they endured many vicissitudes, but in the end they achieved a victory great in proportion to the magnitude of the evil against which they had contended.

The Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854, by which the

Missouri Compromise was repealed and Douglas' principle of "popular sovereignty" was enacted, to become later the rock which should split the Democracy, drew Andrew again into active political work. No man with red blood in his veins could witness the outrage offered the nation and not be moved to personal protest. The Free-Soilers, taking heart of grace, gathered themselves together and proposed a new party to stand in opposition to the "Nebrascals." One of the first moves was a "Free Democratic" State Convention which met in Music Hall, Boston, on June 1, 1854, when the ink on the new law was scarcely dry. It was Anniversary Week; in this same week the conservatism of Beacon Street and State Street had been shaken to its foundations by the arrest and trial of Anthony Burns. At this meeting, after the audience had been edified and inspired by speeches from Hale, Giddings, and Wilson, Andrew, the last speaker, was listened to with attention as he enlarged upon the legal victory which slavery was then on the point of winning in Boston, and explained the helplessness of Massachusetts with no law to prevent one of her own state officers from giving his aid in the rendition of a fugitive slave. The anti-Nebraska convention held at Worcester on July 20 as the outcome of this meeting proved, in spite of every effort to bring in men from all parties, merely a gathering of Free-Soilers. They were, however, Free-Soilers with their youth renewed. They appointed a provisional State Committee to make arrangements for the nominating

convention to be held at the end of the summer, and made Andrew its chairman.

To Sumner, who, through the long session of Congress, had never ceased his denunciations of Douglas' scheme, the Massachusetts Free-Soilers turned as the splendid champion of their cause. When the Southern Senators had caught him up, after an outburst on the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law, and bade him say whether his oath to support the Constitution did not bind him to support the hated act, he had dared to utter the scornful retort: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Such a rare sight of bravery stirred the blood of thousands of men who, heretofore, accepting Daniel Webster's ominous advice, had been satisfied to "conquer their prejudices" against slavery as the price of union. Thanks to the South and to Douglas, the day of compromise was now gone forever, and men's souls were free. To bring these new voters within the fold Sumner's presence at the nominating convention was indispensable, and Andrew wrote at once to secure him.

You will have seen [he wrote on July 22 to Sumner], before receiving this note, the report of the meeting at Worcester, at which *a new party was begun*, and the steps preliminary to a State nominating convention taken. I think, in spite of strong opposition from the Whig presses and fuglemen, which cannot bear to give up their factitious powers and influence, that there is a great popular movement commenced, which may — under proper cultivation —

disclose a splendid result in the fall. — But, more depends upon the aid you can give, than upon that of any other man. Your recent battles in the Senate have shut the mouth of personal opposition, wrung applause from the unwilling, excited a State pride and gratitude, such as rarely it is the fortune of any one to win. Your presence at the nominating convention . . . is a point which must be agreed to, at once. It will secure a most triumphant meeting, certainly in point of numbers and enthusiasm. I want you to write to me at once, permitting me to say to any of our friends that you *will* attend the meeting. A speech of half an hour, or an hour, is all that you *need* make though you could have three hours, if you would use them.

On the appointed day, Andrew called the convention together at Worcester. Sumner was present and spoke eloquently; all was harmony and enthusiasm. The name "Republican" was adopted for the new party; but of its practical identity with the old party of freedom a significant indication was the nomination for governor of Henry Wilson, who had been the Free-Soil candidate in the preceding year. No sooner, however, was the new party fairly launched than peril beset it. In this year of political disintegration and redintegration,[1] that strange organization of Know-Nothings, upon which historians have exhausted their vocabularies, came mysteriously upon

[1] "The Summer of 1854 was emphatically the season of conventions. Conventions growing out of the Burns rendition, anti-Nebraska, Free Democrats, Free Soil, Republican, to say nothing of Whig, Democratic, and Dark Lantern conventions, occurred almost every week." — F. W. Bird, in the Worcester *Spy*, June 6, 1857.

the scene, the incarnation of the principle of destructiveness, which in the end was turned upon itself. Not content with drawing into its lodges tens of thousands of voters, — anti-Nebraska men, ripe for Republicanism, — it ensnared Henry Wilson himself. At the end of October, a few days before the election, he sent to the chairman of the State Committee a letter, declining to run at the head of the Republican ticket. The committee met and, after an agitated session, voted not to accept the resignation. It was too late to put another man into the field, and, though in these times of uncertainty no man was to be trusted, and ugly rumors were afloat as to a deal whereby the Know-Nothings, in return for Wilson's aid, were to give him the Senatorship which was about to become vacant, the distracted leaders had nothing for it but still to hold to a man who had in all probability sold them out. In the election the Know-Nothings swept to victory with 81,000 votes in round numbers; the Whigs had 26,000; the Democrats 13,000; and Wilson, who as Free-Soil candidate the year before had polled 30,000 votes, this year received 6000. For thus bringing 24,000 men into the Know-Nothing camp the astute politician received in due time the recompense of reward, — a seat in the United States Senate.

This verdict of fate and the Know-Nothings upon Andrew's attempt at political management he accepted philosophically. From 1855, when under other guidance the Republicans made a fresh start, until 1857, when at last the strayed Know-Nothings

were gathered into their proper fold in sufficient numbers to elect N. P. Banks as governor, Andrew held aloof. In the stirring Frémont campaign of 1856, whatever may have been his interest in the fortunes of the national Republican party, he and the bolters of the Bird Club were at odds with the state organization, and Andrew did no more than let his name be used as candidate for Attorney-General on the "Honest Men's Ticket" which Frank Bird put into the field.[1] Just as, after the beginning of 1848, he had dropped out while his comrades who continued in the work had grown in political skill and importance; so after 1854 he had the same fortune, and was left behind by another set of men. His work at the law absorbed him more than ever, and from it he was getting a better return in both profit and honor. Besides acquiring a remarkably full knowledge of state anti-slavery legislation, he had shown skill in cases involving matters of constitutional interpretation and of international law. In 1855 he defended the British consul in Boston on a charge of violating the neutrality laws during the Crimean War; a year later he argued the petition for a writ of *habeas corpus* to test the legality of the imprisonment of the Free State officers of Kansas at Topeka; and there were other cases of equal

[1] The Republicans, for the sake of drawing the Know-Nothing vote to Frémont, had agreed to put no candidate in the field to run against Gardner for governor. Bird and his friends bolted, and the ticket which he made out a few days before the election, with Josiah Quincy at its head, polled some five thousand votes.

importance. If Andrew's friends of the Bird Club looked forward to his being of future service to the "Cause," it was undoubtedly not in the field of politics, but through his position and attainments as a lawyer.

## CHAPTER III

### POLITICS : 1858–1860

The beginning of Andrew's larger service to the anti-slavery cause was in the fall of 1857, when he accepted the nomination on the Banks ticket as representative in the lower house of the General Court for Ward Six in Boston. He had taken no part in the state campaign ; he was nominated only four or five days before the election ; he and George P. Clapp, the other candidate on the ticket from that ward, were elected by satisfactory majorities. Banks carried the State by a vote of 60,978 to Gardner's 37,716 ; the Legislature was for the first time in both branches strongly "Republican," though that term was not then used as a distinctive party name. In order to follow the part which Andrew was now to play, it is necessary to get some notion of the condition of state politics when he came upon the stage.

The triumph of the Know-Nothings in the year 1854 resulted in making Massachusetts predominatingly anti-slavery. The prestige of the Whigs was gone forever; the Democratic party was rendered insignificant. The real contests in the State in the next few years therefore arose from the division made in the anti-slavery ranks between Know-Nothings

and Republicans by the Know-Nothing cry of "America for the Americans." The history of the Know-Nothing party is one not of growth but of decay. It reached its maturity in its first campaign; from that time on its story is one of decline. By 1857, this fact, together with the conservative and Whiggish tendency of its administration of state affairs under Governor Gardner, had come out so strongly that the more decided anti-slavery men in the party were ready to return to their old allegiance, provided the nominee for governor should be acceptable to them. Nathaniel P. Banks, who had just finished his term in the Thirty-Fourth Congress, during which he had been speaker of the House, had many points of availability. In these difficult years he had so successfully steered his course that he had committed himself irretrievably against neither Republicans nor "Americans." The party which under his lead achieved victory was naturally far from homogeneous. It called itself sometimes "Banks American," sometimes "American-Republican," and finally "Republican." Its political status was well described by "Warrington"[1] to the readers of the Springfield *Republican*, in August, 1858, and the characterization applies with even more force to the state of things at the beginning of the year, when Andrew took his seat in the state House of Representatives. The party, said "Warrington,"

[1] Whenever hereafter "Warrington" is quoted, the quotation is from the Springfield *Republican*, and the date is that of the letter, not of the issue in which it appeared.

needed "a definition of itself, a discipline, a boundary, a habitation, doors to let people in, walls to keep them in, and a recognized head of the house to look up to as a provider. It has none of these things now, but inhabits a sort of ten-acre lot, half the bars of which are down three-quarters of the time. You admit one squad, and another escapes at the same moment." In general, however, the Republican members of the Legislature of 1858 represented either "the old-fashioned Whigism . . . which sets its face with tolerable steadiness against all amelioration and reform of our statutes, and thinks a return to the respectability of the best days of Gov. Briggs is the highest thing to be looked for," or "the more progressive and radical tendencies"[1] of such men as Andrew.

Now that at last both legislative and executive branches of the state government were in the hands of men elected on the broad principle of opposition to slavery rather than on the narrow doctrine of "America for the Americans," there was strong popular demand that they should exercise their power by doing one long-delayed piece of anti-slavery justice. At the time of the rendition of Anthony Burns in 1854 public indignation had vented itself upon Edward Greely Loring, the United States Commissioner before whom the negro had been brought. It happened that Loring also held the state office of Judge of Probate for Suffolk County. The Legislature of the next year, wishing to prevent, so far as

[1] "Warrington," February 26, 1858.

was possible through state enactments, another rendition under the Fugitive Slave Law, and desiring, in common with other Northern states, to pass some act of retaliation upon the South for its violation by the Nebraska bill of the Compromise of 1850, enacted what was known as the Personal Liberty Law (statute of 1855, cap. 489). State courts, state jails, and state militia were by this law forbidden to be used in the case of any negro claimed as a fugitive, and no man serving as United States Commissioner was allowed to hold a judicial office within the gift of the State. Unfortunately for the credit of this law the Legislature by which it was framed was a picnicking affair, whose chief aim seemed to be to scandalize people in the interests of the Know-Nothing order. It was not strong in able lawyers, and some of the provisions of the act were so drawn as to be of doubtful constitutionality. Other provisions, such as the double penalty of a fine of from one to two thousand dollars and imprisonment for from one to two years for any member of the volunteer militia who aided in the rendition of a slave, even when acting under military orders, were grotesque excesses. By the enactment of this statute Judge Loring was put in the position of holding his office of Judge of Probate illegally. Of the two methods by which his removal could be effected, impeachment or an address to the governor by both branches of the Legislature, the second was immediately set in operation. This precipitate action on the part of the Legislature, by which it created an offence and then

instantly turned to the work of punishment, met with strong opposition from the more temperate of the Free-Soilers, particularly from Richard Henry Dana, Jr. When, however, the address reached Governor Gardner, who, though he was as darkly Know-Nothing as the Legislature, had been originally a conservative Boston Whig, he refused to act. Loring, on his part, would not budge, maintaining that the section of the Personal Liberty Law in question was unconstitutional. In 1856 the matter rested; in the next year the Legislature, repeating the action of that of 1855, met with a similar rebuff from Gardner's conservatism. By 1858 Loring's contumacy in holding out against the law for three years, together with constant attacks on him by Garrison, Phillips, Parker, and even moderate anti-slavery men, had aroused a strong popular feeling throughout the State, and it was plain that the great political excitement of the session would centre about the address to the governor for the removal of Judge Loring.

In the Legislature of 1858 there was a return to the proportion of able and high-minded men which had characterized Massachusetts legislatures before the Know-Nothing deluge. The most striking figure in the lower branch, however, was that of a Democrat. Caleb Cushing of Newburyport, who for four years had been, as Attorney-General in Pierce's Cabinet, the leading spirit of his administration, now devoted himself with the same zeal to the service of his native town as one of its representatives. He

was fifty-eight years old; he was one of the ablest lawyers in the United States; he was an out-and-out adherent of the principles of the Southern wing of the Democracy. The members of the Legislature could not fail to be impressed by the fact that a man of his commanding talents should be willing to take his place among them to help in the law-making business of the State, and his influence was out of all proportion to the small numbers of the Democratic minority. So cogent was his speech that in the small matters of debate, not one of which escaped his notice, he regularly led the House a game of "follow-your-leader;" on the other hand, when he pressed his Southern principles too vigorously upon the honest anti-slavery majority, they had no means of answering him but by the silent power of votes. "It must certainly be confessed," wrote Robinson to the New York *Tribune*, "that this method sometimes looks cowardly, and an impression has gone abroad among some of the people, that if there is no answer to be made to Mr. Cushing's arguments, perhaps his measures might as well be adopted. . . . When the great question of Judge Loring's removal comes up, Cushing must be met *in argument*, or the House and the people will not be satisfied."[1]

In this last sentence is found the reason why Andrew was willing to turn aside from his briefs and undertake service in the Legislature. Since the cruel silencing of Sumner at the hands of Brooks in May,

[1] February 8, 1858.

1856, the old Free-Soil element in the new party had had no strong and uncompromising voice. Dana and Charles Allen were devoted to the law; Stephen C. Phillips was dead; Charles Francis Adams was for the time withdrawn from public life. With Wilson, Banks, and Burlingame conviction was too often tempered by interest. For lack of the right man the radical wing was likely to lose its prestige, and the new party was in danger of becoming little more than the old Whig party, galvanized into life by anti-Nebraska indignation. By Andrew's friends at Number 4, Court Street, it was thought possible that he might become the under-study of Sumner.

In the first weeks of the session Andrew kept well in the background; but he at once began preparing to meet Cushing. Some letters to Sumner show his hand.[1]

Feb. 4, 1858.

I was obliged to you for the suggestion you made the other day in my office . . . I shall esteem beyond all price any thought, fact or reference you may send me. If you can give me anything you would like to see rammed down into the gun, especially anything from Cushing's past public speeches or anything said by *anyone* of authority, which

[1] The thought of Sumner at this time touches one to the quick. The effect of his injuries still kept him from his seat in the Senate, except when his vote was needed. He was compelled to content himself with digging out references for others to use in the "Cause;" and, for the rest, to work up interest in the art of engraving from such specimens as he could find in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. The sight of him, coming idle into Number 4, where all his old friends were hard at work, was enough to bid them gird themselves anew to crush the powers that had struck him down.

might be wisely quoted, I shall receive it thankfully. By and bye, on Loring, or on the personal liberty law, a legitimate [occasion] will spring up.

Feb. 9.

. . . I was shamed and pained by the declaration of Mr. Vose; that *we* oppose all agitation of the slavery question; that we wish quiet, and that by suppressing discussion, is not the truth. Our people do not feel so. We want no sham debates. The Republican majority, responsible for the conducting of the session, wish to have the debate come opportunely, and to make progress in the business of the people first. But they do not wish, I am sure, to lie down in the silence of Pharaoh and his host, beneath the waters of the Dead Sea; and let the waves of advancing despotism roll over them forever.

I have a good deal of matter on hand or in a rough condition, accumulated from time to time — on which to draw, as it may be needed. But, in several hours search last Sunday P. M. and evening, I c'd not find the evidence of Jeff. Davis' disunionism. I wish you w'd refer me to his declarations, and to those of Toombs and other leading disunionists of the Democratic party.

There was, I remember, a public dinner to Brooks of S. C., at a place in S. C. called "96," at which sentiments the most unpatriotic, as well as inhuman, were pronounced, and which meeting was *attended*, perhaps *not* addressed by Mr. (now Mr. Speaker) Orr.

I don't find that I have preserved the newspaper account of it. Can you refer me to it? Probably in Washington it can be got at. . . .

In spite of Andrew's purpose to hold himself in reserve at first, it was inevitable that he should some-

times come into collision with Cushing in small matters of debate. One such preliminary encounter "Warrington" related with much satisfaction.

Yesterday, Mr. Cushing varied the exercises a little, by giving us something in the "national vein." The petitioners for Judge Loring's removal must be snubbed. What right had they to have an opinion as to the propriety of one of their State Judges becoming a slave catcher? What right had the anti-slavery men to "print petitions" and send them about the state, to extort public opinion which would not otherwise be made manifest? What right had a dozen citizens of Amesbury to ask the great Mr. Cushing to do an act which would hugely displease the slave-holding aristocracy of the country? These men must be snubbed, and Mr. Cushing proceeded to snub them. So he called them all sorts of names, and then sat down apparently in great wrath. Before long a petition concerning the Danvers Railroad was presented, which was also "in print." The Argus-eyed Cushing did not notice it. Perhaps if he had, he would not have said anything about it, inasmuch as there was nothing in it displeasing to the slaveholders. But John A. Andrew called attention to the fact, and there was a general smile all around the house at Cushing's discomfiture.[1]

When the session was two months old, Andrew sent another report of himself to Sumner.

March 6.

I have had a great deal of legislative work to do, as chairman of Prob. and Chancery Courts; I am a new member, feeling myself but little known to most of the house, while Mr. Vose of Springfield, Duncan

[1] Springfield *Republican*, January 28, 1858.

of Haverhill and Hale of Boston, are experienced members, (one of them an Ex-M. C. & Ch'n of Fed. Rel.) one the Ed. of the most influential journal[1] of his party in this part of the state, and Chn. on Finance, another, Ch'n of the Judiciary, not a new member, and having great influence by his legislative and geographic position. All these and some others have, from the start, looked on me as a dangerous character. They have *watched* me at every step, and I have . . . on two or three occasions had to face all of them on matters not political but of progressive legislation. As yet, I have kept ahead of them, in the support of the house, on such occasions; that is, by my forbearance, conciliation and devotion to business, yielding personal preferences as to times and occasions, to the opinion of men whose position entitled them to a good deal of influence, I have been enabled to have a stand in the house, to carry my report as a committee man and to earn a reputation for some capacity and judgment among the great masses of the members. And now, after two months, having got known by and acquainted with the most of them, so that I do not now fear being thought a mere intruder, I have begun "to speak for myself."

Andrew's opportunity to "speak for himself" was on the occasion of his presenting a petition from colored citizens of Massachusetts which protested against the Dred Scott decision. His motion to print the petition he used, as he told Sumner, simply as a peg on which to hang a speech. The speech itself was an elaborate legal analysis of the decision of the Supreme Court, which had been pronounced just a

[1] The Boston *Advertiser*.

year before. Into the technical maze through which he made his way, no one except the student of constitutional interpretation would now care to follow him; the damaging diversity of opinion among the judges, however, he made perfectly clear, and he emerged triumphant, having reached the conclusion that the manifold inconsistencies of the decision rendered it ineffective as a weapon for the Democratic party. Dealing then with its wider application, Andrew refuted, by a long series of historical citations, the doctrine that a negro could not be a citizen, and closed with a vigorous attack upon the decision as being made by the court for political purposes in the interest of slavery. Long and technical as the speech was, its mastery of the subject and the energy of its delivery made a deep impression.[1] It naturally brought Caleb Cushing to his feet. He made against Andrew the threadbare accusation that he was trying to establish the equality of the black and the white races, and then, following the philosophizing bent of his mind, he characterized Andrew's remarks as "the emotional outgrowth of two elements of the Puritan character, which were to carry out abstract principles to their extremes, and a matter of fact condition of mind unequalled by any other class of men." Andrew, already excited by his long speech, needed but this spark to kindle all his eloquence.

[1] "The best, and clearest, and most incisive analysis ever made of the Dred Scott decision was by John A. Andrew while a member of the Massachusetts Legislature." — New York *Nation*, April 7, 1892.

I accept [said he] the gentleman's definition of the Puritan character — his description of them as men and as a society. Inspired by that sentiment which drove them across the stormy sea, and impelled them to build a home in the wilderness, because they could not be free elsewhere, . . . their descendants will adhere to this very protest against the doctrines which the gentleman so ably maintains on the floor of this house and elsewhere. . . . This year is the child of that year which saw the Mayflower dancing upon the waters of Plymouth bay, freighted with a cargo of humanity — small by count, but infinite in truth and moral power. I care not how small the minority with which to-day I am associated in the opinions I have the happiness to own. The sun of a new morning begins to dawn. I see its foreshine already on the mountain tops, when these opinions will be accepted and justified by the great heart and intellect of regenerated America.

This unanticipated peroration, with its quick answer to Cushing's challenge, reflected a glory over Andrew's whole legal argument, and furnished the personal note needed to set the house ringing with enthusiasm.

With matters of state business out of the way, the Legislature was at the point where it must face the question of Judge Loring's removal. In spite of the numerous petitions urging bold action which were already in the hands of the special committee on Removal by Address, the House could by no means be depended upon. In addition to the declared opposition of the Democrats, who lost no opportunity to hint the unconstitutionality of that

part of the Personal Liberty Law under which the removal would have to be made, there was the much more threatening secret opposition of the conservative Republican leaders. Unwilling to be responsible for any such thorough-going anti-slavery demonstration as the direct removal of Loring by address, they hit upon the expedient of effecting the same end by a consolidation of the court of probate with the court of insolvency. In thus acting, they were carrying out the wishes of Governor Banks, who, with an eye to national fame, — possibly to the Republican nomination in 1860, — was reluctant to have laid at his door any act which might injure him in the Middle States and at Washington. Accordingly Banks saw to it himself that the joint committee to which the scheme of consolidation was to be referred should be so constructed as to report favorably. "Soon after the committees were appointed," writes Eben F. Stone, who was chairman, on the part of the Senate, of this committee, "Banks sent for me, and told me that he regarded this measure of consolidation as a measure of great importance, and hoped that the committee would attend to their duty without delay, and make their report to the Legislature as soon as possible." [1] The committee set about its work diligently; the change proposed was a radical one, and many hearings and much discussion were necessary. Andrew, who was chairman of the committee on the part of the House,

[1] *Sketch of John Albion Andrew*, by Eben F. Stone. Historical Collections of the Essex Institute, vol. xxvii. p. 6.

though assenting to the desirability of consolidation, was less in sympathy with the Governor's desire for haste. The political bearing of the measure was, of course, patent to everybody, as was also the fact that whichever of the two bills should be first reported was likely to be the only one passed. It was thus a race between the two committees. "Nearly every day, for some two weeks," says Stone, "the Governor sent a special messenger to me . . . to inquire concerning the progress of business, and enjoined upon me the importance of despatch." The radical Republicans, on their part, were not well organized; indeed, Andrew was almost their only active man. "He is working nobly," wrote T. P. Chandler to Sumner. "By prudence, industry, and good judgment, he has done very much towards bringing the members up to the point." [1] Bird also wrote to Sumner: "We lack a few brave men in our Legislature. Andrew alone fights." [2] It was not Andrew, however, but Robert C. Pitman of New Bedford, who, by a bold stroke of parliamentary tactics, secured precedence of one day for the report of the committee on the Address. On the tenth and the eleventh of March the Address was debated. The chief speech was made by Pitman, who summed up in eloquent form the moral as well as the legal grounds for Loring's removal. Cushing, on behalf of the Democrats, Charles Hale, on behalf of the

[1] Chandler to Sumner, March 10, 1858. Pierce-Sumner Collection, in the Harvard College Library.

[2] Bird to Sumner, March 8, 1858. Pierce-Sumner Collection.

moderate Republicans, opposed the measure. The remarks that carried most weight, however, were those of the aged Marcus Morton, ex-governor, and ex-judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. He announced his intention of voting No, for though Judge Loring's behavior had been contumacious, he was not guilty enough to deserve removal; yet he declared with emphasis that the Legislature had full power to employ the Address for the removal of Loring and that the section of the Personal Liberty Law in contempt of which Loring held his two offices could not justly be called unconstitutional. The weight of this opinion was increased by the silence of Caleb Cushing, who, when challenged from the Republican side of the House to declare the section unconstitutional, evaded the question. When Andrew spoke, he took his stand squarely on the ground that the offices of United States Commissioner and Judge of a state Probate Court were incompatible, citing by way of illustration the possibility that in the existing state of things the same man who as Judge of Probate might have charge of the rights of negro orphans might as United States Commissioner be called upon to decide with regard to these identical negroes whether they were slave or free. With these points made, — that the section was both constitutional and reasonable, — it was possible when the vote was taken in the House to secure for the Address 127 yeas as against 101 nays, eleven members being absent. When the Senate also had passed the bill, it went to the Governor,

concerning whose probable action upon it all the world was in the dark. What he did in this crisis was thoroughly characteristic. In spite of all that he had done to prevent the removal of Loring by address, he now took his stand at the head of the winning side with a grace and alacrity that sought to convey the impression that he had never stood anywhere else. Having thus yielded to the triumphant majority, he threw a sop to his conservative friends by calling the attention of the Legislature to the inconsistencies and excessive penalties of sections 10–14 of the Personal Liberty Law. The office of justice of the peace, the Governor thought, should be excepted, as being beyond the chance of incompatibility with the office of commissioner; the prohibition of attorneys who acted in behalf of slaveowners from practising in the courts of the State he wished to have repealed; to the swingeing punishment meted out to members of the militia who aided in the return of a fugitive slave, he strongly objected. He thus brought anew before the Legislature in its last hours the vexed question of the Personal Liberty Law.

The Governor's message was transmitted to the House on March 20. Expectation ran high; it was felt that this day would be the climax of the session. Such a golden opportunity for himself the leader of the Democratic opposition was sure to take advantage of; now if ever must he be met and the course of the Republicans justified before all men. The message was read in due order, and then Andrew

made the proper motion for referring it to a joint committee. Those who were spectators of the dramatic scene that followed were never weary of describing its more intense moments. By a combination of several narratives, the scene may be elucidated even if there is lacking the atmosphere of tingling excitement in which the debate was carried on.

"Anticipating a debate upon the reception of the message," writes Stone, "I had left the Senate Chamber, and had taken a seat in the House. Cushing's place was on the Speaker's right, about three seats from the front, a good position to see and command his audience. . . . He had measured swords with the self-appointed leaders on the republican side, and, conscious of his superiority, anticipated an easy victory. The audience, which had filled the hall to its utmost capacity, was respectful, attentive and eager to hear."

Cushing made one or two preliminary remarks on the propriety of Andrew's motion; then, "in a lugubrious tone, but with an affected solemnity of manner,"[1] he announced the words of his text: "And now, sir, the deed is done."[2] "'AMEN!' shouted the Methodist member from the Cape, Mr. Dodge of Chatham, in a stentorian voice, and with all possible unction, eliciting such explosions of laughter and bursts of applause as required all the Speaker's energy with his mallet for some time to restore order. Even Mr. Cushing was disconcerted, and compelled to join in the general hilarity."[1]

[1] *Liberator*, March 26, 1858. [2] *Advertiser*, March 18.

When order was at last restored, he repeated his text and launched into his attack. In the editorial column of the *Advertiser* which lay on the desk of every member, the blame for the removal of Judge Loring was charged to the factious agitation of the opposition. Seizing upon this accusation, Cushing speedily showed the folly of it, and with great vigor proved that the removal was really due to the party in power. Then, with insincere congratulations, he welcomed Governor Banks' protest against the excesses of the Personal Liberty Law, rejoicing that he himself no longer stood in a minority of one on that subject. He sweepingly denounced the law, which he called "the Personal Slavery Act," and, working himself up into a frenzy of defiance, declared his willingness to incur its every penalty, whether as a lawyer, in being excluded from the courts of the State, or as a militiaman, in being subjected to excessive fines and imprisonment. "When he took his seat, there was a profound pause. . . . The radical men of the party . . . were angry and exasperated. . . . The party was responsible, and all the republicans felt that, if possible, it should be defended against such a strong and sharp attack."[1] "C. C. Hazewell, political editor of the *Traveller*, when Cushing finished, said to me, 'The man who can successfully reply to that —— —— speech ought to be made Governor of Massachusetts.'"[2] "But

[1] Stone, p. 9.

[2] "Franklin" in the Saturday Evening *Gazette*, writing in correction of the speeches made before the Massachusetts Club, January 28, 1888.

who could do it? Who, among the republicans, was a match for Cushing? They looked around the hall in despair, now at Vose of Springfield, now at Wells of Greenfield, and now at Hale of Boston, the three men, who, until then, had taken the lead on their side of the House, with the hope that one of them would attempt a reply. But neither of them made a sign. . . . The suspense became painful. The speech was a challenge, and it looked for a moment as if it would pass unanswered, and leave Cushing master of the field. . . .

"Andrew had, until then, taken no conspicuous part in the proceedings, and was only known to a few of the members. Very few had thought of him as the man that could answer this speech. I saw, however, that he was uneasy. . . . Sitting by his side was Albert G. Browne of Salem, an intense anti-slavery man, who was not then a member of the House, but who had been in the Governor's Council, and was an intimate personal friend of Andrew. I saw Browne speak to him, and in a moment to the surprise of nearly every one present, Andrew took the floor. . . . For a moment he proceeded somewhat hesitatingly. I listened with great interest. I had been with him that session, in committee for three months, and had heard him discuss this question repeatedly, with great eloquence and ability. I knew the stuff was in him, and that he only needed to be excited to a point where he could overcome a certain diffidence, to make an effective speech. He had a habit which I had observed in committee, when he

became earnest in discussion, of turning up the sleeve of his coat. Presently I saw Andrew turning up his sleeve, and said to a fellow senator by my side, 'Andrew is getting warm; he is turning up his coat sleeve; now you will have it.' In a moment his voice broke out in a higher key, and struck a note beyond the compass of its natural tones, penetrating, resonant, triumphant; and for more than half an hour, he spoke with a rapid, vehement and overpowering eloquence, which I never heard equalled before, or since." [1]

To reply to his opponent's points one by one was Andrew's cue. He began by attacking the manifest insincerity of Cushing's triumphant tone. "I have been struck," he said, "with admiration at the dexterity with which the gentleman has been endeavoring to steer between his griefs and his dissatisfactions upon the one side, and his expected exultation upon the other." Then he proceeded to make a direct personal rejoinder to the first of Cushing's charges. The deed that was done, he said, was not the action of a party; for once, the Governor, the Legislature, and the people were at one. "There is one purpose which animates and inspires every heart, and that is the purpose to preserve and protect liberty. . . . If any gentleman on this floor expects that one single provision of that infernal statute [the Fugitive Slave Law] shall ever become, for a single moment, other than hated by Massachusetts, I reply to him in the language of the poet: 'Lay not that flattering unc-

[1] Stone, pp. 9, 10.

tion to your soul.'" To meet Cushing's charge that now for the first time a judge had been removed for political reasons, he took from the storehouse of weapons which he and Sumner had been gathering the neat example of a case in Maine precisely parallel except that there the removal had been made by the Democratic party, with the sanction of Caleb Cushing. In a speech of this nature it was impossible that Andrew should not touch upon the Southern policy of the Democratic leaders, and in prophesying their speedy defeat he was, according to Stone, "particularly effective and impressive. . . . In a moment of exaltation, appearing to see in his mind's eye, in the near future, the shadow of coming events, his voice rang out with an exulting cry." [1] "They may go on; but the day of reckoning is at hand. Behind that party stalks the headsman! 'Because sentence is not speedily executed against an evil work, therefore the hearts of the sons of men have it fully set in them to do evil.' But the judgment will come. We have laid our ears to-day near enough to the ground to hear the muttering thunder of its terrible reverberations."

Cushing's praise of Banks Andrew matched with praise that had the true ring. The Governor's act, he said, had set Massachusetts in the foremost rank of the anti-slavery forces. "We have grown more than the life-time of a generation of men since the inauguration of Governor Gardner," he exclaimed. Then, with great good-humor he turned the laugh on

[1] Stone, p. 11.

Cushing for the latter's safe offer to do service as a Massachusetts militiaman in behalf of slave-owners. "When the Sheriff of Massachusetts," he began, swinging into one of his long legal periods, "holds in his hand the writ of personal replevin, or of *habeas corpus*, issued out of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, to take into his possession . . . a man who, on the soil of Massachusetts, was in actual possession of his freedom, up to the time of his seizure — *prima facie*, presumptively free — . . . and when the Sheriff of the county calls upon the *posse comitatus* to assist in the service of that writ, and when the Governor orders out the troops to protect that officer in the performance of his duty, I expect the pleasure of walking arm in arm with my learned friend from Newburyport." While the House was recovering from the fit of merriment into which it had been thrown by this picture of military fraternization, the Speaker requested Andrew, since it was time for the noon recess, to finish his remarks at the afternoon session. This was unnecessary ; Andrew needed to add only one clinching sentence. "I echo the declaration of the gentleman from Newburyport, that *the deed is done!* Yes, sir ! It was *well* done — and it was done *quickly!*"[1] "When he took his seat," continues Stone, "there was a storm of applause. The radical men had found their prophet. The House was wild with excitement. For a moment, the speaker was unable to preserve order ;

[1] The quotations from this speech are taken from the *Advertiser* of March 20, 1858.

some members cried for joy; others cheered, waved their handkerchiefs and threw whatever they could find into the air." Cushing joined the crowd about Andrew and, shaking hands with him, added his congratulations to theirs.

Andrew's triumph, as brilliant as it was unexpected, was wholly a personal one. "If a speech is to be measured by its effect upon its hearers," is Stone's comment, "that speech of Andrew is beyond all comparison the most eloquent and the most remarkable that has been made in Massachusetts in this generation." It was not only that he had vanquished the dreaded leader of the Philistines with the ease and sureness of a David, and restored the prestige of the old Free-Soil element in the Republican party; he had sounded the note of anti-slavery conviction in the old fashion of Sumner, with a warmth and vigor of emotion that was all his own. No matter how near to victory caution and compromise may bring a party, a mightier weapon to prevail is truth rightly proclaimed and rightly defended. To the man uttering this principle so grateful to the instincts of our race, and yet so rarely proposed as a working hypothesis, the response of his hearers was that of men welcoming with their whole hearts a new leader.

The work of the Legislature was now practically over. In the week which remained, the chief event was the action on Governor Banks' recommendations about the Personal Liberty Law. At the evening session before the last day, the House, with some

murmuring at the haste necessary, proceeded to pass the bill reported. It showed its anti-slavery temper, however, by adopting Andrew's amendment retaining the section which shut out attorneys from the state courts if they had served as counsel against negroes held under the Fugitive Slave Law; but when the Senate refused to concur, it immediately backed down.[1] The last morning was devoted to complimentary speeches, in which the man who both gave and received the most praise was Caleb Cushing. Indeed, there was not a member of the House who was not sensible of the flattery implied in the diligence and courtesy with which the great man had devoted himself to its business. Andrew in his speech declared his expectation of not returning to the Legislature. Though he gave no reasons, it was plain

[1] The positive value of the Personal Liberty Law in protecting free negroes in Massachusetts is well illustrated by a passage from Andrew's inaugural address of 1861. "On the propriety of exerting all the constitutional power which we possess (but none other than that), for the protection of the liberties of the people of the Commonwealth against kidnappers, there can be no debate; and its necessity is illustrated by the surrender of persons claimed as fugitive slaves under the Act of 1850, who are known to have been free. In one case which I recall, the commissioner denied to the accused person time to send for his free papers, and declared that they would not be admissible on such a hearing. In another instance, the person carried off was found by the claimant, as soon as he saw him, to be the wrong man, and was honestly allowed to regain his liberty. In still another, a woman who is ascertained to be of unmixed Caucasian blood, with her daughter and grandson, were saved by ransom, only, from the operation of a decision directing their rendition into slavery. And I may add that in at least one case in this Commonwealth, a man was sent out of our jurisdiction, as a slave, the warrant against whom did not appear on its face to have been issued by any magistrate authorized by the Act of Congress."

that he had accomplished the work for which he had taken the office, and that having accomplished it, he felt bound to return with his whole devotion to the law.

From this time, throughout the State, the name of Andrew was always received with enthusiasm. At the time of the Republican State Convention in the fall of 1858, at which he had made a successful presiding officer, Robinson wrote of him : —

I think this gentleman possesses now more of the confidence and good will of the distinctive anti-slavery men of the Republican party, than any other man except Senators Sumner and Wilson. And he is personally very popular, and puts himself upon instant good terms with all men with whom he meets.[1]

The social gift of which Robinson speaks contributed distinctly to Andrew's popularity, and interest in the man himself always disposed an audience to listen to him indulgently. For all that, the basis of his favor undoubtedly rested on the skill with which he could touch anti-slavery questions with an eloquence that carried an audience off its feet. He never lightened his discourse with stories or illustrations, he was fond of rather long poetical quotations; yet his rapid succession of short climaxes, loosely bound together, all preparing the way for one strong stroke at the end, never failed to hold an audience captive. A story told by Eben F. Stone of this same convention of 1858 gives some notion of what Andrew's power was like.

[1] New York *Tribune*, September, 1858.

After the business of the convention was concluded the delegates waited in expectation of some words of advice and encouragement from their natural leaders. The nominations had excited no special interest, and had taken place as a matter of course without any serious opposition. The proceedings had been tame and uninteresting, and the members were looking for some good speeches that would arouse their courage and enthusiasm. They called for their favorite speakers, Wilson and Banks and Elliott and others. Wilson responded and made a good speech, but without any marked effect.[1] Elliott, of New Bedford, followed. He spoke well, but he failed to excite any special enthusiasm. The convention was disappointed and dissatisfied. Presently some one called out Andrew, and immediately it was taken up and repeated from all parts of the hall. Andrew was embarrassed. As presiding officer it was not his place to speak at that time. He hesitated, but the demand was too general and too peremptory to be denied. He stepped to the front of the platform, and his appearance was greeted with a shout of applause which changed at once the character of the audience. His feelings had evidently been somewhat exercised by the failure of the previous speakers to produce the desired effect and their failure gave him the needed impulse. He was in the mood, and when he began, his voice rang out with that high and penetrating note, so rich and so inspiring, which later in life, when his vocal organs had lost something of their strength and flexibility, was beyond his reach; and for half an hour, elevated and transported by the force and fervor of his emotions, he held his

[1] In point of fact, Wilson was not present. "Elliott" is T. D. Eliot. The other speaker was Eli Thayer.

audience as by a spell. Cheer upon cheer echoed and reëchoed through the hall, as sentence followed sentence in quick succession, each better than the last; till the convention, which a short time before was half alive and undemonstrative, caught the fire of the speaker, and, wild with enthusiasm, was ready to obey his order and to execute his will.[1]

This incident typifies the nature of Andrew's power, and his way of using it. Both the speech and the effect of the speech belonged to the moment. The speech could not be prepared, the effect could be neither repeated nor preserved. His eloquence "gushed forth from his mind like a flood of delirious music, in obedience to an irrepressible law of his organization." This quality had its defects; for, as Stone goes on to say, "He was too easily moved himself, always to observe and maintain that discipline and self-control, which, in the opinion of a select and deliberating assembly, — the ordeal by which the highest eloquence is tested, — is needed to separate that sort of impassioned speaking which is true eloquence of the highest kind, from another form which is liable to degenerate into rant and declamation." Nevertheless, in his proper field, in a mass-convention or before a mixed audience, he was "superior to any man of his time in this state, except Phillips."[2]

[1] Stone, p. 19.

[2] Ibid. pp. 17, 18. A capital instance of Andrew's fondness for strokes the effect of which should be instantaneous, — as well as of his habit of poetical quotation, — is his introduction of George Thompson at the meeting in Music Hall, on February 23, 1864. In 1835 Boston

After Andrew's distinguished service in the General Court, higher political office was of course the next possibility. If the time should come when the anti-slavery men in Massachusetts needed to put forth their full strength, Andrew must obey the summons. That he might keep himself free, he refused the offer which Banks made to him in 1859 of a seat on the bench of the Massachusetts Superior Court. Andrew's notion of what the future might have in store for him is hinted at in a letter to Cyrus Woodman, dated May 22, 1859.

You will probably have seen that, — contrary to what was your reasonable inference from the fact of my nomination, — I did not accept the judgeship. In truth it was made against my declared inability to take office. . . .

I do not easily change my mind. With whatever criticisms I might make on the practice of the law, and many things in it are irksome to me ; I still cannot yet think of giving up my personal freedom even for the dignity, quiet and certainty of the bench.

had mobbed the English anti-slavery orator; in 1864 it could not do enough to honor him. Reaching the end of his speech, Andrew said: "Mr. Thompson, I propose now to present you and this audience each to the other. Speak — for their hearts wait for the eloquence of your lips ! Speak — speak now — for to-day is fulfilled before our eyes the prophecy of the seer-poet of New England, —

"'Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again ;
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshippers.'"

At the first line of the stanza, the audience caught the point of the quotation, and went wild with enthusiasm. See the *Liberator*, March 4, 1864.

As to politics. They are mainly accidental to me; not of the substance and woof of my conscious scheme of life. I have always definite opinions on most political questions, I regard them with interest, and express them without reserve. I have some unsought political influence. It comes merely from the natural weight of the truth, sincerely and fearlessly uttered. *That* is always to be sure a good deal controlled and modified in this world by a million of secondary causes and interests. But it is worth something to me, and to my sense of responsibility. I should not like to seek any political station. I cannot afford to take any. But when if ever I am thought by others worthy to take any place where I see a chance to be useful and to do some good I want to see done and to which I feel called, — I may not refuse. I hope I shall never desire office beyond the simple desire to do a citizen's duty. I have seen, read and thought too much and am dazzled too little by anything transitory to have much desire for "place."

To confirm Andrew as leader of the radical Republicans, there was needed an act as clear and uncompromising as his utterance. Such an act the tense temper of the times soon brought to pass. When John Brown, with the vision and the courage of a hero and the unbalanced judgment of an enthusiast, threw his little band upon Harper's Ferry, he pressed upon every thinking being, North and South, a personal problem the solution of which was desperately urgent. To Andrew the deed was first of all a direct and instant summons to action. Over and above his strong sympathy for Brown as

an anti-slavery hero in the Kansas days, he was moved by his sense that everything must be done to give him the fairest possible trial under the circumstances. The natural thing, of course, would have been for Andrew to offer his own services, as he had so often offered them for prisoners unable to obtain counsel, but his political position was now a little too prominent to make him of real use to Brown in the Virginia courts. Accordingly, he wrote straightway to Montgomery Blair,[1] a Republican, son of Francis P. Blair and a well-known lawyer in Washington, asking him to act. Blair, prevented by engagements, secured Thomas Chilton, another Washington lawyer, who arrived at Charlestown, Virginia, on the morning of the fifth day of the trial. Until his arrival John Brown's interests were in the hands of George H. Hoyt, a very young Boston lawyer, who, in his eagerness to be on the ground, had rushed off to Charlestown on his own responsibility. Through him Andrew made his first appeal to the court for delay. Some peculiarities in John Brown's manner had struck Andrew on the single occasion when the two men had met, and now he conceived that a good defence could be made on the plea of insanity. "Let the best counsel be obtained," he charged Hoyt; "let them know that they will be paid by relatives and friends of Brown, who wish fair play, and sorrow for the condition in which he and his associates have placed themselves. Any reasonable sum could be raised to aid these

[1] See note on p. 204.

prisoners in a legal defence. And it cannot be doubted that Virginia counsel could be obtained of the highest character whose sense of professional pride and duty would compel them to do (what is *never* refused to be done here), and that is to make the stoutest and utmost defence possible to professional skill. If a retainer is needful it can be sent." Brown, however, refused to allow the plea of insanity to be made, and there was no one to gainsay him. He was tried on the charge of treason, of inciting servile insurrection, and of murder in the first degree, and after a trial which lasted five days, the jury returned the verdict of "Guilty."

Meanwhile Andrew had been busy raising the necessary thousand dollars for Chilton's fee. On the streets, in the courts, at the Wednesday evening meeting of the Church of the Disciples, he spoke to everybody he met; his friends did the same for him, one of them, at his request, going through the Legislature, then in special session. In this way the money was collected in a very short time. After the sentence had been pronounced, Chilton sought to obtain a writ of error before the Court of Appeals of the Supreme Judicial Court of Virginia. To this end Andrew guaranteed a fee of three hundred dollars for William Greene, a lawyer of Virginia. There being now a prospect of a new trial, which Brown's counsel would do all in their power to have held in a United States court, Andrew was brought face to face with the fact that it was possible for a United States judge to summon and compel the attendance

of witnesses from Massachusetts. This state of things he disclosed to Dr. S. G. Howe and Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, each of whom had consulted him, and each of whom knew altogether too much about what John Brown's plans had been to look upon a journey to Virginia as either pleasant or safe. "Massachusetts," declared Howe, in a "card" to the public, "is so trammelled by the bonds of the Union, that, as matters now stand, she cannot, or dare not, protect her citizens from such forcible extradition; and that each one must protect himself, as he best may."[1] To Canada, accordingly, Howe betook himself. As for Mr. Sanborn, he preferred to remain at his home in Concord, trusting to a "tumult" in his behalf in case he should be arrested.

While these preparations were still making, word came that the writ of error had been denied. Further legal action was hopeless. The Virginia courts, yielding to the clamor of popular terror, had accelerated the course of the law at every possible step. In Boston the desire to help Brown that had been so strong now turned with doubled force to his family, and a meeting was planned for the purpose of raising a fund for them. The speakers were to be Emerson and Wendell Phillips, Dr. Manning of the Old South, and the young minister of a prosperous Unitarian society; Andrew was chosen to preside. When the meeting assembled in Tremont Temple, on Saturday evening, November 19, Andrew rose and read a letter from the young minister which

[1] *Dr. S. G. Howe*, by F. B. Sanborn, p. 270.

explained that he had stayed away from the meeting because, far from wishing to applaud John Brown's movement, he was "severely opposed to it." In short, he was afraid to "strike at the hand that fed him,"[1] and the audience responded enthusiastically to Andrew's sharp comment that he hardly thought there were "two sides to this question whether John Brown's family, wife and children, should be left to starve or not." As a lawyer, a Republican, and a man with a political reputation to make, Andrew too had something to lose by showing sympathy with Brown, and for that very reason his words had more telling effect than anything which could be said by a Phillips or an Emerson. "I pause not now to consider," he said, "because it is wholly outside the duty of this assembly to-night, whether the enterprise of John Brown and his associates in Virginia was wise or foolish, right or wrong; I only know that, whether the enterprise itself was the one or the other, John Brown himself is right." This unqualified statement was received with a storm of applause. Andrew went on: —

I sympathize with the man. I sympathize with the idea because I sympathize with and believe in the eternal right. They who are dependent upon him, and his sons and his associates in the battle at Harper's Ferry have a right to call upon us who have professed to believe, or who have in any manner or measure taught, the doctrine of the rights of man as applied to the colored slaves of the South, to

[1] The words of George S. Hillard's taunt to Richard Henry Dana, Jr., at the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention of 1853.

stand by them in their bereavement, whether those husbands and fathers and brothers were right or wrong.

This clear-cut assertion of Andrew's that "John Brown himself is right" was the sign by which the meeting was ever after remembered. It was a ringing challenge, not merely to the South, but to the timorous Republicans who still regretted the Whig party. If the supreme need of the moment were analysis and cool judgment, Andrew's words were ill-timed and misleading; if the supreme need were fearless speech to match fearless deed, Andrew was as squarely right as he declared Brown to be.

By the side of this emphatic testimony of Andrew's in behalf of the man who sought to overthrow slavery by violence, must be put the letter which he wrote to William Greene, the lawyer in Richmond whom he had employed to present the petition for a writ of error. The letter sets forth the rational basis of his opposition to slavery, — his conviction that it was a stumbling-block to be got out of the way of the nation's progress; it also reveals the human and reasonable way which he took with a man who differed from him, even in a matter of vital belief.

JOHN A. ANDREW TO WILLIAM GREENE

[Date wanting.]

My dear Sir, — Your letter, which came to me by the last mail, was received, and read with interest and pleasure. I regret the defeat of the application

presented by yourself and Mr. Chilton, and of the positions so ably and admirably illustrated by the amplest learning and reason. I esteem it a great blunder of the court (if I may use that word in such a connection), that they did not allow an argument, and place their own reasons before the world. . . .

There are some things I would be glad to say to you in the same friendly and courteous spirit in which your remarks on "the great question" were conceived. I can understand and can sympathize with your feelings, position, and attitude; and I am sure that if the question of slavery rested, for its solution, solely with gentlemen of education, culture, and refinement, instead of being managed by speculators in politics, land, and negroes, who take no thought for the future of men and nations, I should have no fears. But slavery must be the ultimate ruin, I hold, of *any* people, however grand and virtuous otherwise, by whom it is treated as if it were a normal institution, or as the normal condition of any of the human race. . . .

I beg leave now only to say, that while I agree that the course of conduct at Harper's Ferry is indefensible and wrong, and that no such violence ever could be justifiable (unless a revolutionary process of emancipation by external force could be defended, which I should utterly deny if I could find anybody to assert it), still I recognize great and admirable properties in Brown, of both mind and character, and an apparent consciousness of a self-sacrificing and noble purpose, and a heroic devotedness to his own long-cherished view of truth; which, while they may stamp him a *fanatic*, can never allow him, in calm history, to be regarded as a *felon*.

Those men only are criminals to be punished who, with wicked purpose, fly in the face of society, and break its laws because their own selfish purposes lead them over the laws and over other men on the way to their gratification.

To confound [them with] enthusiasts, no matter what they may do (men who in the fear of God break the laws of man), no matter how wrong they may be in fact, is one of the greatest mistakes of which society is capable; yet in all history every people, to their cost, have frequently made it. Virginia would do a grand and worthy act reflecting credit upon her character, magnanimity and conscious strength, could she see her way clear to save the life of Brown and the lives of those he led. But she will not do it, and too late she will see her error. History is inexorable, and forgives nothing. A man may innocently blunder. A people in their blunders are criminal, for the collective wisdom of society is bound to be absolutely right. If it is not so time always transfers the crown.

I am opposed to slavery simply as one of the obstacles in the way of human progress. There is a better hope for all races than that. It cannot be perpetual; nor can any unnatural thing or social wrong be immortal. The ages will conquer it. Shall it conquer *us* too? The stone will grind to powder him on whom it falls. Shall it fall on slavery, and crush us, the American people, in the fall? God knows how much I believe in the force and conquering power of the truth itself. I feel sure that our general freedom to think, to know and to utter will secure the ultimate triumph of truth and justice, and ultimate freedom and happiness to the whole. In that faith, according to my measure, I speak to

others, as I now do to you, with that respect to other men, and that kindness and patience, I feel to be due from one honest man to another.

Believe me very respectfully and faithfully yours,

JOHN A. ANDREW.

A man with the clear sight which this letter reveals beholding Virginia, fate-driven, take her course of vengeance, could not but be oppressed with a growing sense of further violence to come. On the Friday on which Brown was hanged Andrew was in no mood for office work, and, with two or three friends, got into a carriage and drove about the streets. They said but little; Andrew sat, watch in hand; when the fatal moment was passed he uttered the words, "John Brown is dead." They went by a gunsmith's shop, and Andrew, contrasting his life-long peace principles with his present regard for a man of violence, told his friends that he had never fired a gun and probably never struck a blow in his life. His whole attitude in these John Brown days shows his sense that a new era had begun.

> ". . . some day the live coal behind the thought . . .
> Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue and pen
> Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught."[1]

That day, he felt, was near at hand. Whenever it should come, peace man though he was, the spirit was in him

> "To front a lie in arms and not to yield."

Andrew's unequivocal acts in Brown's behalf, which had drawn upon him the attention of the

[1] *Commemoration Ode*, Lowell.

whole city of Boston, also brought him to the notice of the committee of the United States Senate which, at the instance of James M. Mason of Virginia, had been appointed to investigate all the circumstances connected with the raid at Harper's Ferry. The inquiry into which the Southern members of the committee threw themselves with most zest was, in the words of the Senate resolution, "whether any citizens of the United States not present were implicated therein, or accessory thereto, by contributions of money, arms, munitions, or otherwise." That is to say, Mason and Jefferson Davis, leaders of the Southern wing of the Democracy, sought to fix upon the leaders of the Republican party, or upon any prominent anti-slavery men of the North, the responsibility for John Brown's attempts to incite a slave revolt. With this end in view, they naturally considered the Boston lawyer who had secured counsel for Brown's defence a highly suspicious person, and straightway summoned him to Washington to testify before them. Their first questions referred to the circumstances under which Andrew had engaged Chilton and Greene. With a preface of apology to the chairman that he had no intention of being disrespectful to Virginia, Andrew proceeded to remark that the first news which came to Boston of the speed with which Brown's trial was being pressed led him and his friends to consider such a proceeding "a judicial outrage." "It was wholly unlike anything I had ever known or heard of in my practice as a lawyer," he added. "When some persons had been indicted for

kidnapping, in Massachusetts, last September, the court gave General Cushing, their counsel, two or three months after their arraignment before he was required even to file a plea." After referring to the suggestion that he himself should go to Virginia, and his reasons for disregarding it, he explained, with lawyer-like detail and precision, the whole story of the employment of Chilton and Greene. The manner in which the thirteen hundred dollars was raised to pay the two fees next concerned the committee; following that, they went into the difficult question of motives. "Will you state, sir," Mason asked him, "whether your reason for volunteering your aid in this matter . . . was founded on the impression that Brown was not going to have a fair or just trial, or was it founded on a disposition to aid in his defence, because of his career against the institution of slavery?" Andrew, having first set forth his admiration of Brown's services for freedom in Kansas, and having explicitly announced that far from being in sympathy with "his peculiar conduct touching which he was then indicted," he instead "felt injured by that, personally, as a Republican," made the plain statement that if Brown had been in the way to have a fair trial, "I should have felt that I had no occasion to interfere." To illustrate what he "might do, even for a stranger," in the way of such interference, he told the story already referred to[1] of his voluntary efforts to secure pardon from the President for a man sentenced for piracy. All the

[1] *Vide supra*, p. 30.

work that he had then done, which included a week's stay in Washington, he had undertaken although he had no acquaintance with the man or his friends and had no fee or the hope of any, and this was not the only occasion on which he had thus acted. Though he protested that it was "unpleasant for a man to blow the trumpet of his own virtue" and that he did not "profess to be a particularly benevolent man," still, no one could blame him for using an illustration so pat. After this the committee had nothing more to ask him on the subject of motives.

The other interesting point in Andrew's testimony was connected with the effort of the chairman to make it appear that a contribution of twenty-five dollars which Andrew had once given to Brown rendered him responsible for Brown's past and future acts. The description which Andrew gave of the way in which Brown impressed him at the only time when they met is exceedingly striking. It furnishes the best interpretation of what Andrew meant when he said, "John Brown himself is right," and also reveals in what sense Andrew considered him insane.

After having met Captain Brown one Sunday evening at a lady's house, where I made a social call with my wife, I sent to him $25 as a present. . . . I did it because I felt ashamed, after I had seen the old man and talked with him and come within the reach of the personal impression, (which I find he very generally made on people,) that I had never contributed anything directly towards his assistance, as one who I thought had sacrificed and

suffered so much for the cause of freedom and of good order and good government in the Territory of Kansas. He was, if I may be allowed to use that expression, a very magnetic person, and I felt very much impressed by him. I confess I did not know how to understand the old gentleman fully, because when I hear a man talk upon great themes, touching which I think he must have deep feeling, in a tone perfectly level, without emphasis and without any exhibition of feeling, I am always ready to suspect that there is something wrong in the man's brain. I noticed that the old gentleman in conversation scarcely regarded other people, was entirely self-poised, self-possessed, sufficient to himself, and appeared to have no emotion of any sort, but to be entirely absorbed in an idea, which preoccupied him and seemed to put him in a position transcending an ordinary emotion and ordinary reason. I did not regard him as a dangerous man, however. I thought that his sufferings and hardships and bereavements had produced some effect upon him. I sent him $25, and in parting with him, as I heard he was a poor man, I expressed my gratitude to him for having fought for a great cause with earnestness, fidelity, and conscientiousness, while I had been quietly at home earning my money and supporting my family in Boston under my own vine and fig tree, with nobody to molest or make me afraid.[1]

Then Jefferson Davis, "the most arrogant man in the United States Senate," [2] tried badgering the witness. He demanded whether or not what Andrew

[1] *Report of the Senate Committee*, p. 192.

[2] Quoted by Rhodes (vol. ii. p. 454) from the New York *Tribune* of April 14, 1860.

called "the useful services rendered by him [Brown] in Kansas for the preservation of good order and government" included the Pottawatomie murders, the incursion into Missouri for the purpose of running off slaves, and the alleged horse-stealings. Andrew's reply to the first of these sarcastic queries brought out the facts, — remarkable to-day as showing the ignorance of Eastern anti-slavery men of one side of the Kansas struggle, — that he believed Brown to have had no part in these "transactions," and that he himself had never even heard of them until after Brown's trial. To the second question his answer was a blow straight from the shoulder.

I think that he [Brown] and his associates had been educated up to the point of making an unlawful, and even unjustifiable, attack upon the people of a neighboring State — had been taught to do so, and educated to do so by the attacks which the free-State men in Kansas suffered from people of the slaveholding States. And, since the gentleman has called my attention again to that subject, I think the attack which was made against representative government in the assault upon Senator Sumner, in Washington, which, so far as I could learn from the public press, was, if not justified, at least winked at throughout the South, was an act of very much greater danger to our liberties and to civil society than the attack of a few men upon neighbors over the borders of a State.[1]

After a few more random questions the committee finished its examination of Andrew. In reading the

[1] *Report of the Senate Committee*, p. 193.

whole body of testimony taken by the committee, one is struck by the fact that in point of ability, legal knowledge, ignorance of Brown's plans, and a natural fearlessness of speech, Andrew was in much the best position of any of the witnesses to speak out and give Mason and Davis as good as they gave. To put the thing colloquially, he went through the examination with a chip on his shoulder which neither of the Southern senators deemed it wise to knock off.

Although Andrew thus gave his testimony fully, he did not give it freely. He had become convinced that the Constitution had vested no authority in the Senate by which a committee might summon witnesses for what was in effect the purpose of determining who committed a given crime. When he obeyed the summons for his appearance he therefore made at the same time an oral protest before the committee against their right to compel his testimony. S. G. Howe, returned from his Canadian sojourn, gave his testimony in the same way, filing a written protest. Two of the witnesses, however, whose attendance the committee desired, chose the other course. One of them, Mr. Sanborn, when arrested by a deputy of the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, was protected by that "tumult" of his fellow-townsmen, on which he had relied in case of a summons to John Brown's trial, and in which the most effective incident was the hasty issuing by Judge E. R. Hoar of a writ of *habeas corpus*. On Mr. Sanborn's appearance before the Supreme

Court of Massachusetts, Andrew's arguments secured his release as a matter of course. The other witness, Thaddeus Hyatt, who had been the New York member of the General National Kansas Aid Committee, went to Washington but refused to testify. He was anxious to take his case in person before the Senate, and to this end Andrew and Samuel E. Sewall, his counsel, furnished him with an elaborate written argument. In view of the Democratic majority in the Senate, the course which Hyatt adopted had little practical wisdom ; there was nothing left for him but to go to jail, — a martyrdom of which he made the most for four months by refusing to avail himself of a writ of *habeas corpus*. Though in the light of plain common sense Andrew was satisfied with his own and Howe's course in testifying under protest, his work for Hyatt aroused his lawyer's instinct to a keener perception of the danger that lay in the action of the Senate. "We have furnished references, suggestions and points," he wrote to Sumner of his argument for Hyatt, "which will enable a good debater to shake the Senate and stir the country." In calmer times his plea might have received attention ; in the present stress he had to content himself with knowing that it had gone on record.

These labors resulting from John Brown's raid lasted well through the winter, and before they were over the convention met at Worcester to nominate delegates for the National Republican Convention of 1860. Andrew's popularity throughout the State

is shown by the fact that out of 774 members voting, only five were found unwilling to put his name on their ballots; the Massachusetts delegation to Chicago therefore naturally made him its chairman. Though the avowed candidate of its members for the head of the national ticket was William H. Seward, the sincerity of their support was a matter of some doubt. "Massachusetts is overwhelmingly in favor of Seward," wrote Bird to Sumner on April 3, ". . . yet a majority of our delegates, I fear, though elected as Seward men, and going to Chicago nominally to support him, really mean to cut his throat. (Tell him so, from me.) Well, the Lord reigns!" Andrew's own position, which was perhaps typical of the uncertainty of his fellow delegates, is expressed in a letter to Cyrus Woodman of April 2.

We are mainly for Seward. I am so, not for special liking for him; but because he seems to be the natural head of the party. I like him, it is true, but I like Chase or Fessenden just as well. Chase would be an admirable executive officer, methodical, direct, clean, and judicious; Seward might fail I fear in the economies, but he would be *President* and not be overruled by irresponsible outsiders not even by his cabinet I think. For Fessenden I have not only respect but personal regard.

In the fearful maelstrom, with the Wigwam as its centre, into which the Massachusetts delegation was drawn on arriving in Chicago, its members were assailed by both Seward men and Lincoln men. The "availability" claimed for Lincoln was urged by the

Illinois politicians with a plausibility and an intensity which were almost irresistible, and on the evening of Wednesday, the day before the first ballot, when the Massachusetts men came together in caucus, it appeared that, though the majority intended to stand by Seward on the first ballot, a few men had already gone over to Lincoln. After the third ballot, when Lincoln's nomination was assured, Andrew, as the spokesman for Massachusetts, was among the first to transfer the vote of his State to the successful candidate. In one of his quick, impromptu speeches he won the ear and the applause of the convention. When the work at Chicago was done, he went to Springfield as a member of the committee appointed to inform Lincoln of his nomination; then he returned at once to Boston.

The whole ten days' experience was a great one for Andrew. To a man as untravelled as he, his daily path being regularly from his house to Number 4, Court Street, and thence to the court-house in Boston, East Cambridge, or Dedham, the mere trip in itself was full of interest. On the way to Chicago he broke his journey at Niagara, making it a point to visit the battlefield of Lundy's Lane. His first letter to his wife from Chicago he began, "Here I am at last, more than 1000 miles from home." Beyond the experiences of the journey, beyond even the strain and excitement of those hours in caucus and convention, was the impression made on him by Lincoln, as he saw him for the first time. In spite of the limitations of what was but a brief and formal call,

Andrew, with the other members of the committee of delegates, "saw in a flash that here was a man who was master of himself. For the first time they understood that he whom they had supposed to be little more than a loquacious and clever State politician, had force, insight, conscience, that their misgivings were vain." [1]

This throng of impressions Andrew reported a few days after his return at a meeting held in Faneuil Hall to ratify the Chicago nominations. To a critical East, somewhat slow in waxing enthusiastic over the name of a man of whom it had hardly heard before, the party managers deemed it necessary to impart somewhat of the fire brought by the returning delegates, and Andrew, as the chairman of the delegation and as the most kindling speaker among them, was asked to make the chief speech. Governor Banks presided, and after a speech from him and one from P. W. Chandler, who, conservative though he was, had at last joined the Republican party, Andrew was introduced. He was still under the spell of the experience; he talked about it in the intimate way and with the confidence of sympathetic understanding on the part of his hearers which he would have shown to a group of friends in his office. From time to time his eager and almost boyish narrative broke into bursts of eloquence, and at the end the audience was in as complete sympathy with him and as full of his excitement as if they themselves had been under the roof of the Wigwam. Beginning with

[1] *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, by Ida M. Tarbell, vol. i. p. 360.

a reference to his own state of exhaustion after a week of sleepless labor and forty hours of consecutive journeying, he described the trip from Niagara to Chicago, — a distance of five hundred miles made "at lightning speed in fifteen hours," — the crowds along the way, eager to see and hear Eastern men of note, the demonstrations of welcome at the end of their journey. Then he described the early proceedings of the convention, characterized the three leading candidates, Seward, Bates, and Lincoln, and told the story of the three ballotings. Of the cheer which rose inside and outside the building upon the announcement of Lincoln's nomination, — a cheer which was as intricate in incident and climax as a drama, and which even writers of to-day cannot narrate dispassionately, — of this cheer it is not surprising that Andrew spoke with the utmost extravagance. "There rose," he said, "a peal of human voices, a grand chorus of exultation, the like of which has not been heard on earth since the morning stars first sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy." The spirit which animated the convention, he said, noting a fact which has since become a commonplace characterization of it, was one of high and earnest purpose, — a sign that the hour and the man had come. What a contrast, he exclaimed, to the pitiable failures of the Democracy, — to the Baltimore convention, "which returned with two candidates and no platform," or to the convention at Charleston, "which returned with two platforms and *nary* candidate." He described the trip to Springfield.

"You ask me what Abraham Lincoln is like," he said. "My eyes were never visited with the vision of a human face, in which more transparent honesty and more benignant kindness were combined with more of the intellect and firmness which belong to masculine humanity. I would trust my case with the honesty and with the intellect and with the heart and with the brain of Abraham Lincoln as a lawyer; and I would trust my country's cause in the care of Abraham Lincoln as its chief magistrate, while the wind blows and the water runs."

After the applause had subsided, Andrew began again quietly. "Mr. President and Gentlemen: Ten days ago, on a calm and beautiful Sabbath morn, I visited the battle-ground and stood upon the sacred soil of Lundy's Lane." Then, recalling the famous question and answer of that battle, — "Colonel Miller, can you take that battery?" "General Ripley, I will try," — Andrew, on this motive, worked up a final improvisation. In 1860 the issue of the battle was far greater than in 1814: "the safety and peace of the Republic, the Union of the States, the preservation of the Constitution, the perpetuation of liberty and of equal rights to all men, the salvation of the unpeopled territories of the continent from the curse of human bondage, the prevention of the opening of the abominable trade in men from Africa to our own shores . . . are the stakes for which we fight." The batteries to be carried were the doubtful states of Pennsylvania, Indiana, New Jersey. "And the heart of patriotism, the impulse of country's love, the hope

and heart of American youth and American age, respond, with one long and loud resounding voice, 'By the help of heaven we will try — we will try!'"

It was characteristic of the simplicity of the man that he should talk in this expansive way about his personal impressions. It was a sign of the excitement which he was under that he let himself go in a rhapsody such as no other man with the same balance of judgment would have dared to indulge in. To the opposition, and even to moderate Republicans, the anti-slavery language in which he clothed his party's principles was further proof of his dangerous radicalism; to the fastidious who read his words in cold print the next morning his exuberance seemed the rant of a demagogue. With the people at large, however, the case was different. In the most significant events through which the nation had been hurried in the past year, Andrew had had a part; in every case, what he had done with no thought for himself had brought him into greater favor. In the month of July, 1860, John C. Dodge, a Boston lawyer, wrote to Cyrus Woodman: "Our old friend Andrew still rides on the high waves of popularity. I verily believe that he is this day the most popular man in Massachusetts."

Such a man the rank and file of the Republican party would be glad to distinguish with some honor, but the opportunity was lacking; Banks, now serving his third term as governor, was expected to hold on for another year. To the radicals the situation was peculiarly distasteful; for, in spite of the fine

flourish which he had made at the beginning by removing Judge Loring, when the body of the revised statutes came before him for approval in 1859 he had vetoed it *in toto* because in the militia laws the word "white" had been struck out so that there might be no exclusion of negroes. Still, it was pretty plain that at the state convention in 1860 no strong fight would be made against him. Andrew himself had refused more than once during the summer to entertain the suggestion that his name be used against Banks, the more fitly to represent "the true sentiment of Massachusetts;" he declared that harmony within the party was more important than the distribution of its honors, and that its principles might be trusted to take care of themselves.[1] "Warrington's" letter of July 12 to the Springfield *Republican* indicates the position of things.

Andrew is not a candidate, and is not likely to be, so far as I can learn. This is only my impression, but a guess is as good as a possible asseveration, if you guess right. I am sorry this is so, for I want to see Mr. Andrew governor. We have never yet had a genuine, "regular built" anti-slavery man for governor of this state, "clear down to his boots," as the saying is. We have had men who have yielded to the anti-slavery sentiment of the state, but none who have led it and heartily sympathized with it. Gov. Banks is no exception. He is a republican, who will maintain the average doctrines of the party, with average courage and success, but who will not

[1] *Recollections of John A. Andrew*, by F. W. Bird, printed in the *Commonwealth*, January 11, 1868.

go beyond what they demand. . . . But there will not (in my opinion) be an opportunity to use Mr. Andrew's name; there will be a considerable number of delegates who will oppose Banks' re-nomination by voting for somebody else. But I don't think there will be much of a fuss. The stormy time for Massachusetts republicanism will be in 1861, and not in 1860. Then, stand from under, and look out for another know-nothing avalanche, or something worse.

That a "stormy time" would ensue when Banks should withdraw no one knew better than the Governor and his friends; and none made more careful preparations than they to weather it with safety to themselves. Already Banks had accepted the presidency of the Illinois Central Railroad, and had agreed to begin his new duties on the first of January, 1861. His care now was to publish this electrical piece of news at the instant when it should be too late for Andrew's friends to profit by it, and not too late for the Banks men to concentrate strength on the successor whom they had agreed upon. This was Henry L. Dawes, at that time a member of the lower house of Congress, a man of decidedly conservative tendencies, and a resident of the western part of the State, — this last fact being a consideration which, in view of the recent "shrieks of locality" from Berkshire Republicans, it was believed would be of great weight. The state convention was to be held in Worcester on Wednesday, August 29, and the precise political moment chosen by the managers for their revelation was the preceding Friday,

when the Governor was to make the announcement by letter to the chairman of the state committee. The reason for the choice of Friday was that the weekly newspapers in the country districts, where Andrew's strength was supposed to lie, went to press on that day, but at an hour before this information from Boston could reach most of them. Thus those of the country delegations not as yet chosen would come to the convention, like the rest, unpledged to Andrew, and would be amenable to proper management. So well was the secret kept that "Warrington," in his weekly letter to the Saturday issue of the *Republican*, denied emphatically the rumor which had begun to spread that Banks was not to be a candidate. One source of the rumor was the *Republican* itself, for Samuel Bowles, its editor, an enthusiastic friend of Dawes, had arranged that the coming event should cast its shadow in the Friday issue of the paper. To Andrew's friends in Boston the news came in a more direct way. On Thursday night Governor Banks and William Claflin, the chairman of the Republican State Committee, were travelling by boat from New York to Boston. In the evening their talk of politics was general; but the next morning on the train Banks showed Claflin the draft of the letter which he was to send him later in the day. After leaving the train, Claflin went at once to Charles Sumner's house in Hancock Street, and told his story. "Give me my boots," exclaimed Sumner, starting up. "John A. Andrew must be the next governor of Massachu-

setts." [1] Though Andrew's friends lost no time in getting to work, they could afford to stop now and then to denounce to each other the trick of the "little joker," and the dinner of the Bird Club on Saturday, at which Andrew was present before going to Maine for a week of stump speaking, was devoted to schemes for bringing Banks' plans to naught.

The arguments with which Andrew's claims for the nomination were pressed are set forth in the letter which "Warrington" hurried off to the *Republican* for its Monday issue.

I write for the purpose of apologising for my stupidity in saying there was "nothing in it." But the thing was so remarkably well managed that it is no wonder I was deceived. To-day the politicians are all alive with excitement. The republican headquarters are well filled. Nearly everybody there is for John A. Andrew, and you will find a body of workers for him at Worcester next Tuesday and Wednesday, who will astonish you. . . . If Gov. Banks' declination had been known a week ago, Andrew would have had four-fifths of the convention. As it is, he will have two-thirds. And he ought to have them. Why? . . . John A. Andrew has been *the man* talked of as the successor of Gov. Banks, when he should see fit to retire. . . . I don't mean to say that other names have not been mentioned, but his more than others. His friends have refrained from pressing him so long as Gov. Banks was in the field and desirous of a re-nomination. Nobody can accuse them, or him, of having been factious or disorderly, or having done anything to

[1] Ex-Governor Claflin in conversation.

embarrass Gov. Banks or his administration. The just expectations of his friends have therefore been raised. Why should they not be gratified? What ails John A. Andrew? Last spring he received the entire vote of republicans for delegate to Chicago. I take it that settled his *status* as a republican. He was chosen chairman of the delegation. He voted throughout for William H. Seward, but acquiesced cheerfully and heartily as any other man, in the nomination of Abraham Lincoln. No man supports Lincoln more earnestly and sincerely to-day. . . . Now, as to ability. Does anybody dispute his capacity for the office of Governor? Nobody who knows him. He is a man of solid and shining qualities — both. He not only makes admirable speeches, but he is a thinker and an able man in every sense of the word. And what is better he is a good man and an honest man, and a true man to his friends and his enemies.

The rush and go of this letter is of a piece with the enthusiasm with which the idea of Andrew's candidacy swept over the State. As "Warrington" foretold, the delegates of one town after another, whether or not they had been chosen before the day of Banks' letter, declared for Andrew. In the western part of the State, much to the dismay of the Banks men, two other candidates, Goodrich and Kellogg, presented themselves. The "locality shrieks" of their supporters, whose claims in this respect were as valid as those of the adherents of Dawes, made it impossible to effect a union of the "western" interests for the benefit of Dawes, and so deprived him of his fighting chance. This fact was recognized at

Worcester the evening before the convention, and the nomination of Andrew was expected on the first ballot. On Wednesday the early morning trains brought the usual crowd of delegates and spectators, and the convention opened full of excitement. It was the anti-slavery men's day; the great leader who had suffered so much in their cause was with them for the first time after his long absence, lending the weight of his name to Andrew's supporters and devoting his eloquence to their principles. When it came to the balloting for a candidate for governor, Dawes showed a strength of 327 votes; Kellogg and Goodrich were practically deserted, receiving respectively only four and seven votes; all the votes of the remaining delegates, 723 in number, were cast for John A. Andrew. The triumph of the anti-slavery men was complete.

Though extreme radicals like "Warrington" hastened to recommend Andrew to their conservative Republican brothers as "not a radical in any offensive sense," and as "too much attached to the rubbish and rust which makes the legal profession, as now administered, a stumbling-block and a nuisance, to be classed as a genuine progressive," it was not to be expected that the conservatives would immediately recover from their chagrin at being so easily beaten. Bowles, who, having set his heart upon the success of Dawes, adjusted himself with difficulty to failure, could give only Laodicean praise to Andrew: "He has a warm heart but a cool head; he may be hot and extreme in individual expression, going be-

yond, as he often does, the lines of the Republican organization and platform, but he feels keenly the responsibilities of power and follows kindly the conservatizing influences of position." Bowles admitted, too, that "the Republicans can lose 10,000 votes on Mr. Andrew and not endanger his election." He could not, however, refrain from adding, for the benefit of the triumphant radicals: "His John Brown sympathies and speeches, his Garrisonian affiliations, his negro-training predilections and all that sort of extreme anti-slaveryism with which his record abounds, will be trumpeted far and wide in the state to injure him, and out of it to harm Lincoln." [1] If solid journals like the Springfield *Republican* and the Boston *Advertiser* were sensible of the weakness of Andrew's "more than Republican position," it was not to be expected that the Democratic and the conservative newspapers would be caught napping. The *Courier* immediately opened the attack by misquotations to prove that Andrew had declared Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry to be "right." When this lie was disproved, it revived a supposed quotation from a speech of Andrew's made two years before, to the effect that he believed that slavery would be abolished within six years. At the time of its first publication Andrew had shown to the editor of the *Courier*, George Lunt, a correct report of what he had said, and the editor had apologized for his trespass. Now the same lie appeared again. Andrew, full of wrath at the indignity offered to

[1] Springfield *Republican*, August 30, 1860.

the office of governor for which he was candidate, instituted a suit for libel, — whereupon the *Courier* quickly retreated. The "Constitutional Union" party, too, composed chiefly of the elderly Whigs who had refused to be gathered into the Republican party, made the most of Andrew's "John Brownism." Their timid merchant respectability found in his extravagance of speech enough danger to outweigh all his known solidity as a lawyer,[1] and although their own candidate for governor, Amos A.

[1] A typical expression of this feeling is found in the following extract from a speech by R. C. Winthrop, delivered in Music Hall, September 25, 1860.

"I shall not soon forget the emotions with which I received at Vienna, last November, the first tidings of that atrocious affair at Harper's Ferry. . . . But I confess to have experienced emotions hardly less deep or distressing, when I read, not long afterwards, an account of a meeting — in this very hall, I believe — at which the gallows at Charlestown, in Virginia, was likened to the Cross of Calvary, and at which it was openly declared that the ringleader of that desperate and wicked conspiracy was right. Sir, if it had been suggested to me then that before another year had passed away, the presiding officer of that meeting would have been deliberately nominated by the Republican party of Massachusetts for the Chief Magistracy of the Commonwealth, I should have repelled the idea as not within the prospect of belief, — as utterly transcending any pitch of extravagance which even the wildest and most ultra members of that party had ever prepared us to anticipate. But the nomination is before us. The candidate, I am told, is a most amiable and respectable gentleman, and I have no wish to say an unkind word of him or of those who indorse him. But I should be false to every impulse of my heart, if being here at all this evening, if opening my lips at all during this campaign, I did not enter my humble protest, — as one to whom the cause of Christianity and of social order is dear, as one who would see the Word of God and the laws of the land respected and obeyed, — if I did not enter my earnest protest against such an attempt to give the seeming sanction of the people of Massachusetts to sentiments so impious and so abominable." — *Life of Robert C. Winthrop*, pp. 213, 214.

Lawrence, had, as chairman of the Kansas Emigrant Aid Committee, taken no small part in sending to Kansas the very Sharps' rifles which John Brown had afterwards used at Harper's Ferry, this fact did not cause their attacks upon Andrew to abate. The popular impression of Andrew's dangerous abolitionism took form in a song full of ribald allusions to his supposed fondness for negroes, of which the burden was —

> Tell John Andrew,
> Tell John Andrew,
> Tell John Andrew,
> John Brown 's dead.

To counteract this current of feeling the Republican State Committee prepared a pamphlet containing the speeches which Andrew had made at Boston and at Hingham [1] after his return from Maine, one or two letters of reply to invitations to speak in Massachusetts, his notorious speech at the meeting in aid of John Brown's family, and finally, his testimony before Mason's committee in the preceding winter. This testimony, which had been given to the public for the first time when the report was printed in June, was a veritable treasure-trove. Of the pamphlet as a whole " Warrington " wrote, " These fellows who began to attack John A. Andrew so jubilantly and vehemently as soon as he was nominated, have had their guns spiked. . . . We mean to see if a man is going to lose votes for expressing his sympathy for the old lion caught in the toils of the

[1] The *Courier* delighted its readers with a parody of this speech, entitled " At Hingham on the Brine."

hunter, or for guaranteeing a large sum of money to furnish him with counsel before the Virginia court of errors, so that all the resources of defence might be exhausted, and the state saved from the disgrace of hanging John Brown by Lynch law."[1] As a final means for putting Andrew and his opinions in the right light before the people, it was decided by his managers, much against his will, that he must stump the State. Though during the campaign he was constantly under the fire of both Democrats and Constitutional-Unionists, he never gave way. He steadily made it clear that as a Republican he did not go beyond the Republican doctrine that slavery must not be extended within the territories; nevertheless, he still let it be known that, as a man, he abated not one jot of his belief that slavery was wrong everywhere. "I confess I have no particular power," he said in one speech, "to act directly or indirectly upon any institution or practice peculiar to any other Commonwealth than Massachusetts. But I have a constitutional power to speak, to vote, and to act touching the establishment and perpetuation of any institution of which the government can take cognizance, within any territory over which the American flag floats, and where the national government has jurisdiction exclusively to itself. Up to the full extent of whatever political power as a man, as a citizen, or as a magistrate, I may possess, I mean to go. Just up to that and no further." At another time he said: "Our fathers endured everything for an idea. They

[1] Springfield *Republican*, September 13, 1860.

braved the storms of the sea and endured the blasts of a bleak coast for an idea." The words of the Chicago platform, "The normal condition of all the territory of the United States is that of freedom," became, in his rendering, "The salvation of the unpeopled territories of the continent from the curse of human bondage." If in one speech he seemed to emphasize the political at the expense of the moral issue, in the next speech he restored the balance.

Thus, as the campaign went on, people came to recognize the two qualities, — the cool head and the warm heart, — which were so remarkably united in Andrew, and to feel that he could be trusted as their governor. When the ballots were counted on election day, the ten thousand votes which, according to the Springfield *Republican*, would measure the degree to which he would be a drag on the national ticket, amounted to a bare one thousand. This shortage was, in the opinion of that shrewd political Quaker, John Greenleaf Whittier, the price of Andrew's John Brownism.

> Our good Governor Andrew [he wrote] made a blunder in the speech at the meeting, which, if he is not sorry for, a thousand of his best friends are. He was elected governor not on account of that speech, but *in spite of it*, — on account of his great and deserved popularity, and the universal conviction of his integrity.[1]

Whittier was undoubtedly right; but the significant point is not so much the fact that Andrew's vote

[1] Pickard's *Life of Whittier*, vol. ii. p. 434.

was less than Lincoln's, as that the difference was so slight.

If one were to inquire what the Republicans of Massachusetts expected from their newly elected governor, the best answer is probably to be found in the quotations from "Warrington" already given. They knew that, as Sumner said in a campaign speech, his integrity had already passed into a proverb; the general interests of the State would be safe in his hands; with his legal knowledge he could prevent the General Court from erring too widely from the strait path of legislative wisdom; reformatory and charitable institutions would receive the care of a devoted and intelligent philanthropist. To his radical friends the testimony of his triumphant election was sufficient cause for rejoicing. They rested in the certainty that, come what might in the affairs of State or nation, he would fitly represent the anti-slavery sentiment of the State. As for the Constitutional-Union party, — "Bell-Everetts," as they were called, — overwhelmingly defeated, they were of the same opinion still; to the respectability of Boston Andrew was a person of no social consequence, a mere ranting abolitionist, a chief magistrate both "impossible" and dangerous. From the broader point of view of history, the main reason for considering Massachusetts fortunate in having John A. Andrew for her governor in the year 1861 was his power of acting out his convictions in fearless independence.

## CHAPTER IV

### FIRST MONTHS AS GOVERNOR

THE election of Lincoln was the signal for action on the part of the South, and the North, incredulous for so many years of the wolf-cry of disunion, now found the danger close at hand. The immediate effect on many of those who had voted for Lincoln was an abatement of Republican zeal. A stir for compromise and conciliation was made; the Republican leaders were looked to to prevent the breach from spreading further. In these weeks the members of the Constitutional-Union party, who during the campaign had been unable to defend themselves from ridicule, were now in a position to retaliate. The argument of "I-told-you-so" became their effective weapon. Their first wish was to make the South see that all anti-slavery men were now discredited in the very land of their triumphs, and so great was the transformation since the fall campaign, the definiteness of party lines having given place to an inextricable tangle of opinions, that they, by reason of their superior aggressiveness, were in a fair way to attain their end.

Since Boston was the hot-bed of abolitionism, it was not strange that the "Union-savers" found there

one of their first opportunities. As the first anniversary of the execution of John Brown drew near, an undaunted little group of his friends, chiefly negroes, proposed to commemorate the day by public services, with a discussion of the best means of abolishing slavery. It was easy to forecast the sentiments with which the speakers, more noted for zeal than discretion, would improve the occasion; and certain men, equally zealous for the opposite cause, and equally indiscreet, resolved, at the prompting of the *Post* and the *Courier*, that this thing should not be. These "rioters" who intended to break up the meeting, or rather to capture it and turn it to their own uses, were men of respectability, though not of distinction. Their plans were aided by the police, who undertook "to stop the disturbance by arresting and ejecting the quiet people and legal occupants of the hall, and letting the rioters remain in peaceable possession."[1] With the meeting in their control, they passed a set of resolutions, the first of which declared that "no virtuous and law-abiding citizens of this Commonwealth ought to countenance, sympathize with, or hold communion with any man who believes that John Brown and his aiders and abettors in that nefarious enterprise were right, in any sense of the word."[2] The animus of such a resolution was plain enough, and it was remarked that one of the spectators in the hall was Amos A. Lawrence, who, as the Bell-Everett candidate for

[1] New York *Tribune*, December 5; Robinson's letter.
[2] Boston *Transcript*, December 3, 1860.

governor, had fallen behind Andrew by some eighty thousand votes. The demonstration as originally planned would have made no stir, for the Boston newspapers had agreed not to report it. They had no hesitation, however, in relating what actually occurred, and Robinson, in a ringing letter to the New York *Tribune* on the "Recent Respectable Riot," helped to spread the scandal of the proceeding far and wide.

Another movement of the conservatives of Massachusetts, better organized and of far greater weight, was a petition to the Legislature to repeal the Personal Liberty Law. The first name signed to the petition was that of Lemuel Shaw, who had just resigned his position as Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. Among the thirty-four names which followed were those of such men of high standing as B. R. Curtis, ex-Governor Gardner, George Ticknor, Jared Sparks, Theophilus Parsons, Levi Lincoln, George Ashmun. This petition the Springfield *Republican* and the Boston *Advertiser* regarded with favor, and it rapidly gained momentum throughout the State. The repeal or modification of all personal liberty laws, the effect of which was to block the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, was an act of conciliation which the North might fairly make. Whether the South would be satisfied with this concession was another matter, and one which the conservatives, perhaps, did not care to press.

Such was the situation, full of practical difficul-

ties, which the governor-elect of Massachusetts must face, and as to which, on the day of his inauguration, he must declare himself. The John Brown meeting, with its object of discussing the best means of abolishing slavery, gave him no trouble. The newspapers of the day reported that he had replied to neither of the two invitations sent him to attend, and quoted him as having said that the meeting was "injudicious and unnecessary, if not, in the present condition of the country, actually criminal." [1] The attitude which he should take toward the proposed repeal of the Personal Liberty Law was, however, a matter which he did not presume to decide for himself, and he resolved on a trip to Washington to confer with the Republican leaders in Congress. Just at this moment he was seized with a severe fit of sickness. The excitement and labors of the campaign, added to his regular professional work, brought on a dangerous attack of bleeding at the nose. The treatment for it, "plugging," was exceedingly painful, and his doctor let him go about his business only after a week of absolute rest, and then with the warning that to a man of his apoplectic tendency severe overwork might at any time be fatal. As soon as he was fit to travel, he started for Washington. The political dilemma in which he found himself was indeed one which demanded all the advice that he could get. As he put it to one correspondent who had advised a conservative course: "If *I* can't or dare not say a free word when an effort has been

1 Boston *Journal*, December 5, 1860.

made to crush me out, in advance, by an array of great names, to a formal indictment, intended as a means of dividing and disheartening our party, — the cry will at once be raised, that *I* by silence admitted that they were right, and that the people of Massachusetts have been in the wrong, even to the extent of *intending to break the Constitution*." Nevertheless, if after consultation with the Massachusetts Delegation and other Republican members of Congress it appeared that the national welfare demanded silence with regard to recommendations to the Legislature for future action, on that point he was ready to abide by the decision. Seward and Sumner went into the matter with him at great length ; Charles Francis Adams, the most commanding of the Massachusetts men in the House, the conservative Dawes, Montgomery Blair, men from New York and members of the Republican National Committee, who thoroughly understood the conditions in Washington and throughout the North, also gave advice, and every man counselled him to defend the good anti-slavery record of his State. For Massachusetts, incorrigibly radical, to justify her old position would precipitate no new danger ; if things went well, her firm stand might become a rallying point for more timorous states. Here was a strong defence against the petition of the thirty-five.

Although the main object of Andrew's trip to Washington was to put himself in line with his party on the Personal Liberty Law, its chief value, as it ultimately proved, was of a far different sort.

All through the campaign he, together with other Republican leaders, had scouted the charge that they were fomenting disunionism. When the Bell-Everett speakers asserted that the Southern leaders really desired the election of Lincoln, since it would furnish them with a valid excuse for secession, Andrew, relying on the convenient but specious arguments of Helper's *Impending Crisis*,[1] had answered that "the South can take care of its own disunionism. There are Southern men enough to drive that monster into the Gulf of Mexico without a Northern man or gun. And if need be, they would do it." [2] In Washington in December, with secessionists invading the Capitol and sitting in the Cabinet, he came to see the truth. He talked with the Southern leaders with his usual eager frankness, and a conversation with Mason of Virginia, before whose committee he had testified barely ten months earlier, made a profound impression upon him. Mason told him that the Southern states were going out of the Union, "because they would not live in political society with people who held the opinions entertained by the people of the Eastern States, while the principle of majority government prevailed; and that beyond

[1] "*The Impending Crisis of the South: How to meet It*, was the title of a book written by a poor white of North Carolina, to show that slavery was fatal to the interests of the non-slaveholding whites of the South. . . . Had the poor white been able to read and comprehend such an argument, slavery would have been doomed to destruction, for certainly seven voters out of ten in the slave States were non-slaveholding whites." — *History of the United States*, by James Ford Rhodes, vol. ii. pp. 419, 420.

[2] Letter to Jonathan Bourne, Jr., and others, September 6, 1860.

the inevitable dissolution of the Union lay a possible reconstruction of the government, based on a new distribution of political power; into which new Union the Northern States could be admitted on the condition of repealing all laws by which slavery was prohibited within their own borders, including, in the case of Massachusetts, a repeal of the clause in her ancient bill of rights, . . . before which slavery fell by judicial interpretation."[1] Here was the whole thing in a nutshell. In the face of this bold declaration, with its gratuitous insult to New England, the repealing of the personal liberty laws, the pressing of Crittenden compromises stood revealed in all their futility. The only reply — and Andrew, knowing the heart of the plain people as he knew his own, was confident with what promptness the reply would come — was war. It was easy for him to have mistaken the temper of the South; it was impossible for him to mistake the temper of the North. With the conviction that when the true issue was revealed the North would infallibly fight, Andrew could frame clearly his principles of action: first, quiet preparation for war; second, avoidance of every act that might put upon the North the odium of beginning the war. Other men there were, of course, who through all the mists of concession and compromise saw the future as clearly. The difference in Andrew's case was that he alone, among those who foresaw that ballots must give place to bullets, had a state militia at his command. Moreover, his good

[1] Andrew's speech in Albany, October 17, 1864.

fortune or his genius brought to his aid a statesman and a man of action, both of inestimable value. From Washington, Charles Francis Adams, who had come to the same conclusions as to the intentions of the South, constantly advised him in regard to his next move; in Boston, John M. Forbes, a merchant, whose foresight was the most valuable of his many assets, stood ready to forward every work of preparation.

On his return to Boston, Andrew made no secret of his opposition to the petition of the thirty-five. Public interest in the way in which he would declare himself in his inaugural was heightened by the rumor that Banks in his valedictory, to be delivered two days before Andrew's inaugural, would take the other side. Such an act on the part of the retiring governor was distinctly outside the proprieties, and could have no aim except that of personal advantage. For this, however, Banks had always been keen; and when the day of his farewell came, he added his voice to the commercial and conservative clamor against "this inexcusable public wrong." "Banks has delivered an execrable thing," wrote Andrew to Sumner the next day, "but it does n't disturb my soul at all." Conservatism had had its last day of power in the government of Massachusetts. The advantage, if not of prestige, at least of clear and vigorous policy, was with the incoming administration; Andrew's word on the disputed statute, even if it were no more than a complete answer to the plea of unconstitutionality, must be a shaping force of future action.

On the fifth of January, 1861, the Legislature met in convention; the inauguration took place in due form, and Andrew read his address. Much of it, of course, conformed to the usual style of such papers: it set forth, with various suggestions for improvement, the financial condition of Massachusetts, the state of its agriculture, of its banks, of its charitable and scientific institutions. The references to capital punishment, and to the laws of marriage and divorce, though brief, were frank statements of the personal opinions which he was known to hold on those subjects. In connection with the revision of the statutes[1] he referred with ironic praise to the "minute fidelity" with which Banks had examined them, — the object of his search having been to run down the omission of the word "white" in the militia chapter, — and the "conscientious zeal" with which he had labored to have the omitted word restored. After thus dwelling on domestic affairs, the new governor turned to the subject for which all ears were waiting. "I cannot, however, forget at this moment," he began, "some recent impeachments of our legislation providing safe-guards for personal liberty." Then, with all the accumulated knowledge of twenty years concerning this broad "field of juridical inquiry and erudition," he plunged into a legal defence of the constitutionality of the Personal Liberty Law. The political argument received short shrift at his hands. "This whole matter," he exclaimed, "involves no question of comity, or inter-

[1] *Vide supra*, p. 118.

*John Albion Andrew in 1862*

state politeness. It is a naked question of right between private persons, and of duty between the Commonwealth and its subjects." On the ground to which he had chosen to limit the subject, his argument was overwhelming. Not the least striking part of it was the recital of cases in which, but for the intervention of the statute in question, negroes of proved freedom would have been remanded to slavery.[1] Finally, the judicial tone in which he carried forward the argument brought out inexorably the smallness of the partisan debate which had been going on.

When, at the end of his address, Andrew came to the "Condition of the Country," it was his duty to say nothing inconsistent with his belief as to what the future had in store, and at the same time to rouse no needless alarm. He must prepare the people of Massachusetts for war, without their realizing the mental adjustment he was seeking to make for them. The simplicity and directness of his method were highly characteristic, and so transparent were these qualities that his listeners could not believe there were any depths of his thought to which they did not instantly penetrate.

"I have for twenty years past," he said, "been a constant and careful observer of public men and affairs; and for twelve years, at least, I have been intimately aware of the private as well as the public declarations and conduct of the representative men in almost every town and village of the Common-

[1] *Vide* note, *supra*, p. 91.

wealth. I think I may claim also some intimacy with the great body of the people of Massachusetts, of whatsoever party. This period has been one of extraordinary and intense political interest. The tenderest sentiments, the deepest convictions, the warmest emotions, have all been stirred by the course of public affairs. Bitter disappointments, the keenest sense of injustice, the consciousness of subjection to most flagrant wrong, have fallen to the lot of our people." Then, in compressed but eloquent phrase, he recited the roll of those wrongs, from the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law to the secession of South Carolina. "And yet," he continued, "during all the excitement of this period, inflamed by the heats of repeated presidential elections, I have never known a single Massachusetts Republican to abandon his loyalty, surrender his faith, or seal up his heart against the good hopes and kind affections which every devoted citizen ought to entertain for every section of his country. During all this maladministration of the national government, the people of Massachusetts have never wavered from their faith in its principles or their loyalty to its organization." On this fact he based his conviction that Massachusetts would stand by the Union at all hazards. Then, by a reference to her Revolutionary history, he hinted at the sacrifices to which her loyalty might summon her.

The records of her Revolutionary history declare her capacity and her will to expend money, sympathy and men to sustain the common cause. More than

half the soldiers of the Revolution were furnished by New England; and Massachusetts alone contributed more men to the Federal armies than were enlisted in all the Southern States. She is willing to make the same sacrifices again, if need be, in the same cause;—and her capacity to do so has increased in proportion with the increase in her wealth and population. The echoes of the thunder of her Revolutionary battlefields have not yet died away upon the ears of her sons, and the vows and prayers of her early patriots still whisper their inspiration. . . .

Over the heads of all mere politicians and partisans, in behalf of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts I appeal directly to the warm hearts and clear heads of the great masses of the people. The men who own and till the soil, who drive the mills, and hammer out their own iron and leather on their own anvils and lapstones, and they who, whether in the city or the country, reap the rewards of enterprising industry and skill in the varied pursuits of business, are honest, intelligent, patriotic, independent, and brave. They know that simple defeat in an election is no cause for the disruption of a government. They know that those who declare that they will not live peaceably within the Union, do not mean to live peaceably out of it. . . . Inspired by the same ideas and emotions which commanded the fraternization of Jackson and Webster on another great occasion of public danger, the people of Massachusetts, confiding in the patriotism of their brethren in other States, accept this issue, and respond, in the words of Jackson, "*The Federal Union, it must be preserved!*"

The tremendous reserve force in this address, which the *Advertiser* considered to be eminently expressive

of that "pacific dignity which best becomes the chief magistrate," is to be fully apprehended only in the light of what followed when the Governor shut the door of the executive room behind him, and addressed himself to his first task. All through the ceremonies of inauguration, engrossing as they were, the warning which he had received that morning from Charles Francis Adams must have held the chief place in his consciousness.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO JOHN A. ANDREW

(Private and Confidential.)

WASHINGTON, 4 January, 1861.

HON. J. A. ANDREW, Boston, Mass.

MY DEAR SIR, — It is beyond a doubt, that the revolutionists have determined to take forcible possession of the Government at Washington before the fourth of March, and perhaps within thirty days. The State Legislature ought at once to take provisional measures to counteract the movement by appropriations of money and organizing of men, in both cases provisional. But it is of the last importance that such measures should be carefully guarded so as not to be misunderstood by the people of Maryland, and the loyal portion of Virginia. They should therefore be specifically directed to protecting the president, the government offices, the Legislature, the Judiciary, the archives and other public property. The proceedings should emanate spontaneously from the States, and not be traced to suggestions from this quarter. Especially abstain from mentioning me, or you would deprive me of the ability to obtain further information. I should think it best to avoid making it a matter of special executive message;

rather let it appear to be a matter originating with the proper Committee of the Legislature. Current information will justify it before this letter reaches you, if it does not already.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

Mem. Private.

On the 8th of January at 12 o'clock, a hundred guns should be fired at 12 o'clock, in every town and village, in honor of General Jackson, the flag of the Union, the hero of Fort Sumter. But do not let it appear to have been suggested from here.

What I have written to you to-day has been suggested also to the authorities of New York and Pennsylvania, from sources which they will recognize. C. F. A.

To communicate this news and this message to the other New England governors Andrew conceived as his first duty. He arranged at once that the young man whom he had chosen for his private secretary should go to New Hampshire and Maine, and one of the militia colonels to Vermont. It was Saturday, and a wild snowstorm was raging, but as no time must be lost, the messengers started at once on their errand. The message to Governor Sprague of Rhode Island was to be sent on Monday. The responsibility for the salute on the eighth he took upon himself, giving to inquirers the explanation that the people needed "to get accustomed to the smell of gunpowder." Thus, at the first moments of its existence, the new administration embarked on a policy of action.

Such, however, was the condition of the public mind at the moment, that the guns booming on the Common seemed to sound no sinister omen. For the time being, the future looked hopeful. Buchanan's administration had turned a corner; his Cabinet had been purged of secessionists, and Anderson was to be supported by the federal authority in maintaining his hold at Fort Sumter. In the revival of confidence which ensued, Andrew's words merely expressed what many were longing to utter, — a devoted belief in the supremacy and perpetuity of the national government. So perfectly did they represent the momentary hope of New England that the indiscreet remarks dropped by the militia colonel along the line of his journey as to the Governor's preparations for war received no credit whatever, and their truth was hotly denied in the Boston journals.

One of Andrew's first cares after his inauguration was the selection of four aides to constitute the personal staff which he was required to have as commander-in-chief of the state militia. The incongruity of such functionaries in the case of a peace man like Andrew had not escaped the wits of the opposition during the fall campaign; no gentleman, so the wiseacres of the militia declared, could be found willing to serve him as an aide. The plain fact to be recorded is that whatever offishness was exhibited by the men to whom the places were offered soon disappeared before the Governor's straightforwardness and tact. The senior aide, Horace Binney Sargent, a man of good Boston

family, a graduate of Harvard, a devoted admirer of Banks, on whose staff he had served, contented himself with writing Andrew a letter stating the points on which he differed from the Governor in respect to the Personal Liberty Law; Henry Lee, Jr., to whom the fourth place was offered, a Free-Soiler of the days of 1848, but also a man in close touch both commercially and socially with the conservative interests of the city, had the good fortune to begin his reply by telling the Governor that he feared his one-sidedness and lack of discretion. To this avowal Andrew responded with equal frankness, and the result was the foundation of a hearty friendship. Lee, a man of Andrew's own age, was, both from his solid abilities and his position in the world of Boston, a person whose confidential assistance was sure to be of incalculable value to Andrew. The other two aides were Harrison Ritchie of Boston, — "handsome Harry Ritchie," Mrs. Howe calls him in her *Reminiscences*, — a bit of a military dandy, and John M. Wetherell, of Worcester, a militia officer of the opposite type.

The position of private secretary to the governor, which, on Banks' recommendation, had just been created, it was natural that Andrew should offer to Albert G. Browne, Jr., of Salem, whose father had been associated with him in anti-slavery politics, and whose uncle, John W. Browne, who had lately died, had for twelve years been Andrew's neighbor at Hingham, and the man whom he had known more intimately than any other man in his whole life.

Albert G. Browne, Jr., after his graduation from Harvard in 1853, had obtained a doctor's degree abroad, and then, returning home, had spent some months roughing it in Kansas and Utah. Browne had also done a little newspaper work, and had finally entered Andrew's office as a student. He was hard-working and ambitious, able, methodical to the last degree; he wrote a round and regular hand which it is still a pleasure to read.

The only other appointment to be made in the executive department was that of messenger to the governor and council. This position Andrew filled in a characteristic way which was a never-ending source of ridicule and protest among his friends. A young man by the name of Spear, whom he had succeeded in getting out of jail and then employed in his office as a sort of general factotum, was now elevated with his benefactor to a place at the State House. Spear had learned to serve Andrew in a hundred ways. He wrote a clear, uniform, and untiring hand; he was like the pen which the writer cannot do without; he performed countless errands, both personal and official. In spite of the fact that with some people at the State House his honesty was always a matter of question, and that his constant appeals for small loans made them anxious to give him a wide berth, the Governor clung to him, — partly from principle, partly because the man had made himself indispensable.

The first few weeks of Andrew's term, which under ordinary circumstances would have offered

nothing but routine, called upon him for several conspicuous acts, and by the end of January there was hardly a household in the State which had not passed judgment upon him for good or evil. The first of these acts was his promulgation of General Order No. 4. The object of this order was to weed out from the militia all men who "from age, physical defect, business or family causes, may be unable or indisposed to respond at once to the orders of the Commander-in-Chief made in response to the call of the President of the United States," and to have their places filled by men ready for "any public exigency which may arise." Whatever might have seemed ominous in this order was largely negatived by the fact that it was merely the carrying out of a suggestion made by William Schouler,[1] the Adjutant-General, in his report to Banks the month before, and by the added circumstance that in his inaugural Andrew's reference to the militia had been merely perfunctory.

With but one exception[2] the companies welcomed

[1] William Schouler, born in Scotland in 1814, died in Massachusetts in 1872. He was an editorial writer for different Whig and Republican papers; in 1860 he was made Adjutant-General, and continued in the office throughout Andrew's administration and longer. His work on *Massachusetts in the Civil War*, containing many documents from the executive and military records of the State, expresses his great admiration for Andrew.

[2] From a Salem company came a protest in the form of a political argument, for which an apology was immediately demanded by the Adjutant-General and as promptly received. The retribution prepared for the writer is indicated in a letter of Albert Browne's from Washington, written a few days after the beginning of Lincoln's administration: "Willard Phillips filed his bond and recd his commission

the order as a step in the direction of higher efficiency. They purged and prepared themselves, and let the Governor know that whenever he called he would find them quick to respond. In particular, the Sixth Regiment, from Lowell and the surrounding country, announced to him within a week's time that it was ready for immediate service.

The storm centre of the month was the week which, from its long association with the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, had come to be known as Anti-Slavery Week. Throughout the winter the disposition of anti-abolitionists in Boston to disorder and violence had been increasing. The capture of the John Brown meeting in December was only the beginning. Wendell Phillips, preaching disunion one Sunday in each month to Theodore Parker's congregation in Music Hall, needed the protection of a stout band of friends as he walked down the middle of Washington Street to and from the hall. The demonstrations against him and the threats against the "damned abolitionists," viciously repeated from week to week, made it plain that there was a well-organized movement in Boston for suppressing by mob violence all disunion and abolition agitation, — a movement backed by persons of

as Collector of Salem to-day, and his first official act in that capacity has been to request the dismissal of *Chas. H. Manning* from ye office of Weigher and Gauger — a citizen, who you may remember, in his capacity of Captain of an Artillery Co. at Salem addressed a saucy letter to you concerning General Order No. 4." It is a point by no means unimportant that in November of the same year this captain enlisted his battery for the war as a part of Butler's expedition. For the circumstances under which it went to the front, see p. 292.

repute, and, what was worse, condoned by the mayor, a Democrat named Wightman. Its golden opportunity it hoped to find at the anti-slavery meetings which were to be held on Thursday and Friday, January 24 and 25, in Tremont Temple. The Mayor did his part by refusing the request for police protection which the officers of the society made to him, and by threatening both the speakers and the trustees of the hall with arrest if any disorder arose. He could have things all his own way, for in case of trouble the abolitionists, no matter how desperately they might appeal to their friend Andrew, could get no help from him, for there was no state police, and the Governor had no right to call out the militia except on the appeal of the Mayor. Wightman and his coadjutors were willing enough that the abolitionists should have a taste of a mild mob, but if they could lure the zealous governor into a violation of the law, their glee would know no bounds.

On Thursday morning the mob, responding to Wightman's implied invitation, was on hand in the gallery at Tremont Temple in effective force. It had leaders, of course, — men of acknowledged respectability and conservatism. It was composed largely of young men reputably employed in the business quarter of the city, on State Street and Franklin Street, whose employers, willing that the monotony of clerking should be spiced with the excitement of mobbing, had granted them a holiday that they might serve the cause of Union after their fashion. In spite of their presence, the leaders of

the meeting kept it in control during the morning session. In the afternoon, however, the young rioters, having discovered that the dozen policemen sent by the Mayor were for ornament merely, grew bold. They flung the cushions of the gallery seats down upon the floor, they raised the familiar ribald chorus of "Tell John Andrew John Brown's dead."[1] To John Andrew, meanwhile, the chairman appealed for help, sending Wendell Phillips and one or two others to the State House to urge upon him their extremity of need. No help came; the tumult became more and more deafening. At last the Mayor appeared, and, after much evasion, and wholly against his will, was forced, by very shame, to have the galleries cleared. Then, having promised efficient police protection for the evening meeting of the society, he went back to the City Hall and filled up the measure of his duplicity by issuing orders to forbid the use of Tremont Temple in the evening.[2] It is no wonder that Andrew afterwards declared that Wightman was "a concentrated mob himself."

While the tumult was at its highest, the main issue had been fought out in the Governor's room

[1] These mistaken young clerks, "broadcloth rowdies" as they were called, served the Union to much better purpose when as militia-men they marched to the defence of Washington in April, but they had no more sympathy for the slave then than before. "If the mob in Baltimore had known the men they attacked on the 19th of April, they would have welcomed them with open hands instead of with death." — Schouler's *History of Massachusetts in the Civil War*, vol. i. p. 84.

[2] For an account of the meetings of January 24 see *William Lloyd Garrison: The Story of His Life, told by His Children*, vol. iv. pp. 3-7.

at the State House. Here was Andrew set squarely against old friends in whose counsels he had taken part and with whom he had for years defended the rights of Massachusetts freemen. Phillips had repeatedly spoken of him as "the future Chief-Justice," deeming him in that position better than any personal liberty law for the State. Realizing that on himself depended the protection of the Anti-Slavery Society and the reputation of the city for sobriety, Andrew had already done all that unofficial persuasion could do. He had sent Ritchie and Sargent to the City Hall, and Sargent, after having heard the Mayor instruct the Chief of Police to permit no disturbance, had followed the detail of policemen to Tremont Temple, only to discover from their inaction that Wightman had secretly countermanded his own order. The case of the Anti-Slavery Society was desperate; but for all the importunity of Wendell Phillips, the spokesman of the committee, Andrew stood firm on the ground that he had no right to call upon the militia unless the Mayor admitted the inadequacy of his own police force. When the abolitionists proposed appealing to the House of Representatives for the use of its hall, he discouraged them, because he had no body of state police with which to keep order. Doubtless, since he at the moment was exerting himself to save the Union, he found it easier to withstand the friends of disunion, who proclaimed their faith at this untimely season. Phillips, little dreaming that he was the bait in the Mayor's trap, put his entreaty in one form after an-

other, but the Governor was not to be moved. "Show me my authority. Tell me what law of the State of Massachusetts you ask me to enforce," was the substance of his reply. At last Phillips exclaimed, "We are wasting time," and withdrew. From that hour he included in his philippics the name of Andrew as that of a lost leader.[1]

The week was not to end without an opportunity for Andrew to display in a more characteristic fashion his love for the Union. Saturday had been selected as the day for his presenting to the Senate two muskets of the Revolution, which Theodore Parker had bequeathed to the Commonwealth. One, which had been captured at Lexington, was "the first firearm taken from the enemy in our war of Independence." They spoke the lesson of devotion to freedom even to the shedding of blood. "For myself," wrote Andrew to Sumner, "I am not ashamed to own that, in view of the present times, and of the vividness with which the beautiful heroism of the ancient men and women of Massachusetts shone out on me — as I was contemplating my own remarks in the morning — I sat down, yielding to a perfect tempest of emotion, and wept as I had not done for years." Charged with such emotion, and feeling that this was the moment "to bring souls under conviction," he went, attended by his

[1] See *Memories of Wendell Phillips*, by George W. Smalley, in *Harper's Monthly* for June, 1894.

One result of this incident was the drafting of a bill to establish a board of Metropolitan police. It passed the House, but went no further because Andrew, as Phillips declared, "intrigued" against it.

aides, to the Hall of Representatives, crowded with members of the General Court and other spectators, where the proper committee was waiting to receive the arms. By a recital of the circumstances under which, on the nineteenth of April, Captain John Parker had captured the smaller musket, he aroused in his listeners the sentiments that are always associated with that day. Their evident sympathy reacted upon him, and carried him beyond himself. Holding the musket in his hand, he apostrophized it "with throbbing heart and beating pulse, and dewy eye and trembling lip." Then, as he was about to deliver it to the chairman of the committee, he raised it to his lips and kissed it. No symbolic action, when submitted to cold scrutiny, could seem more distressingly unsuitable than that of imprinting a kiss upon a gun. Nevertheless, it is an indisputable fact that Andrew's audience was exalted to the pitch where his act was a climax more fitting than any that could have been framed in words. They felt the kissing of the musket to be natural, spontaneous, inevitable. Even critical spectators, such as Henry Lee, who felt "cold chills run over" them, were forced to admit that "the fervor which was natural to him and which burst forth at times in a way which made some of us who were fastidious shiver, was precisely what inspired and kindled the people."[1] It was indeed "a melting time," as Andrew said in his letter to Sumner, but he was also satisfied that it was "a good day's work, happening in the right time."

[1] MS. Reminiscences of Governor Andrew.

Whatever may have been the excitements of Anti-Slavery Week, they were as midsummer breezes compared with the tempestuous events of the week that followed. The proposal of Virginia that the States should send representatives to a peace conference at Washington made it necessary for Massachusetts to take part directly in the national crisis. Among Andrew's friends it was taken for granted that the proposal of Virginia would result in another compromise scheme, in which the North would probably yield more than ever before, and that it would, therefore, receive little countenance from the Governor. Indeed, on the twenty-sixth of January, in reply to a question from Governor Dennison of Ohio about sending delegates, Andrew telegraphed: "We have not appointed nor decided to appoint. I say postpone until after the inauguration." Sumner at once bade Andrew "stand firm," but Adams and the rest of the Massachusetts Delegation in Congress agreed that the State must not be unrepresented in the conference. The senator and the representative were already hopelessly at odds over the compromise scheme which Adams had reported to the House. To Sumner, Adams' concession of New Mexico as a slave state was a piece of treason to anti-slavery principles which was sufficient to break the friendship of a lifetime. For any honest course of action, even if mistaken, which a man may have taken in that winter of confusion and trial, one must be chary of blame; still, one must not therefore be chary of praise for the man whose clear sight and firm pur-

pose enabled him then to follow the line of conduct which it is now plain was that of true statesmanship. Given Adams' conviction that war must come, it became the bounden duty of the North to offer every possible concession that would make for delay and clear it from the charge of having challenged the first blow. From this point of view a courteous response from Massachusetts to the invitation of Virginia was of the first importance. "I am a little afraid," was Adams' moderate way of putting the case, "that absence would confirm the charge of indifference which is much used against us." Another point which Adams made was, that if no authorized representative came from Massachusetts, there was great danger of "a *volunteered* representation . . . that would scarcely represent our class of opinion." [1] The force of this argument lay in the fact that Edward Everett, Amos A. Lawrence, and other active "Union-savers" were then in Washington, presenting a State Street petition, signed with fourteen thousand names, in favor of the Crittenden compromise. This great "dough-face" petition, as "Warrington" called it, had been the sensation of the hour in Boston. In spite of many bogus signatures ("one young rascal," wrote John M. Forbes, "complained loudly that he 'had n't a chance to sign it only fourteen times'"), it was really a witness to the activity and strength of the "Union-savers." That such men, taking advantage of the division in the Republican camp, should presume to speak for

[1] Charles Francis Adams to John A. Andrew, January 28, 1861.

Massachusetts, was a thing to be prevented if possible. Andrew, filled with his new sense of responsibility, was soon convinced by Adams' arguments, and acted at once. A resolve approving the Crittenden proposals was about to be introduced in the state Senate. Andrew, sending for Dr. Robert T. Davis, the member from Fall River, and handing him a form of resolve drawn up by himself, whereby the Governor was authorized to appoint commissioners to the proposed Peace Congress, urged him to get it through the Legislature as rapidly as possible.

These reasons why Massachusetts should take part in the Peace Congress seemed none too cogent to Andrew's friends of the Bird Club, — the men who, believing that they had put Andrew into office, expected him unvaryingly to uphold their radical views. When they beheld him deserting the uncompromising Sumner and following the compromising Adams, there was utter astonishment and grief among them. Taking their cue from Andrew's telegram to Governor Dennison, and, indeed, prompted by Andrew himself, Elizur Wright, F. W. Bird, and others had already set to work in the Legislature and in a fugitive sheet called the *Tocsin* to rally the radicals. Although Sumner had written Andrew that he did not wish to stand out against the Delegation, Bird and his friends were supported by a telegram from him, dated three days later than his letter to Andrew, in which he said, "I am against sending Commissioners to treat for the surrender of the North. Stand firm." On this issue Bird and Andrew must perforce have it

out. The letters which passed between them show on what realities the mutual regard of the two men was based.

JOHN A. ANDREW TO FRANCIS W. BIRD

COUNCIL CHAMBER, BOSTON, January 30th, 1861.

MY DEAR BIRD, — I want to suggest that, whenever you see or foresee the arising of a question touching which you have decided opinions, I wish you would, in the freest and fullest manner, give me the aid of your advice; but, also to suggest, that it weakens me to criticise *afterwards* in respect to things as to which I have not had the aid of previous advice. I do nothing, at any time, but, under the keenest sense of responsibility and with the earnest desire to do good and serve the best interest of the highest idea of justice and truth, — but, am always liable to grave error, and need the kindest sympathy and support of friends — of whom I count you as one of the best.

Another thing ought also to be remembered, viz, that, as to a large part of the various things proposed, it is of much less importance *what* is done, than it is that the thing done shd be rightly directed in its manner, and should be under the right auspices. Again — when I am *clearly wrong* — dont be too serious and look as if I was going straight to the devil — but treat me as if there might be a remaining relish of salvation, and a chance of doing better the next time.

[JOHN A. ANDREW.[1]]

P. S. Please apply these remarks to our interview of this P. M.

[1] The signature has been cut out from the original.

FRANCIS W. BIRD TO JOHN A. ANDREW

Boston, Jan'y 31.

My dear Governor, — I have just rec'd y'r kind — too kind letter. I am overwhelmed by its kindness and don't know what to say.

I did not intend to "criticize." You will recollect that I said I did not come to argue; only to ascertain if it was true that you recommended a measure which, two days before, you very strongly disapproved.

After hearing from you that you disapproved of sending Commissioners, we at once set to work to organize the defeat of the measure. I do not say that y'r original approval would; (it might) have silenced our opposition; but obtaining y'r disapproval very much inspired us to work. Undoubtedly, I exhibited, by looks and acts perhaps what no language at my command, could express, the pain and mortification and humiliation I felt when I came to realize that the thing was to be done, and you approved of it.

God forbid that I should for one moment doubt the sincerity and unselfishness of y'r devotion to our Cause; nor have I any the less confidence in the infinite superiority of the soundness of y'r judgment over mine; but I cannot — I cannot, escape from my own deep convictions. They may not — probably should not govern or influence others; they must, me.

I feel that this is the first step downwards; if we stop before we reach the bottom, it will be the first time in the history of the triumphs of slavery.

Let me thank you again for the great kindness of y'r letter; and believe me,

Very truly and faithfully y'rs

F. W. Bird.

Close upon the heels of this crisis came another: Sumner's letters about the Peace Congress, which reached Andrew on Monday the 28th and Tuesday the 29th, contained postscripts full of rumors of war. Edwin M. Stanton, Buchanan's Attorney-General, unable to communicate his fears in his own office, where he was "surrounded by secessionists," had met Sumner in secret at night and told him that in Virginia, which would certainly secede, there was a conspiracy "the most wide-spread and perfect." "*He does not think it probable, hardly possible* that we shall be here the 4th March," reported Sumner. "Genl. Scott is very anxious. *It is feared that the Departments will be seized and occupied as forts.*"[1] Confirmation of these disquieting alarms soon arrived in a communication from Stephen H. Phillips of Salem and ex-Governor John H. Clifford of New Bedford, who were in Washington on behalf of the State in the dispute over the Rhode Island boundary, which was then pending before the Supreme Court. In the course of their frequent meetings with Stanton they came to be on such friendly terms with him that one evening he communicated to them, with a great air of secrecy, all that he had told Sumner. With Stanton's permission, they that night despatched a letter to Andrew, and this letter, with Sumner's warnings, the Governor caused to be communicated to the state Senate. On February 1 that body, under a suspension of the rules, voted an emergency fund of one hundred

[1] Letters of January 26, 28, 1861.

thousand dollars, to be placed in the hands of the Governor. On Saturday, the 2d, the House, receiving in secret session a full statement of the exigency, gave its assent without loss of time. On the same day, at a conference between Andrew and his staff, it was agreed that the Adjutant-General should prepare estimates of equipments for the militia; that Ritchie should go to Washington to confer with General Scott and to report on the situation from a military point of view. To Henry Lee was assigned the task of collecting information about means of steamboat transportation for troops, a precaution which had been suggested by Stanton in view of the doubtful loyalty of Maryland and the probable necessity of a water route to Washington. To discuss these reports on equipments and means of transportation, a meeting of military experts was called for the following Monday.

It was at this point that John M. Forbes appeared as Andrew's counsellor, undertaking to make cautious inquiries about steamers available as transports. Forbes as a youth had gone from the Boston Latin School to China, and had returned thence seven years later, a rich man. Now, at the age of forty-eight, he was one of the leading merchants of Boston. The Frémont campaign had brought him into politics, and in 1860 he had been one of the electors at large on the Republican ticket. In politics, as in society, the democratic ideal was both law and gospel to him; to the workings of democracy, as to those of business, he applied the severe test of efficiency,

and, being a man of extraordinary force, he was peculiarly difficult to withstand. Forbes had first come to know Andrew, otherwise than by reputation, at Mr. Sanborn's trial the year before, and had been struck at once with the "large infusion of common sense and practicability mixed up with his enthusiasm." [1] The combination, indeed, of these two qualities constituted a likeness between the two men which with their honesty and disinterestedness made the basis of their coöperation; each combined with devotion to principles an understanding of means by which principles are converted into deeds. In other respects they were the very antipodes of each other. All through the winter the desperate state of the nation had challenged Forbes' executive faculties; he studied it, looking into the future, as if it were a bad business tangle which he must unravel. From the many sources of information at his command, he became convinced of the imminence of war; and as a man of this faith he joined the Governor's War Council.

On Monday morning there were present at the meeting, besides the aides, the Adjutant-General, and several of the major-generals of the militia, George H. Gordon and George L. Andrews, both of whom had been formerly in the regular army, and old General Thayer of the United States Engineers, who for many years was commander at West Point. With the eyes of experts they scrutinized the esti-

[1] Letter from John M. Forbes read at the Massachusetts Club meeting on Governor Andrew Memorial Day, January 28, 1888.

mates which the Adjutant-General had prepared, — 2000 overcoats at $9; 2000 blankets at $3; 2000 knapsacks at $2.25 each; they examined the lists of possible steamers drawn up by Forbes and Lee, and discussed the feasibility of sending militia by water to Washington or to Fortress Monroe, as the need might be. In further sessions their plans were perfected, and at the regular meeting of the Executive Council on Saturday the results of these conferences appeared as formal reports, which were approved without delay.

Even while the military committee was still deliberating, however, it became clear that for the present at least Washington was safe. The election in Virginia on February 4 assured the loyalty of that State until after Lincoln's inauguration, and a special committee of Congress on the same day reported that it had been able to find no trace of conspiracy. On Wednesday an authoritative telegram to Andrew from Ritchie — "There is not the slightest probability of any immediate call" — made assurance doubly sure. His letters which followed explained that the militia would hardly be called for by Buchanan because the President doubted his constitutional power to act in the premises. As for Andrew, the very act of preparation for the worst had calmed and steadied him. When Phillips and Clifford, having read in the New York papers on their way home of the rapid passage of the emergency loan bill, hurried to the State House and poured out their fears of impending war, he met them with: "Let it

come. In fact, it has come." [1] On Monday, February 4, the day on which the military committee had its first conference, Andrew wrote in a letter to Cyrus Woodman: "I am as quiet and calm as a philosopher; but I stand surprised beyond measure at the content with which others receive the efforts of traitors to break up the government. For I think I know why I am calm. But I don't believe people generally know why they are, — I mean the people mostly found in Boston! I think the masses, — the glorious and free democracy, know far better than State Street, — or its merchant class."

Although fears for the safety of Washington during the week of February 10–17, on the Wednesday of which the electoral vote was to be counted in the Senate, were now overpast, yet every message from the capital urged the necessity of military preparation. "We think now," wrote Charles Francis Adams on February 8, "that we can go on until the Inauguration without danger. But if Virginia should finally go, it would carry Maryland with her, and this would insulate the District, and place the new Administration in the hands of its enemies. In that case it would not be safe to stay without a force of twenty thousand men. General Scott will by that time have concentrated a considerable portion of the army here. But there will be needed, besides, a good number of men whose fidelity can be relied on. I recommend it to you therefore to have a provisional force ready for some stay in case of need."

[1] Stephen H. Phillips in the New York *Sun*, June 11, 1893.

For the details of preparation Ritchie brought back full instructions from Scott and Colonel Keyes of his staff. The sea route, with a landing either at Baltimore under the guns of Fort McHenry, or at Annapolis, was recommended as the only safe method of sending the troops; and the aide was charged with a message to his too outspoken chief on the importance of secrecy.

While the executive branch of the state government was busying itself with the works of war, the Legislature was in a turmoil over the Senate resolve authorizing the Governor to appoint Peace Commissioners. After the radicals had blocked the measure for two days, they were overborne by the argument that, excepting Sumner, the Massachusetts Delegation wished the State to be represented in the Congress. On February 5 the resolve passed; the names of the men appointed were immediately announced,[1] and on the next day they started for Washington. That the Commissioners would pledge Massachusetts to nothing contrary to her traditions Andrew felt sure. "If these men," he wrote, "come home and report in Faneuil Hall that New England must stand *alone*, — ALONE we can stand there. I have arranged the men on careful thought, clear conviction, independent judgment, and under a sense of the responsibility attaching perhaps to the most weighty act of my life."

[1] They were John Z. Goodrich of Stockbridge, Charles Allen of Worcester, George S. Boutwell of Groton, Francis B. Crowninshield of Boston, Theophilus P. Chandler of Brookline, John M. Forbes of Milton, and Richard P. Waters of Beverly.

Another act in persuading the Legislature to which Andrew had much trouble, was that of guaranteeing to the extent of $2,000,000 the issue of bonds whereby the Secretary of the Treasury was endeavoring to repair the financial state of the national government. For many members of the General Court it was a considerable stretch of loyalty thus to come to the rescue of a bankrupt Democratic administration, and to bring these men to their senses Andrew needed many private conferences, backed up by repeated and urgent representations from the Congressional Delegation.

Meanwhile, both in the General Court and elsewhere, the agitation for the repeal of the Personal Liberty Law was kept up. The petition of the thirty-five had been followed by a series of articles in the Boston *Journal* written by Professor Joel Parker of the Harvard Law School, who, having recently given the law a careful examination in his capacity as chairman of the commissioners on the revision of the Massachusetts statutes, was now in a position to attack its weak points with great vigor. In spite of the high ground of unconstitutionality taken by the "Hunkers," it was plain enough that they were making use of the issue in order to split the Republican party; it was therefore incumbent on the Committee on Federal Relations, to which the petition had been referred, to discover a course upon which both conservative and radical Republicans could unite. In the statute as it stood the legal procedure was not in conformity with that prescribed by the Fugitive Slave

Law, and the removal of this inconsistency was selected as a concession which could be made justly, without jeopardizing the liberty of free negroes in Massachusetts. To bring about unanimity in the committee on this point was a delicate piece of work, but E. F. Stone, the chairman, using the influence of the Governor's name, at last succeeded in getting the members into line. On February 17, Andrew was able to announce to Sumner with some exultation the unanimous report of the committee. "I had no original expectation," he wrote, "of getting such a result; but I told some persons that they could not get anything *thro' this room* [the Council Chamber] not conformable to certain principles, and which did not contain [certain] details, unless they marched it thro' by dragoons." [1]

This show of concession, coming at the time when it did, was of great service to the Massachusetts members of the Peace Congress. It furnished them an argument which they could use with the hesitating

[1] A characteristic act of Andrew's in connection with this amendment shows that he never let the legal overshadow the humane aspect of the question.

"The hearing," he wrote to Sumner, "last Friday before the Committee on Federal Relations about Fugitive Slaves etc. was crowded in the House of Representatives. It will be resumed to-morrow morning. I have arranged to have our 'Ida May,' and a large number (say ten to twelve) of other handsome and bright freed-slaves, exhibited before the Committee, as persons touching whom kidnappers might get up full 'records' and ex-parte affidavits, and whose freedom it would not be open to us to *prove* before the Slave Committee.

"A live man! woman! child! — these are great arguments to human hearts."

states of Virginia and Maryland, being, as Andrew wrote to Forbes, "proof of a universal sentiment of good neighborhood and kindness toward friendly men, mingled with personal self-respect and devotion to our own sense of duty — a divided duty it is true, — but susceptible of being discriminately performed on both sides." [1]

So far as Andrew's enemies were concerned, his record of unfitness was now pretty well made up. In the first two months of his term he had more than fulfilled their most pessimistic predictions. Democrats and Constitutional-Unionists alike scornfully gloated over his errors, from the defence of the Personal Liberty Law in his inaugural and the "emotional orgy" at the presentation of the Parker arms, to his "absurd" military preparations. Their feelings were summed up in one of Bowles' letters to his friend Dawes, — the same epistle in which he characterized Lincoln as a "Simple Susan." "What was apprehension about Andrew is now conviction.

[1] The law of 1855 (see Rev. Stat. of 1860, cap. 144, § 19) attempted to secure a jury trial for an alleged fugitive, and assimilated the trial to a criminal case. The change made was as follows: —

"Nothing contained in the statutes of the Commonwealth shall be construed to authorize the taking of any person by writ of habeas corpus out of the custody of the United States marshal, or his deputy, holding him by legal and sufficient process, issued by any court or magistrate of competent jurisdiction: *provided*, *however*, that this shall not affect the authority of the supreme judicial court, or its justices, in accordance with the provisions of the constitution of the United States, and of this Commonwealth, to investigate and determine upon the validity and legal effect of any process which may be relied on to defeat the writ, or any other matter properly arising." — Cap. 91, § 3. The Personal Liberty Law was repealed in 1868.

He *wobbles* like an old cart — is conceited, dogmatic, and lacks breadth and tact for government. Yet withal one of the cleverest, good-naturedest, and heartiest fellows alive. We were right at Worcester last August; and the people will yet see it and perhaps acknowledge it."[1] Sometimes, as these same enemies were forced to admit, Andrew had blundered into the right way. He had appointed commissioners to the Peace Congress; he had "backed down" from his radical stand upon the Personal Liberty Law. This credit to his account, however, was as nothing when compared with the war panic which he had raised. The Union-loving and profit-loving merchants of Boston, when they thought on their Governor's pose as a man of war, had an access of terror which their ridicule but feebly disguised. They beheld the chief executive of the State of Webster outdoing the abolitionists in zeal for disunion, seeking to rob them at one stroke of their Constitution and their customers. With the Peace Congress at work in Washington all would soon be well; though the South were threatening, this was no time to respond in kind. "From land's end to land's end, I was reviled last winter for a little warlike preparation,"[2] wrote Andrew afterwards of this time; and Henry Lee, recalling these weeks in later years declared that "You had only to mention the word *overcoat* or speak of 'kissing the musket' . . . to excite the risibles or call down the

[1] February 26, 1861. *Life of Bowles*, Merriam, vol. i. p. 318.
[2] To F. W. Bird, December 14, 1861.

objurgations of any of the scoffers, to whom these timely acts seemed the height of folly or wickedness."[1] On the other hand, Andrew's friends of the Bird Club were far from finding him the champion of the radical cause that they had hoped for. S. G. Howe, writing to Frank Bird of Andrew's consenting that Massachusetts should join the Peace Congress, exclaimed: "Andrew is like a noble horse harnessed in with mules; how long he will retain his virility, I know not." His yielding to conservative clamor, so they felt in their amazement and desperation, utterly belied the Andrew whom they thought they knew. Thus, in his first three months of office he disappointed the expectation of over-zealous friends and fulfilled that of over-zealous enemies.

The only interpretation, in truth, by which Andrew's conduct ceases to be "wobbling" and becomes straightforward and consistent is that which takes into account the conviction which he brought back from Washington in December. The South meant to fight; therefore he as Governor must have his state militia ready to move as soon as the first blow was struck. On the other hand, since the Buchanan administration was paralyzed by incompetence if not by treason, since Buchanan himself was likely to refuse to summon the militia, it was imperative that the rebels should be held off by a show of concession until the fourth of March was safely past. Finally, the strategic advantage of not being

[1] MS. Reminiscences.

the party to strike the first blow was worth manœuvring for. Some sentences in Adams' letter to Andrew of February 8 show the course which they both were steering.

*All* of our opponents await only the final disruption of the States to bring up a general charge that we desired it to happen and to that end refused all conciliation. . . . I hold the dissolution of the Union, *if in any way promoted by us*, as in this stage of the slave question, a great political blunder, if not a crime.

When one judges Andrew's conduct from this point of view, the only act which has the appearance of error was the risk he ran of imperilling the peace movements at Washington and endangering the loyalty of the border states by lack of secrecy in his military preparations. Though on this point he had sufficient warning, he could not escape the law of his nature which compelled him to share with others all his processes of thought, all his motives for action. Thus, for the time being, his enemies had him at a tremendous disadvantage. It is true that he desired to prepare the minds of the North for what was coming, but it is one thing to fire a harmless salute on Boston Common and have a "melting time" over Revolutionary muskets, and quite another to order publicly two thousand overcoats for men who drilled in comfortable armories. Error or not, it soon mattered little. It needed but the shock of Sumter to bring home to the North the reality of war. Then the Governor's re-

vilers were forced to admit that John Andrew was right.

To interrupt the narrative of preparation for war with a recital of the rush and scramble for office that began even before the fourth of March has a strong note of the incongruous, but it is no more incongruous than the actual situation. Lincoln's description of himself as a man letting rooms in one end of his house while the other end was on fire is a graphic statement of the feelings of every Republican holding at that time any position to which patronage was attached. The Massachusetts leaders accustomed to plead the "Cause of Immortal Ideas" were now concerned with the dispensing of third-class postmasterships and minor clerkships. Andrew had almost nothing within his own gift and had nothing to ask for himself,[1] but he was constantly beset with requests to aid other people's petitions, and he naturally wished to have his share in the adjustments which the state managers of the party were making. It is worth while, for the sake of demonstrating the theories of those days about appointments in the civil service and of showing the straits which the Republican leaders were in, to quote from one of Andrew's letters on the subject. His version of Governor Marcy's famous maxim, "To the victors belong the spoils," is as follows: —

Why in the name of all good policy and statesmanship should we forego the *instant* presence and inau-

[1] Except a position in the Custom House for his brother Isaac, who continued in it till advancing age compelled him to resign in 1888.

guration of that influence, power and prestige, which will pertain to the Rep. party when all its important Federal offices shall have been filled by able, strong and sincere Republican men? Every delay helps drift us astern.[1]

The heaviest pressure on Andrew came from men seeking office in the Boston Custom House, a place as remote from his control as any could well be. In despair, he exclaimed to Sumner, "I wish we were back where we were last year; and had a good 20 yrs. fight before us. I fear *our beard* is not yet grown, and that we'd better stayed a while longer in Jericho."[2] The most diverting of all the contests was that for the Boston postmastership, the office which was Sumner's particular plum. For the story of this exciting race, in which Dr. John G. Palfrey was the winner,[3] there is unfortunately no space here, unless it be for one extract from a letter of Andrew's to Sumner.

I have just had a call from Mr. Alley [Representative in Congress from the Sixth District]. He thinks it a *great responsibility* for you to decide the appt of Boston P. M. and thinks for yr own ease etc., you'd best refer it to the delegates. *He names no one, himself,* but I find is very much of opinion that *Pangborn* wd be a bad appt, evidently, of the two, favors Phelps, thinks *I* ought not to have any opinion. I told him *I* shd load and fire, on all subjects,

[1] To Charles Sumner, March 11, 1861.

[2] March 26, 1861.

[3] The last obstacle to his appointment was removed when he telegraphed Sumner that if necessary he could change his residence from Cambridge to Boston in three days' time.

according to the real opinion I might at any time have, not claiming any right to be regarded, but holding myself perfectly free to speak, as if I was a private man, and claiming no more right to influence, — not wishing to be "kept in bondage unto fear," as the apostle says.

Among Boston Republicans, Peleg Chandler was one of those most in demand for indorsing petitions. In the course of his lively correspondence with the Governor he exclaimed: "Did you ever know such a rush for places? I never again wish to be in the majority. T. P. C. and I only wish to get Chute and Isaac Andrew something, and then will cry quits." He wound up with a joke which is inserted here because it hints at the expectations of Andrew's friends for him.

Now there is one word for myself. I want an office !! — It is *yours*. It has occurred to me within a few days that you will probably be in political life for years, and may wish to give up your room in No. 4. If so, I want the refusal of it. . . . Don't forget me in this, and I resign all claims for anything else. . . . It is all nonsense about your returning to practice, at least for several years.

By the first of April Andrew's military preparations were completed. In accordance with General Order No. 4, the companies throughout the State were filled with young men ready for active service; the Governor had the power to raise the limit of fifty privates in a company to sixty-four, and the authority to enlist companies, if necessary, over and above

the maximum of five thousand men allowed by the law; contracts for the two thousand overcoats and other equipments had been given out, and an appropriation of $25,000 had been made by the Legislature to pay for them. That body, having thus committed itself on the one side, took a step in the other direction by repealing the Emergency Fund Bill passed in February. Thus, after its adjournment on April 11, Andrew had no money to draw upon. His men, however, were ready, even impatient. In the early weeks of April, when the strain of watching Charleston Harbor had become almost unendurable for both North and South, when the Pennsylvania Legislature, at Lincoln's request, was voting $500,000 for better organization of the militia, when the spirit of loyalty was spreading through the North and West, Andrew tried to secure the use of the forts in the harbor. Here his regiments could go into camp, get the drill which they so much needed, and be ready to move at an instant's notice. But the new Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, was deep in the cares of patronage and paid no attention to the request. There was nothing to do except to wait, but the waiting could not be long. The young Albert Browne, watching events in Washington and sending careful reports to Andrew, expressed, in a letter the quaint epistolary contractions of which he was soon to slough off, the universal sense of an imminent crisis.

*I am glad to see that you keep up the military preparation in Mass.*, for from everything I

have seen and heard (and my eyes and ears have been very busy during ye fortnight), I *sincerely* believe that the chances are that Virginia will go out *and take the capital with her; — that as matters stand ye chances are that ye next congress of ye U. S. will not meet at Washington.*

I sat in ye gallery during ye last hour of ye session of ye Senate and wondered whether it was not an historic scene I was witnessing — whether it was not ye last hour of ye last Senate of ye *United States.*

Though it was indeed a time of last days and last things, though the capital might again drift into danger, Andrew, with the ready militia at his call, was resolute that at least a gallant rescue should be attempted.

## CHAPTER V

### WAR

SINCE they will have it so, — in the name of God, — Amen! Now let all the Governors and Chief men of the people see to it that war shall not cease until Emancipation is secure.

If I can be of any use, anywhere, in any capacity (save that of spy) command me.

These were Dr. Howe's words to Andrew on Saturday, April 13, while the news of the bombardment of Sumter was hurrying through the streets of the town. Thus the war began. It was a war for Union; but the radical Republicans, full of a long-tried faith, were from the outset determined that it should become also a war for Emancipation.

In the newspapers of Monday morning, April 15, appeared the President's proclamation calling for 75,000 militia to serve for three months, "to repossess the forts, places, and property which have been seized from the Union." In Boston the first waves of the great popular impulse that made this week one of the most famous in American history were felt in the Adjutant-General's office at the State House. Men applied for commissions to raise com-

panies; officers came to press the claims of their commands for service. In the large entrance hall of the building, known as Doric Hall, the quiet that usually reigned from April to January was soon destroyed by a swiftly growing crowd. Presently word went about that a telegram from Senator Wilson in Washington gave the quota of Massachusetts as twenty companies, with sixty-four privates in a company; then telegrams from the War Department followed in confirmation. This news set the sticklers for militia etiquette in a great flutter. Fifty had always been the maximum for a company; where were the additional uniforms to come from, and, for the matter of that, what companies were near enough alike in uniform to make the newly formed regiments presentable? In the midst of this discussion the Governor appeared, and appeal was made to him. The *Journal* of the next day described the scene.

When it was objected that it was desirable that all the companies of each regiment should be uniformly uniformed, so to speak, His Excellency closed the argument by saying: "It is n't uniforms — it 's men we want!" To avoid the perplexity occasioned by a multiplicity of counsellors, the Governor, his aides, and the Adjutant General then shut themselves out from the common gaze, and remained in secret session for something more than an hour. The result of this "council of war" was the promulgation of an order for four regiments — the third, Col. Wardrop; the fourth, Col. Packard; the sixth, Col. Jones, and the eighth, Lieut. Col. Munroe, to assemble on Boston Common at as early an hour

to-day as may be, from which the twenty companies required, will then be selected.

Andrew, face to face with the emergency which had been deferred from February, had now to carry out the plans which he had formed then and since. Inasmuch as the execution of these plans involved the coöperation of the Secretary of War, the Governor's first care was to put himself in touch with Washington. He had no mind to wait for the mustering officers whom Cameron proposed sending to Boston and Springfield; he intended to take matters up at the point where he and Scott had let them drop ten weeks before. "Despatch received. By what route shall we send?" was his reply to Cameron's telegram. This precipitate demand for marching orders he followed up by a letter crammed with suggestions and requests. He recommended that the Springfield armory should be ordered to double its output of arms; he reported a rumor that the armory at Harper's Ferry was to be seized, and urged that either its machinery and tools should be removed or its buildings should be defended by an adequate guard; he referred to experiments with a new kind of projectile that had been carried on under the direction of his staff, and asked the government to take advantage of the invention; he asked permission to raise a new regiment of special volunteers, and to garrison the forts in Boston Harbor. As if all this were not sufficient evidence that the Governor of Massachusetts was ready to put his State at the head

of the column in support of the war, he concluded with the words: "I am happy to add that I find the amplest proof of warm devotion to the country's cause on every hand to-day. Our people are alive." To understand how completely ready were the Governor and his militia, one needs only to compare this letter with the "patriotic" responses of other Northern governors to this same telegram of Cameron's.[1] Governors who had not a single company ready to march had plenty of time for composing fervent telegrams; Andrew at once grappled with the details of war.

Except for general oversight, he could leave to his aides and to the Adjutant-General the improvising of ordnance, quartermaster's and medical departments, which should attend to the work of arming and equipping the incoming regiments. They also prepared the general orders which were necessary to direct the movements of the troops. To him as Governor were made of course the countless offers of help of every conceivable sort which came from every conceivable source, but his own particular work was to come to an understanding with the War Department as to the route by which the Massachusetts militia should be forwarded. Here his right-hand man was John M. Forbes. To Forbes' thinking, Washington stood in no greater need of troops than Fortress Monroe, which, situated on a peninsula pro-

[1] *War of the Rebellion. Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, Series III. vol. i. pp. 70–75. For convenience this unwieldy title will hereafter be abbreviated to O. R.

jecting into the southern reaches of Chesapeake Bay, was isolated from the North, except as it could be reached by steamer from Boston or New York, and which he knew to be "held by old Colonel Dimick with only a couple of small companies of regulars of about sixty men each, — hardly enough to man the gates, much less the ramparts."[1] Accordingly, when, in reply to the Governor's message asking by what route the troops were to be forwarded, Cameron telegraphed, "Send your companies here by railroad," Andrew, by Forbes' advice, suggested to the Secretary of War the need of reinforcements at Fortress Monroe, and asked permission to send a regiment there, in addition to the two regiments that were destined for Washington. As a further step, Forbes set out to ascertain what steamers in port were available. Thus at the end of the first day preparations for moving the troops were well advanced.

On Tuesday morning came telegrams from Washington calling for two more regiments from Massachusetts, with a brigadier-general to command the brigade of four regiments thus formed. Three of the regiments were to go to Washington and the fourth to Fortress Monroe. For this last regiment the route prescribed by General Scott was "by rail to Baltimore, and thence by steam-boat to Fort Monroe." Forbes had no intention of being thus deterred. He had already secured the refusal of the S. R. Spaulding of the Baltimore line, and of one of the steamers of the Fall River line. From President Felton of

[1] *John Murray Forbes: Letters and Recollections*, vol. i. p. 206.

the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad he knew the plans of the Southern sympathizers for burning the railroad bridges between the two cities, and he felt convinced of the "absurdity of trusting to hiring steamers in a half rebel city like Baltimore, even if we got the troops through to that place without interruption."[1] Andrew was quickly persuaded, and on his own responsibility told Forbes to engage the two steamers. Then a shower of telegrams was precipitated upon the War Department; on every official of consequence was urged the safety and the economy of the water route from Boston to Fortress Monroe.

We had given up any expectation of orders for that day [continues Forbes in his reminiscences], — it being after four P. M., — when I felt a hand on my shoulder as I sat writing in my little den at the City Exchange, and heard Colonel Henry Lee's voice . . . saying, "The orders have come, we must send off the first troops to-night." I sprang to the window to see what the weather was, and said at once, "It is too late to start in this storm." I sent, however, a messenger to Colonel Borden by the five P. M. train, and then hunted up George B. Upton, and got him started out to hurry up the Spaulding, then lying in Boston.[2]

Forbes' fears were justified; it proved impossible to get the troops off that night. Since ten o'clock in the morning, when the sturdy men from Marblehead had made their appearance, nearly every train during the day had brought into Boston a company or so, little knots of men from twenty to sixty in number,

[1] Forbes, vol. i. p. 206. [2] Ibid. p. 208.

most of them youths who had been able to drop work at a moment's warning. As they trudged through the streets, they were cheered by crowds standing under umbrellas; at Faneuil Hall a welcome was provided by the man without whom no function in Boston was complete, — J. B. Smith, the colored caterer. By the end of the day enough companies had come in to make it possible to send a regiment to Washington and one to Fortress Monroe. For the latter destination the Third and the Fourth Regiments, which together made up a little more than the sum of 780 men required for one regiment, were designated; for Washington the Sixth was selected. Since its ranks were by no means full, orders were issued attaching to it two companies belonging to other regiments. One of the companies was found drilling in its hall on Eliot Street; the captain of the other was routed out of bed at his home in Stoneham at two o'clock in the morning by the summons to have his men at the State House before noon.

On Wednesday came the crisis of confusion. All day long Doric Hall was filled with stacks of arms and piles of ammunition and equipments, guarded by a company of militia. These supplies a stream of militia officers and civilians, acting as adjutants, quartermasters, or ordnance officers, carried to the soldiers just outside on Mt. Vernon Street. As company after company marched up, Ritchie and Lee superintended the distribution and inspected each man to see that his outfit was complete. Upstairs in the Executive Rooms, where throngs came press-

ing in, volunteer clerks were grappling with the huge piles of letters to be answered, messengers were hurrying to and from the telegraph office, aides were consulting about the movements of troops, and Forbes was drawing up charters for the two steamboats and giving orders for provisioning them. No man could do his own work wholly for himself; he was constantly stopping to give and to get advice. Thus, as the Governor was the final source of authority, appeal was invariably made to him; in all the work of all these men there was scarcely a detail on which he did not himself pass. Every new appeal to him was an interruption, and before it could be half answered was in its turn interrupted.

Amid these affairs great and small that trod upon one another's heels, one act of Andrew's deserves to be taken by itself, for it started a train of consequences which produced one of the most notorious "political generals" of the war, and which reacted upon Andrew in numberless forms of personal and official annoyance. Of the six brigadiers in the militia, Andrew's choice of a general to lead the Massachusetts brigade lay between two. One, the senior brigadier, Ebenezer W. Pierce, of Assonet Village, held his position chiefly by reason of long connection with the militia; the other was Benjamin F. Butler, of Lowell. Butler was of the same age as Andrew and of the same profession. In politics he was a Democrat. At the Charleston convention in 1860 he had voted repeatedly for Jefferson Davis; when the party split, he allied himself with the Southern

wing, and as its representative in Massachusetts he ran against Andrew for Governor. Though he might sometimes lack the power, he never lacked the wish to ingratiate. His success in the militia was beyond dispute; his fellow soldiers had elected him to higher and higher rank, and at last to the command of a brigade which was one of the best in the State. As a lawyer he was feared, both for the things that he was able and the things that he was willing to do. In short, he gave the world to understand that he held strong cards; but as yet no man knew (to complete the figure) what his game was.

This, then, was the man who presented himself to the Governor, to ask to lead the Massachusetts regiments. Andrew realized that in point of ability and militia service Butler had a good claim to the appointment. A still better claim Andrew found in the fact that, with a Breckinridge Democrat at the head of her troops, Massachusetts could proclaim that her citizens stood united in defence of the Constitution. He accepted the situation and gave the brigade to Butler. Thus, before the war was two days old, this "political general" was launched, thanks to Andrew, on his career as a national figure. He at once established headquarters at the State House, and worked untiringly with the rest.[1]

[1] Butler's unashamed version of this appointment, that he brought the aid of the Boston banks to Andrew, and hinted that it would be withdrawn if he were not made Brigadier (see *Butler's Book*, p. 173), though characteristic enough, is absurd on the face of it. But it is not worth while to undertake the Augean task of disproving the "facts" of *Butler's Book*.

By noon the Sixth Regiment, which was to go off first, having received its equipments and having exchanged its old smooth-bore muskets for new rifles, drew up before the long and broad flight of the State House steps, and the Governor came down to give the regiment its colors and to bid it Godspeed. For a moment the throng of workers in the State House stopped; they crowded down the steps, and the throngs of people from the street below surged up to meet them. Standing thus, the Governor for five minutes poured forth the feeling pent up within him for the last few days, surrendering himself, as was his wont, to the fullness of eloquence which served him so well at these times, and which his ringing voice could send far out over an open-air crowd. At the end he gave the colors into the keeping of Colonel Jones, who replied with a soldier's brevity. The regiment marched off, little dreaming what the future had in store for it. The Governor and his fellow-workers returned to their tasks within; the crowd dispersed, still sobbing and cheering.

Soon after three o'clock, the Fourth Regiment appeared at the State House. It received its equipments, the Governor spoke a few sentences, — "You cannot wait for words," he said, — and the regiment hurried away to take the train for Fall River. At the end of the day, the Third was despatched, and by seven o'clock it had embarked in the Spaulding, which steamed down the harbor and anchored for the night. These were the first armed troops to move anywhere in the North; the men at the State House

exulted in the expectation that within forty-eight hours Washington and Fortress Monroe would be reinforced.

Every day the war spirit mounted. On Thursday the crowd at the State House was greater than ever. Women, gay with flags, rosettes, and patriotic emblems, coming to offer themselves as nurses, mingled with men pressing to enlist or to get permission to raise companies. One committee was given power to raise an Irish regiment; another group of men was at work on a regiment to be enlisted for the war and to receive drill and discipline like United States Regulars, under the command of Major Gordon, a West Point graduate. Meanwhile, under the direction of General Butler, who was to go with the Eighth Regiment in the afternoon, the distribution of ammunition and equipments went rapidly forward.

A rousing send-off for the regiment was to be the climax of the day and of the week. Early in the afternoon, the troops, having formed at Faneuil Hall, started for the State House. A platoon of National Lancers, mounted, cleared the way; in the van was the Salem Light Infantry in its brilliant Zouave costume, — a holiday garb soon to be discarded. The *Advertiser* described the scene: —

As the sound of the drum indicated the approach of the regiment toward the State House, the crowds flocked from the various streets leading into Beacon Street, and when they arrived the street presented such a scene as has seldom been witnessed in Boston.

The area in front of the State House steps was a dense mass of humanity, and every window in the neighborhood was filled with both sexes who gave expression to their enthusiasm with hearty and long continued cheers, as the regiment appeared. They came up in gallant style, preceded by the Brigade Band. After they had drawn up in line, the Cadets cleared a passage through the immense throng that filled the State House entrance. Shortly the Governor, accompanied by his staff and Brigadier-Gen. Butler, and members of the Council, appeared, amid tremendous shouts and cheers from the large crowd. They proceeded to the entrance, where they were met by the officers of the regiment.

Here Andrew addressed them, — his words interrupted again and again by cheers and often drowned in the universal tumult of feeling. The profound impression that he made was due not to the words which came from his lips, but to the mighty emotion behind them. The increasing excitement of the swaying crowd was its response to the picture of War which their governor held up to them. General Butler replied briefly. His closing words show the temper in which the Breckinridge Democrat went into the war. "We will not turn back till we show those who have laid their hands upon the fabric of the Union there is but one thought in the North, — the Union of these States, now and forever, one and inseparable."

At the conclusion of Mr. Butler's remarks [continues the *Advertiser*], without regard to the sentry or the police, gentlemen crowded upon him to

exchange greetings with him. One member of the Executive Council exclaimed "God bless you." Cheers without number were given for the Eighth, the Union, and old Essex. Many gentlemen embraced Col. Monroe of the Eighth Regiment, and for a time the most thrilling excitement pervaded the large concourse. The troops then took up their line of march for Faneuil Hall, cheered on every hand as they passed through the streets.

This public act of parting between the Governor and his troops was the formal sign of the close reality of war, and the shock it gave was profound. Many, many times repeated during the next four years, the scene became famous; one may see it quaintly recorded on the soldiers' monument on Boston Common, — the Governor, holding the colors, surrounded by his staff; before him the regimental officers and the troops, all eager to be off.

Although the desperate haste at the State House was due chiefly to the supposed peril of the government at Washington, it was only human that the spirit of rivalry should be a contributing motive. Andrew and his associates knew that Governor Sprague of Rhode Island had offered a regiment to the War Department on Saturday, April 13, and that the splendid Seventh Regiment of New York was likely to be ready. Such competition heightened their determination to "put Massachusetts at the head of the column." The first reward of these tremendous efforts came in reports from the Sixth on its triumphal journey; borne by Massachusetts troops,

the fiery cross spread the spirit of war through the country-side. By Friday morning the whole North knew of the wild enthusiasm with which New York had followed down Broadway the first regiment to pass through the city. To temper the jubilation at the State House came a despatch from the colonel of the Fourth, sent from New York, where the State of Maine had stopped for coal. Being "an entirely inexperienced militia officer," he had taken fright because "the country doctor who acted as surgeon gave the sage opinion that the steamer was overloaded," and was unwilling to proceed. "The red tape was cut roughly, in the unmistakeable terms of the governor's order" through J. M. Forbes. "No further orders for Colonel Packard. Push steamer on without stopping. Massachusetts must be first on the ground." [1]

The work of the day went on. The remainder of the quota of Massachusetts, which was to consist of the Fifth Regiment brought up to the required number by the addition of five companies from the Seventh and of a battalion of three companies from Worcester commanded by Major Charles Devens, was to start on Saturday. Equipments for them had now to be collected at short notice, since the original supply for two thousand men was exhausted; rifles, too, had given out, and the Secretary of War must be appealed to for permission to get them from the United States armory at Springfield. Into the midst of the throng that crowded about the Governor in

[1] Forbes, vol. i. pp. 210, 211.

his room broke the news of riot and attack on the Sixth in the streets of Baltimore. It fell on ears disposed to credence; the men who had been confident that Baltimore was filled with rebels naturally believed the worst. Thus the rumor spread, and in spreading grew. One thing only was certain: the first blood had been shed; men of Massachusetts were lying dead in Baltimore; war was a necessity. From that moment everything was done with a difference.

By nightfall some of the rumors had established themselves as facts, but the first authoritative communication came from General Butler after his arrival in Philadelphia. All night long despatches from him came to the Governor at his house: the Sixth, it was almost certain, had reached Washington; the dead and the wounded had been left in Baltimore; no more troops could go through that city; both the mayor and the governor had protested; the railroad bridges were probably on fire; the telegraph office was held by the mob. Still Butler announced his intention of obeying orders, and, if necessary, of marching all the way from Philadelphia to Washington. Soon after four o'clock in the morning, however, he reported his decision to transfer his troops by steamer from Perryville, at the mouth of the Susquehanna, to Annapolis, and thence to force his way to Washington. He urged the Governor to send on immediately a battery known as Cook's "Flying Artillery."[1]

[1] Butler's change of purpose had been brought about by the per-

As much of these telegrams as could be made public Andrew directed Albert Browne to send to the newspapers in the form of official bulletins, and thus on Saturday morning men were able to read reliable reports of what was known at the State House as late as half past two. They also saw the Governor's telegram to the Mayor of Baltimore. One word in it — a word probably never before formed by the Morse alphabet — expressed the pity for these first victims, their names, even, as yet unknown, with which every heart was full. Though incongruous here in its juxtaposition, it was the utterance of a universal yearning.

I pray you to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in Baltimore, to be immediately laid out, preserved with ice, and tenderly sent forward by express to me. All expenses will be paid by this Commonwealth.

Butler's call for Cook's Artillery was to the worn-out laborers at the State House almost the last straw. The Adjutant-General, who had gone down to the Parker House to get a few hours' sleep, was pulled out of bed and sent driving from one end of town to the other, summoning the officers to have the battery ready by noon of Saturday. The further difficulty of finding seventy serviceable horses was met after a fashion by a levy on the stables of the

sistent arguments of S. M. Felton and of S. F. Dupont, Commandant of the Philadelphia Navy-yard, who assured him that all the necessary arrangements had been made for this route, and that the way was both feasible and safe. (See Schouler, vol. i. pp. 99–103.)

Metropolitan Horse-railroad Company. As if these were not emergencies enough, Forbes came in to report that the owners of the Montreal, the only steamer in port available as a transport, had given him a flat refusal. Since the rail route by way of Baltimore was closed, there was nothing to do but to engage transports in New York, and to this effect Andrew telegraphed to Simeon Draper, a well-known merchant who had been made chairman of the Union Defence Committee[1] there. Thus, although the Flying Artillery and the Fifth Regiment in Boston and the Third Battalion in Worcester were ready by noon, lack of equipments and of transportation prevented them from moving.

In the midst of the morning's work came the meeting of the Governor's Council, which had been summoned to give its sanction to the extraordinary expenses that the Executive had been obliged to incur. It voted to authorize the Treasurer of the State to borrow $200,000 for an emergency fund. It further advised and consented that the Governor should purchase arms in Europe, for already the supply of arms of modern pattern was exhausted, and there were no more to be had in the country. As agent for this purpose, Francis B. Crowninshield, a Boston lawyer of position, a good Republican, and a man of solid parts, offered himself and was accepted. A letter of credit for fifty thousand pounds

[1] On this committee were Simeon Draper, P. M. Wetmore, William M. Evarts, John A. Dix, R. M. Blatchford, George Opdyke, William H. Aspinwall, Moses H. Grinnell, and others.

was given him, and other governors were invited to send by him orders for their own states.

In spite of unsparing labor, night came before the arrangements for sending the Fifth by way of New York were completed. In order to bid the men farewell, the wearied Governor and his wearied staff went down to Faneuil Hall. There they found a scene of confusion and complaint. Already among the officers, who had been taken from three regiments, friction and jealousy had begun; a large part of the men had failed to receive knapsacks, and their blankets were being packed in boxes, — an ill-starred expedient, the cause now of delay and later of privation; the rank and file were exercising the soldier's privilege of grumbling. Here the Governor dragged through the early hours of the night, catching what naps he could. At last, seeing that the regiment could not hope to get off before dawn, and being utterly worn out, he went home to bed.

After the departure of the Fifth on Sunday, April 21, no more militia, with the exception of a company or so and scattering men, left the State. The Third and the Fourth reached Fortress Monroe on the morning of the 20th; the Sixth reached Washington on the afternoon of the 19th, the Eighth on the afternoon of the 26th, one day later than the New York Seventh and eight days after its departure from Boston; the Fifth arrived on the same day. The Sixth was the only armed regiment to reach Washington before the city was cut off from the North, — an isolation which lasted for six days. For

that time it was the chief mainstay of hope to the capital. "I begin to believe that there is no North," said Lincoln to its men after four anxious days had passed, and still no news came. "The Seventh Regiment is a myth, Rhode Island is another. You are the only real thing." [1]

Within six days of the President's call Massachusetts had sent off the 3120 men which formed her quota, and several hundred men in excess. Pennsylvania had been first on the field with part of a regiment of unarmed troops; Rhode Island had started one regiment and one of her crack batteries of artillery; New York had embarked four regiments. The other states had barely begun to move. The splendid record of Massachusetts was celebrated in "Warrington's" letter to the Springfield *Republican* on April 25.

Everybody in Massachusetts seems to be congratulating himself that he is a citizen of such a state. We are ahead, as usual, though Rhode Island is pretty near us. New York is slow in comparison. But the difference mainly is in the greater state of preparation, in which we were found, and the superior energy, which our government has manifested. I suppose the people of each state were equally ready, but their leaders were not. Governor Andrew's praise is in the mouth of everybody; and he has been very fortunate in his military advisers. His aides . . . have shown great capacity. . . . Gen. Schouler has worked indefatigably; and indeed every

[1] *Abraham Lincoln: A History*, by John G. Nicolay and John Hay, vol. iv. p. 153.

department has been admirably managed. The Governor's general order, and his despatches to Mayor Brown of Baltimore, have been read with the greatest satisfaction, and the official information which he gives from our troops is read with more avidity than anything else, because it is reliable and trustworthy. While other legislatures are meeting and voting money and supplies, our men are garrisoning the capital of Maryland. It seems almost an age since the Sixth Regiment left us, and the boys we met at Faneuil Hall on Saturday are now, we hope, doing service at the National Capital.

All the time that the Governor was thus radiating energy from his central authority, he was the focus of the offerings of loyalty of the whole State. To him were made proffers of every kind, for both state and national governments. Men of all ages, from college boys to veterans of the War of 1812, wished to volunteer; manufacturers and merchants offered their goods, no matter how remotely desirable they might be; money came pouring in; and women everywhere turned to the works which, without waiting to ask or to offer, they knew would be needed. It is impossible to recite the details of this universal giving; the hundreds of mass-meetings, the flag-raisings, the public protestations of loyalty which made the very atmosphere of those days, must be dismissed with a word. There is room for only a few instances which serve to give what may be called Andrew's reaction.

In the loyal uprising which began with the fif-

teenth of April, the Bell-Everetts and the Democrats of Boston were not behind the rest. The mere fact of the shot fired against the walls of Sumter simplified the whole question for them, and they were quick to fall into line. Indeed, none now praised more heartily than they those very preparations of the Governor's which two months before they had been so loud in ridiculing. His selection of Butler to command the Massachusetts brigade also won their approval; William Gray, one of the ultra-conservative merchants of Boston, offering Andrew ten thousand dollars for the families of soldiers, remarked: "I feel very great gratification at the designation of Brigadier General Butler . . . It offers to the people of the whole country the highest evidence that Massachusetts knows no party, but stands as one man, when the liberties of the Union, and the perpetuity of the Government are assailed." Edward Everett, too, the most distinguished citizen of the United States at this time, a representative of the culture and conservatism of Boston, appeared at the door of the Governor's room on the morning of April 19, to be received among the number of those coming forward to serve. Highly significant were such offers, for they meant that Andrew's hands were to be upheld by the men whose help was as invaluable as it was unexpected.

There remained one citizen of Massachusetts whose action was awaited by loyal men with every feeling of apprehension and distrust. Caleb Cushing had continued to advocate, with an ability and a

malignity that to Republicans seemed little short of satanic, the claims of the Southern Democrats. He had been president of the Charleston convention and of the Baltimore convention which nominated Breckinridge; he was believed to be in the councils of the secessionist leaders. Ten days had now gone by since the call for troops, and he had not yet spoken. More than one letter came to Andrew warning him not to accept the gifts of the suspected traitor, but they could have had little influence on his decision. It was not in his nature, when once he had stricken a name off his books, ever to restore it. Consequently, when Cushing's offer of service was at last received, although it was accompanied by a private note protesting "earnest solicitude on my part to discharge my duty to our common country," Andrew's reply was prompt and firm.

JOHN A. ANDREW TO CALEB CUSHING

April 27, 1861.

Hon. Caleb Cushing.

Sir, — Under the responsibilities of this hour, — remitted both as a man and a magistrate to the solemn judgment of conscience and honor, — I must remember only that great cause of constitutional liberty and of civilization itself referred to the dread arbitrament of arms. And I am bound to say that although our personal relations have always been agreeable to myself, and notwithstanding your many great qualities fitting you for usefulness; yet your relation to public affairs, your frequently avowed opinions touching the ideas and sentiments of Massachusetts; your intimacy of social, political and sympathetic intercourse

with the leading secessionists of the Rebel States, maintained for years, and never (unless at this moment) discontinued, — forbid my finding you any place in the council or the camp. I am compelled sadly to declare that, were I to accept your offer, I should dishearten numerous good and loyal men, and tend to demoralize our military service. How gladly I would have made another reply to your note of the 25th inst., which I had the honor to receive yesterday, I need not declare, nor attempt to express the painful reluctance with which this is written.

Faithfully your obedient servant,
JOHN A. ANDREW, Governor.

We of this day, knowing from the course of events the sincerity of Cushing's offer, cannot help feeling, perhaps to excess, what seem to be the cruelty and the injustice of Andrew's refusal. It is impossible, too, to avoid the reflection that if one of the two most conspicuous Breckinridge Democrats in Massachusetts must be given recognition by the Governor of the Commonwealth, it were much better that Cushing had been taken and Butler left. Each of these men, whose genius it was to be "true to one party, and that is himself," must inevitably, sooner or later, have turned up on the Union side. Again and again the teasing inquiry comes to mind: What if Andrew had hobbled the Lowell lawyer by choosing Cushing instead? His reason for acting as he did is plain: with Butler, who was a less known quantity, Andrew was willing to risk the chances of an error of judgment; Cushing's record was too

voluminously damning for him to receive place at Andrew's hands. The dread which good Republicans had of Cushing is shown in the words of Forbes' commendation of Andrew's course.

Our Govr. turns up a *trump*, full of decision and having no Presidential aspirations, he has acted with a single eye to the public good, and has brought *in* all parties around him. His snub of Caleb Cushing, who wanted to *ride in* on the storm, is said to be delicious. It was a sore disappointment to see Caleb come out on our side — but the Govr. stopped his doing any other mischief.

The offers of money which came crowding in from the first formed the most surprising and solid proof of the new-born confidence in the Governor on the part of State Street. The Boston banks came forward to lend the State $3,600,000, and to the Secretary of the Treasury they offered to take treasury notes to a large amount. Individuals were equally ready. Besides William Gray, several other merchants promised their ten and even their twenty thousand; men of smaller means gave no less willingly. With the money went all the will and energy of the money-making part of the community, now thoroughly roused, and working in harmony with the rest.

The offers, however, which went most to the heart of the "over-humane" Governor, for they suggested vividly the suffering that follows war, were those of women. In the midst of his thousand cares of great moment, he would not pretermit a personal reply to

one of the least of these. Of numerous such letters, one, written to some Cambridge ladies who had formed a society to work for the soldiers, must suffice.

In glancing over the list of their names, I realize most completely how deep a hold the cause, in behalf of which those troops are mustered, has upon every social class in our community, — that there are no hands in Massachusetts too delicate to contribute something to the work. Almost the next letter which I opened, after breaking the seal of yours, was from a poor needle-woman, saying she had but little, but desiring to give something from that little in the same behalf; and surely a cause which so appeals both to the garret and the drawing-room cannot be other than *national* and *just*.

At last, amid the press of other affairs, these offers became too many even for the secretaries to acknowledge. A notice was sent to the papers that all offers of a benevolent sort would be received by Josiah Quincy, Jr., and that the thanks of the Governor must be given once for all in this public way. Contributions of money were turned over to a Committee of One Hundred, organized to administer a soldiers' fund. By this committee, composed of ex-governors, mayors, and well-known citizens from the entire State and of all parties, with Governor Andrew as president, the work of relief was instituted which later was undertaken by the State.

In all our history there is no more striking instance of the way in which efficiency may be

achieved under popular government than the story of these first weeks of the War of the Rebellion. The demonstration is the more complete because, for no small part of that time, the people, being cut off from their federal government at Washington, had to exercise sovereign authority through their local leaders. Thus at Boston Andrew and the men gathered about him, and at New York the men who formed themselves into the Union Defence Committee, finding that in this emergency the responsibility must be theirs, proceeded to assume the ultimate authority, and to use it freely and wisely. To them the other states turned for advice; they formed for these critical days a temporary national government.

The New York committee, in order to give its extraordinary deeds some show of regularity, called upon the highest military officer east of Washington, Major-General John E. Wool, in command of the Department of the East. Of his loyalty there was no question, but he was seventy-seven years old, and his vigor was impaired both by age and by infirmity. When on Saturday, April 20, orders ceased to come from Washington, they induced him to leave his home at Troy, N. Y., and come to New York City, where they pushed him on to marvellous stretches of authority. Announcing this removal to the Northern governors, he offered all the assistance that it was in his power to give.

On the Monday morning of the second week of the war, the first necessity at Boston was to reopen

communication with Washington, or at least to make the attempt. For this mission, George S. Boutwell was summoned by the Governor from Groton. Although not much over forty, he had been an ex-governor for nearly ten years and was still in close touch with state politics. He had been one of the Peace Commissioners from Massachusetts, and for this reason, as well as for his "influence, acquaintance with the Cabinet, knowledge of Eastern public sentiment,"[1] he was selected as the man for this crisis at the Capital. Letters to the President and the Secretary of War embodying requests and suggestions already made in vain, — notably that the forts in the harbor might be used as drill-camps for the newly formed militia companies, — were entrusted to him. Forbes provided him with a hundred dollars in gold, an improvised cipher-code for telegrams, and a small revolver loaded. "The revolver," says Governor Boutwell, "gave me more anxiety than all things else connected with the expedition."[2] At New York, where he stopped to confer with General Wool, and to ascertain the best method of proceeding to Washington, he was joined by Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President of the United States, who, at Andrew's instance, had hurried from his home in Maine, to be at hand if the worst befell. They found General Wool chiefly concerned with providing food for the troops which had been projected toward Washing-

[1] From Andrew's telegram to Boutwell.

[2] *Sixty Years in Public Affairs*, by George S. Boutwell, vol. i. p. 285.

ton. He knew that the city was inadequately provisioned, and to avert the threatened famine he had begun to ship thirty thousand rations a day. Boutwell offered the assistance of Massachusetts in this work, and telegraphed to Forbes and Andrew: "Send without delay a steamer with provisions for Genl. Butler's command at Annapolis. She must be armed."[1] Wool readily gave his authority to Andrew to garrison the forts in Boston Harbor, and the men in New York were of opinion, as Boutwell wrote to Andrew, "that you should take the responsibility of furnishing and arming three vessels for the protection of the coast. It is agreed that you can exercise the power, under the circumstances, better than anyone else." Having accomplished so much, Boutwell contented himself with sending the letters which Andrew had entrusted to him to Washington by one of Scott's aides, who, more adventurous than he, was determined to push through along the way made by Butler's army.

Even before General Wool's permission to garrison the harbor forts reached the State House, the Governor had acted. On April 24, he ordered the Fourth Battalion, under the command of Major Thomas G. Stevenson, to Fort Independence. A few days later another battalion went to Fort Warren, and a major-general of militia was given command of both forts. These troops contained the crack companies of Boston, and were composed of men who

[1] For the enterprise which this telegram set on foot, *vide infra*, p. 215.

could afford to take a month's vacation in this way, and then go back to their usual employments.[1]

By the morning of April 25, the first mail from Washington had reached Boston, but to the State House it brought no instructions. The war spirit of the North was still increasing; if only the voice of leadership could direct it from Washington, what wonders might not be accomplished! Instead of this there was nothing but blank silence. The Governor, eager to impart to the national leaders something of the fire of patriotism with which he was surrounded, and impatient at Boutwell's delay in New York, must needs send another messenger close upon his heels. The beginning of Andrew's letter of introduction to his friend Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster-General, shows his wish to quicken the Administration.[2]

[1] When one of these battalions resented an addition to the garrison of a more miscellaneous nature, the Governor wrote to Major-General Andrews making short work of their exclusiveness. "I understand Col. Clark's regiment of Volunteers wishes to get into Fort Warren, is ready to go, and needs to go; — but that some objection is made on the score of room. As the fort is built for a war garrison of 8000 men, I think this is an obstacle of the imagination only. And if anyone feels crowded, he may apply to me, and I will find an easy method of relief. Please use the fort for the public service as amply as possible. If the men's rations are supplied, I have no doubt about the room. Therefore heed no objections of the sort."

[2] With Montgomery Blair, still more with his father, Francis P. Blair, Andrew was in correspondence throughout the war. He had made their acquaintance, probably, in his July trip to Washington in 1859. Their Republicanism was of a decidedly moderate and border-state stripe, — their home was at Silver Spring, Maryland, just outside the limits of the District of Columbia, — and the elder Blair was interested in politics less on the ideal than on what is known as the

Hon. Dwight Foster, our Attorney-General, will hand you this note, with my full commendation of Mr. F. as a gentleman with whom you can take counsel, finding him full of the fire and hard working zeal of Massachusetts. *How long — oh Lord — how long, will they delay our People.*

The same energy is compressed into the letter which he wrote to Cameron : —

April 25.

. . . I desire . . . to say that we can send to you four thousand more troops from Massachusetts within a very short time after the receipt of a requisition for them.

Do you wish us to send men as we may be able to get them ready, without awaiting requisitions? And can we send by sea up the Potomac? Cannot the river be kept open and safe to Washington? What shall we do, or what do you wish us to do, about provisioning our men? Is Fort Monroe supplied with provisions?

Will you authorize the enlistment here and mustering into the U. S. service of Irish, Germans and other tough men, to be drilled and prepared here for

"practical" side; nevertheless, Andrew established extremely sympathetic relations with them. He was constantly explaining his own conduct for their benefit, seeking their advice, and invoking their assistance. Francis P. Blair, Senior, who was a man of threescore and ten at the beginning of the war, had been the Mentor of Jackson's administration and sought to be the Nestor of Lincoln's. He and his wife felt a strong personal regard for Andrew, which Andrew returned as heartily. In his trips to Washington during the war he rarely failed to see them, and he frequently stayed at their house. He used to say of Mr. and Mrs. Blair that when they sat beside their wood-fire in the evening and talked a thing over, and agreed about it, they were pretty sure to be right.

service? We have men of such description, eager to be employed, sufficient to make three regiments.

Finally, will you direct some general instructions and suggestions to be sent to me as to anything — no matter what or how much — which you may wish from Massachusetts, and procure General Scott also to do so, and we will try to meet, so far as may be, every wish of the Government up to the very limit of our resources and our power.

Will you put the 6000 rifles, now at the U. S. Arsenal at Watertown at our disposal for our men, and send *immediately* orders for that purpose?

Foster, tarrying in New York to see General Wool, reported, with wonderful disregard of telegraphic condensation, the information and impressions that he had received from the interview.

. . . New York has sent up to this time five thousand four hundred troops, and by Tuesday next will send four thousand more. Three regiments from Connecticut are nearly ready, — two thousand four hundred. New Jersey claims to have four regiments nearly ready, — three thousand two hundred. Notwithstanding all this, it seems to be the strong desire of every one here that more men should go from Mass. without waiting for a requisition. General Wool says if you telegraph to him whether you shall send two more regiments, he will answer, "Yes." I have seen him, and he appears well, but very much overworked and worn out, and twenty years older than he should be for the occasion. . . . The universal cry is the Government is far behind the people. The praise of the Old Bay State is in every mouth, and the repetition of the half said of her Governor to you would be flattery.

This was on Saturday, April 27. A direct telegram from the Governor to General Wool brought in response the promised requisition for two more regiments. An old Boston regiment, the First, was ordered to be in readiness; the work of grouping new companies into regimental organizations was pushed on. At the same time an attempt was made to get *ex post facto* sanction from the still mute authorities at Washington. There was, however, little hope of success. Governor Boutwell had been last heard from at Havre-de-Grace on Friday, whence he had taken steamer for Annapolis; Foster, it was known, was a day behind him. It was still necessary for the men in New York and Boston to act for themselves.

Act for themselves they must, and for others also. To the other governors in New England Andrew became the fountain-head of advice and authority. "In order not to disappoint our daughter Commonwealth of Maine," he wrote to General Wool, "we have loaned to that state some of our equipments and thereby have postponed ourselves." Services such as this for neighboring states made no small part of his work. "Under the circumstances you are war minister," telegraphed one man to him. The following message to General Wool shows the Governor's determination that some one should do the work of that office: —

April 30, 1861.

. . . I understand N. H. regiment is simply waiting for orders to move. Vt. is waiting by reason of some

hitch merely — though ready. Maine, perhaps, needs a hint. Conn., I heard, days ago, was prepared with 2 regts. Can't they receive a word from you. — I really want to see them on the march. But I shall start some more Mass. troops, without "waiting for manners" much longer. And I doubt not those States are *anxious* for orders. I know they are good and trusty.

The day of "manners" and red tape, however, was about to return. A brusque order to General Wool to go back to Troy, fortunately kept for three days in the mail-bag between Washington and New York, showed that the general government was picking up the threads of control.[1] The first intimation of this fact reached the Governor of Massachusetts in a letter from Boutwell. "I arrived in Washington

[1] This letter, which was the first official communication of any sort whatsoever that reached General Wool from the War Department, shows how the rule of red tape ignored gratitude to the man whose unofficial acts had helped to save Washington from starvation.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 28, 1861.

GENERAL, — The General-in-Chief directs me to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 25th instant and to say in reply that the very great necessity which exists for carrying out the business of the several staff departments with system, under their proper chiefs, compels him to request you will give no orders interfering with the purchase or issue of army supplies, such orders being, in all cases, dictated by the General-in-Chief himself. The General regrets your infirm health does not permit him to assign you to an important command away from your headquarters, and he recommends that you return to Troy to conduct the ordinary routine duties of your department and for the recovery of your health, known by him to be feeble.

I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

E. D. TOWNSEND,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

to-day," he wrote on Sunday, April 28, "after a journey of forty-eight hours from Philadelphia by Annapolis. There have been no mails from the North for a week; and you may easily understand that the mighty public sentiment of the free States is not yet fully appreciated here. The President and Cabinet are gaining confidence and the measures of the Administration will no longer be limited to the defence of the Capital." He then gave a report of the interviews that he had had with members of the Cabinet, and of the war measures that were proposed. He described the wholesome effect produced by the Northern soldiers on the state of public feeling in Maryland, told briefly the story of Butler's march from Annapolis, and gave some account of the condition of the Massachusetts regiments in Washington. In addition to this private information, came the public rumor that President Lincoln was to make a new call for soldiers. At first the number was given out as 25,000 men for two years, then as 40,000 men for three years. No sooner had the report appeared in the papers than Andrew instructed Governor Boutwell to ask that Massachusetts be allowed to furnish two regiments, — a request that was promptly granted. This permission naturally put an end to preparations for sending off the two additional regiments as three months' men. On May 3, the President's proclamation was made, and on Saturday, the next day, was issued from the War Department the plan of organization of the volunteer forces thus called into existence. From this time on

the state governments had always to act with the knowledge that, for better or for worse, military affairs were directed from Washington.

When, out of a whirl and turmoil of events lasting for more than three weeks, an attempt is made to construct a coherent narrative, it is next to impossible to present in his true relation the man whose mind and will dominated all, and to make him stand out in the narrative as he stood out in the fact. The act of decision is single and of the instant; the train of consequences that it creates is complex and prolonged. Thus inevitably the latter gets a share of explanation beyond its deserts; it must be left to the discerning reader not to forget the true proportion between the man and the acts that he creates. Still, some help may be given by mere mention of isolated deeds of minor importance which sprang from Andrew's authority and received his care. For example: the State Arsenal at Cambridge, suddenly supposed to be in danger, perhaps from Southerners at the law school, was guarded for a month, at his request, by students of Harvard College; the State School-ship, fitted out with four six-pounders, he stationed at the entrance of the harbor to challenge suspected vessels; he caused the cannon belonging to Massachusetts to be rifled, and by every messenger to Washington he urged the same course on the War Department. He sent word to Captain Hudson, at the Charlestown navy-yard, to detain all officers who would not take the oath of allegiance to the

Constitution. With characteristic ardor he followed up every rumor of the presence and work of traitors, even going so far as to warn the Governor-General of Canada of a suspicious vessel on Lake Ontario.

Saturday, May 4, marked the end of the third week of the war. Work went on at the State House without interruption and at unrelieved pressure; but the men there felt that the first milestone had been passed, though they knew not at what hour of the day or night. In their memory those early weeks became set apart forever. Some of the characteristics that helped thus to distinguish that time, — the tension of work, the confusion, the exuberance of spirit, the sudden revelation all about them of a people filled with the spirit of pure patriotism, the uplifting of the soul, — are preserved in the words of two of the Governor's aides, and of Andrew himself.

Early Tuesday morning [wrote Henry Lee[1]] four regiments reported, marching in sleet and rain. From that hour till the dawn of Sunday, the 21st April, we all had to work night and day, and, assuming the rôles of armorers, quarter-masters, commissaries, to obtain from raw officers the list of arms, clothing, equipments, and rations required: to collect and distribute or pack and forward and invoice these, to organize a Medical Board to examine surgeons and provide them with their instruments and supplies, to engage steamers and railroads to transport the troops, and finally to accompany the Governor as he presented to them the standards under which

[1] MS Reminiscences.

they were sent forth and spoke words of encouragement and thanks. It is wonderful that the preparations were so complete considering the rawness of all. It was the pressure that did it. The prompt response of Massachusetts, whose sons had chiefly promoted the irrepressible conflict, fused the whole country into a glow of patriotism.

The memory of his witty words [said Sargent[1] of the Governor], laughter that was almost articulate with mirth, and his cheery shout of merriment at some pronounced absurdity, reminds me how much his sunshine lightened labor in these early days of the rebellion: when matters were so hurried that the aides would follow the soldiers of moving regiments down the steps, to tighten some buckle of belt or knapsack, or to thrust percussion caps into the pocket! In the offices, crammed to suffocation with every applicant and contrast — the charitable and the selfish, the sublime and the grotesque — there was food for mirth as well as sadness. There were sutlers seeking an outfit, and saints with bandages and lint; English officers tendering their service, and our regulars giving good advice; inventors of new-fangled guns, pistols, and sabres, only dangerous to their possessor, and which the inventors threatened to sell to the Confederacy if we did not buy them; gentlemen far gone in consumption, desiring gentle horseback exercise in cavalry; ladies offering to sew for us; needlewomen begging us not to let ladies take the bread from soldiers' wives; philanthropists telling us that Confederate workmen, in our arsenals, were making up cartridges with black sand instead of powder; saddlers proposing sole

[1] Speech at the exercises in dedication of the Andrew Monument at Hingham, October 8, 1875.

leather cuirasses shaped like the top of a coffin; bands of sweet-eyed, blushing girls bringing in nice long nightgowns "for the poor soldiers."

I may testify [and these are the words of Andrew[1]] to the impressions stamped forever on our memories and our hearts, by that great week in April, when Massachusetts rose up at the sound of the cannonade of Sumter, and her Militia Brigade, springing to their arms, appeared on Boston Common. It redeemed the meanness and the weariness of many a prosaic life. It was the revelation of a profound sentiment, of manly faith, of glorious fidelity, and of a love stronger than death. Those were days of which none other in the history of the war became the parallel. And when, on the evening of the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, there came the news along the wires that the Sixth Regiment had been cutting its way through the streets of Baltimore, whose pavements were reddened with the blood of Middlesex, it seemed as if there descended into our hearts a mysterious strength, and into our minds a supernal illumination. . . . Never after did any news so lift us above ourselves, so transform earthly weakness into heavenly might. . . . The great and necessary struggle had begun, without which we were a disgraced, a doomed, a ruined people. We had reached the parting of the ways, and we had not hesitated to choose the right one.

[1] At the dedication of the Ladd and Whitney Monument in Lowell, June 17, 1865.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE REGIMENTS OF 1861

Although it was not till May 7 that public communication between Philadelphia and Washington by way of Perryville and Annapolis was opened, the special messengers whom Andrew had sent to Washington furnished him a fairly regular and entirely sure line of communication. One difficulty in dealing with the national government being thus removed, a much more serious difficulty was at once apparent. Not one of the departments in Washington was in condition to run smoothly; resignations of Southern sympathizers occurred every day, and the new Republican appointees were unfamiliar with even the routine of their duties. The War Department was in the worst case of all. General Scott was a valetudinarian; his staff of officers, when the Southerners had resigned, were, almost to a man, the slaves of bureaucratic methods, — unprepared for emergency and incompetent to cope with it; Simon Cameron, the Secretary of War, a thorough-going politician, had no special capacity for administration, and, what was worse, had been associated with men whose honesty was "doubtful beyond a doubt." As a consequence of this state of things, Massa-

chusetts, having sent off far too promptly four thousand men, now found that she had on her hands the task of maintaining them in the field, — a quasi-hostile country some four hundred and fifty miles away.

The first summons to this new piece of work came in the telegrams to Andrew and Forbes which ex-Governor Boutwell sent from New York immediately after his conference with General Wool and Vice-President Hamlin.[1] Forbes, who had foreseen that something of the sort would have to be done and had already obtained from the Governor and Council authority to procure a month's rations for the troops, was now intrusted with the work of engaging a steamer. Within twenty-four hours he secured two boats, the Cambridge and the Pembroke; the Council agreed at once to his proposition that these should be bought, — the State paying one half, the other half being raised by subscription; and for the necessary funds the State accepted a loan from the banks in Boston. Then for a week ensued a bustle of preparation that made itself felt in kitchens and bakeries all about Boston. Volunteer effort was the means here, as in everything else, and when a suburban town was called upon to boil hams, it went to work with a will. A cargo containing not only full supplies of beef, pork, and pilot bread, but cheese and preserved meats by the ton, tea, coffee, sugar, and pickles by the barrel, with candles, beans, dried apples, beets, onions, potatoes, and tobacco thrown in,

[1] *Vide ante*, p. 203.

is a speaking testimony to zeal rather than to discretion, and reveals better than pages of exposition the state of mind of the people before they had settled down to the business of war. The guns deemed necessary for the Cambridge — since Confederate privateers were likely to be lurking about the entrance to the Chesapeake — were provided from the Charlestown Navy-yard. The steamer carried a company of militia to strengthen the Third Battalion at Annapolis, and on her return trip was to bring back sick or discharged soldiers. Though she cleared for Annapolis, she was instructed, if the Potomac proved safe, to push up to Washington; for with the men at the State House it was a point of pride that Massachusetts, having been first to reach the capital by land, should also be first by sea.

To see that these supplies went in safety, more agents were needed; besides, from some of the regiments complaints of discomfort and privation were coming in, and Andrew wished a report from persons whose judgment he could trust. Accordingly he sent Dr. Howe and Judge E. R. Hoar of the Supreme Court in the steps of Boutwell and Foster, charging Howe also with an investigation into the health of the soldiers and Judge Hoar with the task of inducing the government to take the Cambridge and the Pembroke off the hands of the State, and to reimburse it for its expenses. Howe sent back a vivid account of the carelessness of the soldiers in sanitary matters and of the lack of proper provision in that direction on the part of the regular army.

There is more need [he said] of a *health officer* than of a chaplain: but the U. S. knows no such officer.

Soap! soap! soap! I cry but none heed.

I wish some provision could be made for army washer-women: they are more needed than nurses.[1]

Judge Hoar, in an energetic and entertaining letter conspicuously headed *Private — Unofficial — Personal and Confidential*, set down the unvarnished truth about Butler and his colonels. The Brigadier, he wrote, in spite of "his fidelity and zeal, and high capacity shewn in trying emergencies, is not a man of method or system — expects to do what he pleases, or the best he can, with everything when it turns up — and lets the morrow care for the things of itself." Furthermore, Butler had already left Washington to curb rebellion in Baltimore. As to the two Massachusetts colonels left in the capital, one was "a *very young* gentleman who seems to have very little of the confidence of his officers or men, who has almost everything to learn;" the other, "an old gentleman of courage, patriotism and zeal, is understood to have brought with him in the hurry of leaving only about brains enough to command a single company." "Now the plain truth ought to be told," he continued, — "and I therefore tell it, — that if delay, waste, loss, and confusion are not to attend the custody and distribution of Massachusetts supplies, there ought to be an agent, with brains, energy, sense, and business skill, employed

[1] Howe to Andrew, May 7, 1861.

to take charge of things . . . The 6th Reg. have left their quartermaster here, to get and send after them their share of what comes by the Cambridge — but from previous experience I should fear that Pennsylvania men would be full as likely to get a large proportion in the end." To fill this position, Hoar recommended Charles Russell Lowell, Jr., a Harvard graduate and a member of a well-known family in Boston, who was in Washington trying to obtain a commission in the regular army. Forbes, in whose employment Lowell had once been, heartily seconded Hoar's proposal, and soon Massachusetts affairs in Washington were well managed by a man on the ground.

For a time, while this matter of a regular agent was arranging itself, Andrew met in silence the volume of complaint which was rolling in upon all sides. But when a sharp letter from Henry Wilson, declaring that the Massachusetts troops were "*far* inferior in uniform and in equipments to the troops of other states," and bidding him "for the good name of our State see to it that our men in the field are fitted out well," reached the State House, Andrew could no longer contain himself. He caused Albert Browne to prepare a reply, in which the secretary's full exposition of the facts alternated with bursts of indignation dictated by the Governor. After reciting the means taken by the Massachusetts officials to equip and provision the militia, the letter proceeded to fix the blame for mismanagement.

But *it is the serious and important duty of the officers of the various regiments to report to him* [the Governor] *what they need, — fully and frequently, — in order that he may know what to furnish;* and it is a matter of disgust to him that men who neglect their duty by neglecting to make such reports, should reproach their Commonwealth for not supplying what it is not advised from any source is needed. His Excellency is entirely satisfied that almost all the suffering and inconvenience to which our gallant troops have been subjected, has been caused by the inefficiency and inexperience of their officers. For instance Col. ——'s regiment . . . on the voyage from New York to Annapolis was allowed to suffer from want of blankets when 1100 had been provided for 800 men; and provisions of the value of more than $5000 which were shipped on the Ariel and De Soto for their benefit were so carelessly looked after that they were taken and distributed among Pennsylvania troops.

Having justified himself in the matter of the state troops, Andrew could not forbear freeing his mind about the slowness of the national government.

His Excellency requests that you will not misconstrue his motives in expressing himself with this warmth of feeling. He does not mean to cast any reflection on such efforts as have undoubtedly been made by yourself and others in behalf of this Commonwealth; but he does mean to express the indignant surprise with which he perceives that other States received at the hands of the Federal Government more consideration than Massachusetts; and that surprise reaches its climax when he is compelled to recognize that Boston Harbor is undefended by a

single gun which bears on the ship channel; that so far as Federal armament is concerned she has no protection — absolutely none — against an attack from the sea; that the only guns mounted in any of the forts are those only in Fort Independence which command the city; and that in answer to his representations of these facts to the Federal Government and request that an engineer officer may be sent on to examine the condition of these forts and provide for their armament, he meets with either silence or with positive refusal, and that he is even denied by the Secretary of War permission *to clean* Fort Warren at the expense of the State so as to render it healthy and comfortable for the volunteer troops to be placed there.

The necessity of setting the public right on these matters now seemed grave enough to warrant Andrew's taking some further steps. As a counterblast to the tales of cruel privation narrated every day by anonymous "citizen-soldiers" in the less reputable newspapers of Boston, Andrew asked Charles Sumner's young friend, Edward L. Pierce, who had left his lawyer's desk and joined the ranks of the Third Regiment, to write a report of the condition of the men at Fortress Monroe. He also requested Dr. Howe to consolidate his letters from Washington into a document which could be made public. On the showing of these two authoritative reports, ignorant fault-finding was silenced. "You may depend upon it," were Dr. Howe's words, "that when our boys come back, they will laugh heartily at the recital of the fears and sorrows excited among their papas and mammas by the stories of their privation and

sufferings on their first march to Washington." Real grievances, of course, there had been ; but these were mostly such as remedied themselves when once the dazed officers at Washington — both in the regular army and in the militia — had become adjusted to the situation. Then, when quartermasters had learned the mysteries of red tape, all things were opened unto them from regular rations to summer uniforms. Lowell, having interrogated the regimental quartermasters, sent back their answer to the State House: "Do tell our good Governor not to ask us to find *any more wants at present.*"

Indeed, the new criticism which came to be made bore rather heavily upon the indiscriminate lavishness of the State. When Forbes was obliged to forward to Fortress Monroe three hundred and thirty tons of ice given by a Boston firm, and a large quantity of fresh meat, the present of the market-men of Quincy Market, he roundly declared the cargo to be "frills." As to all such superfluities, Dr. Howe's report did not mince matters.

The invoice of articles sent by the Cambridge and other vessels for our troops, contains articles hardly dreamed of even by general officers in actual war. Hundreds of chests of Oolong teas, tons of white crushed sugar, and then a whole cargo of ice! . . . Many of these things will have to be left behind when the troops go into the field. Their principal value (and that is priceless) is as a testimony of the patriotism, zeal and generosity of the men and women who felt that they must do something for the cause.[1]

[1] Schouler, vol. i. p. 154.

The militiamen's brief day of glory was already on the wane; their duty was done when they reached Washington and Fortress Monroe. After President Lincoln's call of May 3 for 42,000 men to serve for three years or less as United States Volunteers, it became plain that whoever had a taste for fighting must enlist in that service. To finish up the affairs of the three months' regiments in Washington, Mr. Charles H. Dalton took the place of Lowell, who, with a captain's commission in the Sixth Regiment of United States Cavalry, had entered upon his distinguished career as a soldier. In spite of the fair promises that Lincoln and the Secretaries of War and of the Navy had given Judge Hoar, the negotiations for the disposal of the vessels of the irregular navy of Massachusetts had barely entered upon the first stage. The Pembroke was unfortunately worthless as an armed transport; but, thanks to Mr. Dalton's persistency and address, the government consented to take the Cambridge. It also accepted the bill for other expenses incurred by the State in the first weeks of the war without the sanction of red tape, and even made a handsome payment on account. Meanwhile, on Andrew's assurance that the federal government would reimburse the State, the Legislature at a special session in May created a Union Fund of $3,000,000 for the payment of these expenses and whatever others might be incurred.[1]

[1] On May 14, Andrew reported the indebtedness of the State to be $267,000 for expenses already incurred, $100,000 for outstanding contracts, £50,000 for the purchase of arms abroad. Besides creating the Union Fund, the Legislature authorized the Governor, in case of

Thus the record of the three months' men was made up.

During the time of uncertainty as to the basis on which soldiers would be accepted by the national government, the war fever took its course in several forms. Some militia companies and battalions of established reputation, such as the New England Guards, went into camp in the forts in Boston Harbor; the First Regiment of militia also went into camp; another regiment, hastily formed from companies old and new about Boston, was sent to Fort Warren. Other opportunities for enlistment were the regiment which Fletcher Webster had begun to raise as early as April 21, and Gordon's crack regiment, to obtain the acceptance of which by Cameron, Wilder Dwight and George L. Andrews had travelled to Washington as soon as the way was open. The ranks of the Webster Regiment, however, had been filled in three days; and since the standard of Gordon's regiment was to be that of the United States Regular Army, and the men were to have no part in the selection of officers, enlistment in it appealed only to a special class of men. The ordinary type of recruit, therefore, joined one of the unattached militia companies that ambitious young men, with their eyes on captaincies and lieutenancies, were raising in every town and village throughout the

emergency, to issue scrip to the amount of $7,000,000. A further financial service of Massachusetts to the Union at the beginning of the war was done by the banks in guaranteeing the six per cent. loan of the national government. The loan was for $14,000,000, of which $5,000,000 was taken in Massachusetts.

State. Of these troops the only regiments besides Gordon's which had the promise of service were the First Regiment and the regiment at Fort Warren. When Lincoln's call for volunteers was announced the pressure upon the Adjutant-General's office became so great that Andrew exerted himself with all his might to have the quota of Massachusetts, as yet undecided, fixed at six regiments. He telegraphed to Judge Hoar to press the request upon Cameron, and in scriptural fervor of language wrote a letter to Montgomery Blair, as being "my personal friend who may speak for me and my people to the President and in the Cabinet." The whole State was enlisted for the war, and he urged upon Blair the importance of taking advantage of this enthusiasm to make the fight short and sharp.

In contrast to the energy displayed by Andrew, the attitude of the Administration, or at any rate of the War Department, was persistently lukewarm. This was to be a little war, a gentle war, — in fact, almost no war at all. The fewer the troops and the shorter their term of enlistment, the better for the speedy restoration of the Union. "In answer to my urgent representations about the six Massachusetts regiments for the War," wrote Judge Hoar, Mr. Cameron "said that none could be received at present, and that he could give no promise or encouragement for the future. I asked Mr. Chase if he could help us, and he said he was afraid he could not, as he had been trying to get Cameron to receive

ten regiments from Ohio, and had succeeded in getting him to accept only three." [1]

As long as the Secretary persisted in this refusal and at the same time failed to assign any definite quota under Lincoln's call, Andrew was at a standstill. The impossible situation in which he found himself is well described by Schouler.

At this time, there were, in Massachusetts, upwards of ten thousand men organized into companies. They had enlisted as militia; they now pressed forward to the State authorities to be accepted and organized as volunteers for three years. The Governor could not accept them; could not muster them; could not encourage them, further than with kind words, until answers were received from Washington to messages which he had sent, asking that they might be accepted. Days passed on; no requisitions came. The companies held to their organizations; paraded the streets, partly for drill, but chiefly to pass the time. . . . They pressed daily to the State House; the Governor wrote and telegraphed again and again to Washington, beseeching the Secretary to accept the services of men anxious to serve their country.[2]

To meet in part the difficulties of the case, the General Court, then in special session, passed at the Governor's request an act providing for the establishment of camps up and down the State, into which the street-parading companies might be gathered, and where they might be put under military discipline and instruction. That sooner or later these men

[1] Schouler, vol. i. p. 148. [2] Ibid. vol. i. p. 165.

would be needed Andrew had not the slightest doubt. Forty-two thousand volunteers was a number totally inadequate either to express Northern patriotism or to crush Southern rebellion.

Before the Encampment Act was passed, however, some measure of relief had come from the War Department. On May 22 the Governor received the first announcement of the Massachusetts quota as six regiments. "It is important," added Cameron, still under the influence of his fixed idea, "to reduce rather than enlarge this number, and in no event to exceed it. Let me earnestly recommend you . . . if more are already called for, to reduce the number by discharges."[1] Andrew and his aides now had the invidious task of selecting, from among nearly two hundred companies, the thirty which should form the three additional regiments allowed by the War Department. It must be said that the rôle of official discourager of patriotism on behalf of a government attacked by rebels Andrew modified as much as possible. In the face of Cameron's instructions to the contrary he put into camp five militia regiments, — the maximum number permitted by the Encampment Act. Of the men still unprovided for, six companies went to New York, the quota of which was much larger in proportion than

[1] The date of this inexcusably delayed letter is May 15. In addition to the six regiments, the two regiments promised to Boutwell (see p. 209) were allowed ; but, with characteristic perversity on Cameron's part, were still referred to as being for three months instead of three years, — a condition which, of course, rendered the permission valueless.

that of Massachusetts, to join the so-called "Mozart Regiment" and Sickles' Brigade; three hundred men were enlisted at Fortress Monroe in a "Union Coast Guard Regiment;" still others were gathered in by agents from other states who set up recruiting stations in Massachusetts. In all, some three thousand men thus "went to swell the apparent contribution of other communities while lessening the ability of this State to meet any subsequent draft upon her military population."[1] At last, after three weeks of hard work, when the ranks were full and the disappointed had gone back to work or had migrated to some other State, an opening appeared of which Andrew eagerly took advantage. A letter from Horace Greeley urged him to send his views on the war to General Hiram Walbridge, "one of the most decided and radical democrats" of New York, who was doing his utmost to get the government to call for more troops. The reply which one of the Governor's aides sent, promising a regiment a week for the rest of the year, proved a strong card in General Walbridge's hand. He read it to the President, he sent extracts from it to the newspapers, and at last, in response to a second letter of Andrew's offering ten regiments to be sent fully equipped in forty days, was able to report that the Secretary of War had yielded. This news reached Boston on June 17. At last, it seemed, the Administration had

[1] Andrew's Address to the Legislature, January, 1864. These facts are necessary to a clear understanding of the difficulties which rose later over the quota of Massachusetts under this call. (See vol. ii. p. 135.

understood that its only possible course was to go forward with boldness. In a joyful letter of thanks to Walbridge, Andrew exclaimed: "I trust we shall see the end of this war in a year from the 19th of June, 1861, — and also that its conclusion will demonstrate the vitality of democratic republican government. . . . The beginning of an end, grand, glorious and sublime, is already here." With ten regiments added to six, and also Fletcher Webster's regiment, the independent acceptance of which by the War Department had been secured by his friends only after an appeal to Lincoln,[1] the military zeal of the State was more than satisfied. Stifling as far as possible their wrath at Cameron's misguided delay, the aides set to work doing again all that they had undone in the last month.

Andrew had decided that in the designation of regiments the numbers belonging to the militia should not be duplicated in the volunteer force. Accordingly the first group of six regiments consisted of the First, the Second, the Seventh, the Ninth, the Tenth, and the Eleventh. The Webster Regiment was the Twelfth, and the regiments in the group of ten were numbered consecutively from thirteen to twenty-two inclusive. The First left Boston on June 15; the next five went between that date and July 10; on July 24 the Webster Regiment marched down State Street, singing the John Brown song, — even then the North was beginning to understand what it was fighting for; by the end of

[1] *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Tarbell, vol. ii. p. 43.

the first week in August three more regiments had started on their way to the front. The disaster at Bull Run, however, so checked the zeal for recruiting that for some time the other seven regiments were at a standstill.

The labor which Andrew put into equipping, officering, and despatching these first volunteer regiments was enormous. It fretted him to be unable to pass upon every detail of their preparation, and the same passion of diligence which he himself felt he exacted of others. His attention to detail, given under a sense that every omission might mean the sacrifice of life, is shown in a confidential letter which he wrote — supremely regardless of military etiquette — to an officer in one of the first three years' regiments. Even more than this the letter reveals his yearning of sympathy for these young and untried soldiers, whether high or low in rank, known or unknown to him.

Dear ——: I followed the regiment through the streets, and tried hard at the Depot to find you and —— at the cars last evening to shake hands and say goodbye, but, in vain. I cdnt find in which car was the —— Company even; and I began and walked through the cars shaking hands along, but the train started and I had to jump off, in motion, before I had finished. . . . Allow me to beg of you all — officers of the field — to have a single eye to the *common good, happiness, success and welfare of the whole.*

Let no standing on etiquette or dignity, or nice points ever postpone the interests even of the hum-

blest private. Let each one think that the regiment depends on him, as much as if he was the only officer in it. And I pray you regard *every little thing* that makes for the comfort and convenience of the command, or that promotes its order or safety. A lynch pin out of a cart wheel and not supplied is fatal to the whole load, loses the cargo, and makes the cart and team as useless as if there were *none*. Every soldier shd be taught and *made* to care for and save all his property and implements, whether of war or convenience.

I think the regiment, if it fails at all, will fail for the want of that nice and regular discipline and care, which constitutes, in a trader the difference between a bankrupt and a thrifty business man and which in a household marks the odds between the good housekeeper and a disgusting slut. Col. —— seems to me to think a regiment mainly intended for exhibiting a dress-parade, which is after all, to a *regiment*, just about what making a handsome bow is to a *man*. It is a proper accomplishment and properly comes in on receiving or parting with your host or your guest and on occasions of ceremony; but it wont stand in the stead of yr dinner when hungry, nor packing your trunk and getting yr ticket for a journey. . . .

I think Col. ——, under the excitement of battle or *great* duties is likely to [do] his best. I am more afraid of his failure by the weakness of not comprehending the value of details, and not understanding that all the victories of Life have to be won by preparation long before the battle itself begins. A man must *see* a thing in his mind, before he can *do* it with his hand; and unless he has seen every step of the process he has not seen it at all.

Professor Cleaveland[1] lectured on chemistry at Bowdoin College for *fifty years;* and yet, year after year the grand and charming old man whose memory brings tears to my eyes while I write his name, — patiently worked out every experiment in his laboratory before exhibiting it to his class, and would not believe that he could perform it successfully this year, until he had *tried* it by testing every process and manipulating it anew — though he had done the same thing a hundred times before — today was always given wholly to its own work. And in fifty years the tradition is that he never failed before his class. What an example and what a happiness there is in such a faithful, devoted, dutiful life. Shallow men may think glory is won by showy action, like a vapid actor tearing passion into tatters close to the foot-lights. But *you*, I know, are not misled by any such folly; though to *you* as to *me* it is always possible not to remember that such notions are always hanging at the door of the wisest and may catch even them.

If you ever read through this long and tiresome sermon, you will see, I hope, in it the evidence of the personal interest and watchful, heart-felt affection, which ought to be entertained by a friend, whose acquaintance has been an intimacy of years. — With every good wish and fervent blessings, believe me, faithfully and always

Yours

JOHN A. ANDREW.

The Governor's direct responsibility in the work of raising the volunteer regiments was the selection of commissioned officers, that is: the Field, — colonel,

[1] Parker Cleaveland, professor at Bowdoin from 1805 to 1858.

lieutenant-colonel, and major; the Staff, — adjutant, quartermaster, surgeon, and assistant-surgeon;[1] and the Line, — a captain and two lieutenants to each of the ten companies. This task, which soon proved to include the filling of all vacancies even after the regiment had been mustered into the United States service, was beyond all question the heaviest of his burdens. It required infinite pains; it could not be performed according to a strictly ideal standard; and the admixture of praise and blame returned to him was in a most discouraging proportion.

The selection of colonels was naturally of the first importance. At the outset, Andrew, setting his standard high, applied to Scott for officers from the regular army. When his request was refused on the ground that these men were needed to officer the new United States regiments, he scoured the country for Massachusetts men of West Point education who were now in civil life. Then he looked for militia officers, particularly those who had distinguished themselves in the three months' service. The two civilian colonels — Fletcher Webster and Henry Wilson — had recruited regiments on "independent acceptances." The only questions that Andrew asked about a man were as to his loyalty to the government and his fitness to be an officer. He

[1] The other member of the Staff, the chaplain, was commissioned by the Governor, but appointed by the colonel. Clergymen anxious for the position displayed a density in apprehending this fact that is almost incredible. The patience of the Governor's secretaries was severely tried in putting numberless ministerial applicants on the right track.

refused, in spite of appeals from some of his friends, to give a command to Caleb Cushing; he pursued the same course with regard to Jonas H. French, a well-known Democrat who had been conspicuous among the "broadcloth rowdies," at the anti-slavery meeting in January.[1] On the other hand, he gave a colonelcy to a West Point graduate of proved ability in spite of protests from people who objected to some facts in the man's domestic history. By applying the two tests of loyalty and fitness Andrew was able to exercise his duty impartially and to compass as great a degree of success as was possible.

It must not be supposed, however, that he attained to this inexorable method except at the cost of bitter experience. The disaster which followed his first divergence from the narrow way for the sake of pleasing others brought a swift punishment from which he was wise enough to profit at once. When one of the militia regiments enlisted in a body for

[1] A story which Chandler tells (p. 111) shows how strong was the pressure upon Andrew to appoint French, and how firm Andrew was in resisting it.

"Many citizens came to the State House to ask for the commission: 'The Irish would enlist under this man.' It was of no use. Later, a large delegation of leading men came in a body, resolved to get the commission. They labored with the Governor two hours. He was courteous, but firm. They withdrew into an anteroom for consultation, and soon after returned with this suggestion: 'If we go home and come tomorrow and bring old Governor Lincoln with us, and he will endorse this man, will you commission him?' The Governor rose up, and bringing his fist down on the table, said: 'Gentlemen, if he was as good a soldier as Julius Cæsar, and you should bring an angel from heaven to indorse him, knowing what I do, I would not commission him!'"

three years, it was natural that its colonel, who owed his position to regimental election, should expect a commission from the Governor. Andrew, though he liked the man and knew him to be well-meaning and honest, still doubted his ability to control the regiment. For all that, to displace him would be an act of severity to which Andrew had not yet steeled himself, and he took the easier course. The regiment had not been in camp two weeks before complaints of its colonel began to reach the State House. The unfitness of the appointment was seen of all men when, on a hot day in June, he marched his men through the streets of Boston with their overcoats on, and a few days later, in the even warmer climate of Washington, repeated the performance. His apology was that the uniforms, of a very poor quality of goods which he had himself ordered, were so badly torn and patched that they must be covered up at all hazards. The Governor's wrath exploded in a startlingly unofficial letter to the chaplain of the regiment: "In the name of sense and decency can't —— *resign?* His *overcoat* march in Boston nearly drove me mad, and its repetition in Washington is too much even for a fool to do, or a saint to bear." To resign, however, was the last intention of the deluded colonel. When Sumner and some other Massachusetts men in Washington went to the camp of the regiment to extort his resignation, they were met with the excited declaration that he "would sooner blow his brains out." Nothing could then be done but appeal to the President, who cut the

Gordian knot by nominating the colonel a brigadier-general. Andrew's abasement was complete. "I made an inexcusable blunder in appointing him," he wrote to Sumner. "I knew better, because my own opinion was against it; and I did not follow *my own* judgment but the prevailing opinion about me."

Another error, into which Andrew was fairly driven by press of circumstances, was that of giving a colonelcy to a superannuated militia officer who had been retired to the position of major-general. It was almost the last colonelcy vacant, good material was scarce, and the regiment was needed in a hurry at Washington. So to this major-general, who was irreverently known to the Governor's staff as "the old critter," the command was given. In the hope of redeeming so manifestly inadequate an appointment, Andrew gave the lieutenant-colonelcy to a former officer of the Italian army whose fine record and high pretensions had made a great impression on him. As it soon became apparent that the colonel was neither brave nor honest, and that the lieutenant-colonel, a strict disciplinarian and somewhat excitable in temper, could not manage Yankee volunteers, the plight of the regiment may be better imagined than described.

Through such mistakes as these two, as well as through his successful appointments, Andrew came soon to learn that he must above all else act for himself. Writing to a correspondent on the subject of military appointments, he said: —

Besides there are, in making appointments a thousand considerations which it is one's duty to weigh, who has the burden of decision; but which others on whom it does not rest will never much regard nor appreciate. My experience thus far has taught me, what I did not at first feel in its real weight, namely, that I must do my own thinking — that no other mortal *will* do it for me; that others, in advising me, almost invariably, unconsciously or otherwise, do it from an entirely different point of view from my own, — which is that of my own personal, unavoidable and ever pursuing sense of responsibility for the safety, success and honor of our soldiers, and the credit of the State.

The selection of the ten captains and twenty lieutenants required for each regiment Andrew must needs make chiefly by deputy. The first seventeen regiments were in large measure composed of militia companies the officers of which had been already chosen. When a regiment was put into camp, these company officers were allowed to continue for the time being in command. As soon as colonel and lieutenant-colonel were commissioned, they went over the list of these men, and accepted or rejected them for permanent positions according to the ability which they had shown in camp. Every colonel also had access to a book kept by the Governor's aides in which were recorded the recommendations of every applicant for a commission; from this list he could choose a man to be tested sometimes by a fortnight in camp, sometimes by examinations. When the colonel had completed his roster he took it to the Governor, who

discussed it in consultation with his aides, and then, a few days before the regiment left the State, issued his commissions.

If it had been a simple matter of commissioning the fittest, the burden of this work would not have been excessive; what made it well nigh intolerable was the fact that opposition was almost always aroused when a militia captain or lieutenant was displaced. As a general rule, in every such instance charges of gross favoritism or threats of mutiny were sure to follow. A case of this sort is the story that General Miles tells. He had, he says, spent $3500 in recruiting a company, had been chosen captain by the men, commissioned by the Governor, and mustered in. After a short time, however, Andrew, on the plea that a man of twenty-one was too young to command a company, made him take a lower commission, in order, as General Miles says, that the captaincy might be given to a political friend of the Governor.[1] Again, in a case where it was found necessary to consolidate two companies, the men whose captain was sacrificed were so indignant that they refused to be sworn in under the other captain.[2] The state regimental histories show how strong was the feeling among the rank and file against what they deemed interference on the part of the Governor. "Experience proved," says the historian of the Ninth, with complacent conviction, "that it would have been better not to have interfered with the results of

[1] *Personal Recollections*, p. 30.

[2] *The Story of the Fifteenth Regiment*, p. 29.

company officers duly elected." [1] The protests of men who would apparently have been willing, whenever they lost an officer on the field of battle, to stop fighting in order to exercise the sacred right of the ballot, availed much at the State House for a time. As soon, however, as Andrew and his staff got a firm grip on the situation, they were no longer compliant, for they knew that with the war fever still high the mutinous threats of bumptious "citizen-soldiers" could be nothing but bluster. The testimony from the military point of view as to the worthlessness of many of these militia officers and the viciousness of the elective system is unanimous. "The charges of ignorance, inefficiency, physical inability, drunkenness and gross cowardice against many of them," wrote Harrison Ritchie to Charles Sumner early in August, "are too numerous and well supported not to prove the utter failure of this method of selection, as the true method of selecting men fitted to their posts. All of the superior officers in the service, all who have returned unite in the declaration that nothing can be hoped for or expected from the Volunteers, until all such officers are weeded out." "Carelessly, thoughtlessly elected, and even subsequently objected to by the very companies electing them," is Andrew's characterization of them. The whole difficulty was put into a nutshell in a phrase current at the State House. Their task was, the aides said, that of "changing a town meeting into a regiment." It was the same task which the nation, on a larger scale, had undertaken

[1] *History of the Ninth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers*, p. 20.

in waging war, and which was successfully accomplished only through the high and patient wisdom of its leader, who compelled the principles of democracy and efficiency to serve and to support each other.

Among the first seventeen three years' regiments, the single regiment which had no dealings with militia officers was the Second. According to the plan which Gordon proposed to Andrew and which Andrew approved on the fifteenth of April, every officer was to be selected by Gordon himself, and then received by the men and commissioned by Andrew without question. To Gordon, with his West Point training, the notion that the privates in a company should elect their captain was as absurd as that a roomful of school children should elect their teacher. His thorough-going military method he succeeded in carrying out. Securing as his officers young men of ability and education, a large proportion of them graduates of Harvard, he was able with their aid to build up a regiment which, even when it left the State, was no mean rival to a body of regulars. Though the Governor had passed his word not to interfere, he at first suggested names for the colonel's consideration, and once offered him two organized companies of Germans. Moreover, when Gordon demanded the resignation of one of his captains who was trying to ingratiate himself with a subordinate by means of a friendly glass, Andrew, believing the captain's act to be "of no significance," objected to Gordon's curt treatment of the offender.

In spite of protests, whether from Andrew or from anybody else, Gordon would not yield an iota. He knew that the difficulty with militia officers would soon be a crying one, and he believed that the Governor must eventually adopt the strictly military method of officering a regiment. For Andrew nothing could have been more salutary than this demonstration at the very outset of the world-wide difference between the two ways, and as Gordon dryly remarks in his account of the organization of the Second Regiment, he "grew rapidly in wisdom."

Nevertheless there was good cause why Gordon's method could not be generally followed. It disregarded not only the democratic demands of the volunteer, but also the impatience of both government and people. Because of its slowness, two young officers in the New England Guards, Thomas G. Stevenson and Francis A. Osborn, eager to form another such regiment as the Second, all summer besieged the executive rooms in vain. Every offer of command in the first seventeen regiments they conscientiously refused, holding out for their ideal with such persistency that Henry Lee dubbed them "military old maids." When, however, early in September, a call came for more troops, their claims were among the first to be recognized. At this time the need for haste was not so great, and thus the recruiting of the Twenty-Fourth, as this regiment was numbered, could be allowed to cover fully three months.

When the Massachusetts regiments had been for

some weeks at the front, Andrew's responsibility to the commissioned officers took a new form. Vacancies began to occur, and after the battle of Ball's Bluff, in which the Fifteenth and the Twentieth suffered heavy losses, he was beset by the difficulties arising from this source. At first the problem was complicated by the question of promotion from the ranks, — a cause of great disturbance to some young officers, who imagined that if a sergeant were commissioned second lieutenant their superiority would be contaminated. To the Governor's mind the question was not an open one, and he made short work of their scruples. As to the nice matter of promotions and readjustments among commissioned officers, it was a preposterous duty for a man to perform who was five hundred miles from the regiment and dependent for his guidance almost entirely upon written reports. Andrew, recognizing that the task was proper to the commander of the regiment, made announcement that he should try in every case to follow the colonel's recommendations. To guard against favoritism, however, he required the indorsement of the brigade commander upon each nomination by a colonel. This was the best that he could hope to do, and under this system throughout the war he made his appointments to vacancies in the field.

The only questions which Andrew asked about a candidate for military appointment, as has already been said, were with regard to his loyalty and his fitness to command. In respect to politics he drew a

sharp line between his civil and his military appointments. The affairs of the State were to be managed by the party in power; the Union could be saved only by the efforts of all parties. Thus, when the opposition newspapers accused him of selecting an undue number of Republicans as officers, the facts were all on his side. From the list which he caused his secretary to prepare and publish, it appeared that of the first fifteen colonels of volunteers "only one third at the utmost had voted for Mr. Lincoln for President, while more than one third had voted for Mr. Breckinridge." "When it is remembered," says the secretary, commenting upon the fact, "that the vote of Massachusetts for Lincoln in 1860 was more than one hundred and six thousand, while for Breckinridge it was only six thousand, the fact becomes more significant."[1] "Warrington," too, came to the rescue, and going by name through the list of colonels and also the list of Andrew's appointments on his own staff, with shrewd hits wherever a man's political record offered opportunity, demonstrated the baselessness of the complaint.

Though the cry of partisanship was thus easily disposed of, it was a different matter to deal with the belief that "Beacon Street" influence was too strong at the State House. Popular sentiment in the State was jealously sensitive of aristocratic leanings in one who had been elected as the people's governor; but though the class which Andrew trusted most was that known as the "plain people,"

[1] Browne, p. 82.

yet when it came to individuals he never considered that the presumption was in favor of a man of that class. For military office, indeed, he felt that there was a presumption in the other direction. He realized that a liberal education and inheritance of social traditions are likely to breed in a man not only mental flexibility but also that sense of superiority which is invaluable to those who would command. Among the young fellows of good Boston family, just graduated from Harvard or still under-graduates, he found what he wanted, — men who, though uninstructed in military matters, had been trained to learn. In choosing from among them, Andrew, unacquainted with either them or their families, relied mainly on the advice of Henry Lee, whose information about the families of Boston stretched back to colonial days, and who had had the men of the younger generation under his eye ever since they were breeched. Moreover, as Lee was a sure judge of men, no amount of "influence" availed with him when he knew the claimant to be unfit. Thanks to him, the Governor was able to get for many of his officers the best men of the best class. In the rosters of the Second, the Twentieth, and the Twenty-Fourth Infantry, and the First Cavalry, full of names that recall brave deeds of war and later deeds, no less brave, of peace, one finds all-sufficient explanation of the distinction which those regiments won. A further reason for Andrew's course in this matter was his resolution that the parents of these men, representative members of the

conservative class, should be held to the support of the war. At its beginning they had been swept off their feet and carried along in the rush of patriotism; they must not be allowed to fall behind. "Many a gallant young officer," writes Albert Browne, "went down from Massachusetts into Virginia to battle, an unconscious hostage for the loyalty of men at home, who in times of disaster might otherwise easily have fallen into indifference or opposition."[1] What seemed to some people a weak yielding to the influence of wealth and position was thus really the carrying out on Andrew's part of a deliberate policy which the event fully justified.

As the summer went on, recruiting in Massachusetts was at a standstill. Men were busy in the fields, and those who in June had been eager for war, having been once refused, had no mind to offer themselves again at present; the black disaster of Bull Run still overshadowed the North. The five regiments in camp lacked some 1700 men, and yet the daily returns from the recruiting officers for four of the regiments showed a total enlistment from the fourteenth to the sixteenth of August of only four men. Andrew, worn out by the hot weather and the long pull of work, which had never relaxed for an instant since the fifteenth of April, had taken to his bed. At this moment, when things were at their worst, came the news of one of those "scares" in Washington to which the Administration was

[1] Browne, p. 65.

subject throughout the war. It was the third of its kind since Andrew had been governor; it was by no means the last. According to the report which ex-Governor Boutwell sent to Andrew, the rebels were weaving a net-work about the city, and its capture was probable. "As in April, so now we must rely on your energy and forethought to supply the manifest deficiencies in the conduct of affairs at Washington." Telegrams from the War Department asked that the five regiments be sent on immediately. The feat seemed impossible; but everybody set to work with a will. The Governor, dragging himself up from Hingham, issued a proclamation urging the duty of enlistment, with a special appeal to the militia just coming back from their three months' service. Three regiments were sent off at once, on the twenty-second, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth of August, all of them without full numbers, and one of them without a colonel; a fourth went the next week, and the last, the Twentieth, upon which the Governor and his staff had lavished infinite care, a week later. Long before this, of course, the danger to Washington had been discovered to be purely imaginary; still the scare had had its use in stirring up recruiting. To help still further came General Thomas W. Sherman, with the request that Massachusetts furnish him five regiments to be part of an expedition to the coast of North Carolina. Finally, permission was given to Andrew to raise a regiment of cavalry, the most attractive arm of the service, and the work was

begun at once. All these were signs of hope; they meant that at Washington it had been decided to go forward.

Besides these greater labors, the Governor was all the time at work upon a thousand matters of organization and administration, for the conduct of business between the State House and the regiments in the field, and between the State House and the departments in Washington. The War Department was still trying to deal with the governors of twenty-two states according to the cut-and-dried methods by which it had managed a tiny army. Though Andrew could not bring about the radical changes which were necessary, he could do his utmost to get systematic attention to Massachusetts affairs, and in so far forth help to establish the method by which other governors should be dealt with. For example, he gave no peace to the Adjutant-General, Lorenzo Thomas, a man wedded to office routine, until that official sent him notifications of vacancies occurring in Massachusetts regiments. Without such notification Andrew could commission no new man to take the vacant place; yet, as he wrote to Thomas, "in no single instance" had "any such vacancy been so certified" to him.[1] In the same spirit he did his utmost to obtain from the Massachusetts colonels complete regimental rolls. The importance of perfect rolls lay in the fact that if a private's name was not found in its proper place, the man's family could not receive the monthly State Aid which the

[1] O. R., Series III. vol. i. p. 419.

Legislature had voted.[1] With the object of securing State Aid also to those men who had enlisted in the Mozart Regiment and elsewhere outside the State, Andrew made interminable efforts to get them transferred to Massachusetts regiments.

As he accepted this extra labor, — passing still upon every detail, — so he accepted the responsibility.

[1] The "Act in aid of the Families of Volunteers" passed by the Legislature at its final session in May provided for reimbursement by the State of any towns and cities which should, under certain conditions, give relief to the family of "anyone of their inhabitants, who, as a member of the volunteer militia of the state may have been mustered into or enlisted in the service of the United States."

For the sake of completeness and somewhat in defiance of chronology, it is well to mention here another means of help which was afforded to the families of soldiers and in which Andrew took the keenest interest. The United States Allotment System, which enabled soldiers to forego a portion of their monthly pay in favor of their families or friends, was inaugurated by Act of Congress in July, 1861. Andrew, to whom the idea was not new, immediately began discussing methods and urging his views at Washington; meanwhile he sent to the front agents to explain the system and bring home the men's allotments, so that, by the first part of October, while the departments at Washington were still discussing among themselves as to which should undertake all the trouble and expense involved in executing the law, three Massachusetts regiments had sent home from $16,000 to $20,000 each. It was Andrew, too, who got the Massachusetts savings banks to supplement this first imperfect federal system, and who, after the federal system had been improved, brought its workings in Massachusetts almost to perfection through the Legislature of 1862. After that, he tried to make Massachusetts people independent of the irregularity of the army pay-day by inducing the Legislature of 1863 to ask Congress for permission to advance their pay regularly to Massachusetts soldiers. This permission being refused in spite of all the persuasion that Andrew could bring to bear upon Congress, he and his assistants were once more obliged to take what pride they could in having done their best.

When an article in the *Post* attacked some members of his personal staff, he came hotfoot to their defence. In his blandest style he explained that there was more work than he himself could possibly do; that the State made no provision for performing it; that these gentlemen were giving their time gratuitously and in large measure. "The least duty that I can do," he wrote, "is to ask that *they* may not be rewarded by sarcasm and unkind remark. *Whatever is rightly done may be credited to any one;* but whatever is deemed worthy of blame, charge it to me, not to them." The days of irregularity and emergency were, however, nearly over. The appointment of McClellan as commander of the Army of the Potomac marked the beginning of broad organization at Washington, and before long Andrew was able to feel that the conduct of military matters, both as within the State and as between the State and the War Department, was established upon a permanent and satisfactory basis. If this hope should be disproved, the fault would be none of his making.

It was natural that in the first shot fired against Sumter Andrew should have heard the doom of slavery; and his Amen to the note which Dr. Howe sent him on the fifteenth of April was hearty and profound. Nevertheless, realizing that the first need was to build up a strong Union sentiment in the North, he for once in his life checked his tongue on the subject of slavery. When he was preparing his

message for the special session of the Legislature which was to meet on May 14, he sought advice from Washington as to what tone he should take upon national affairs. Montgomery Blair's blunt reply was to "drop the nigger." A rebellion against popular government was what the nation had to cope with, and to this end all the states — northern, western, and those along the border — must stand together. Taking this cue, Andrew, at the same time that he confirmed and strengthened the loyalty of his own people, was careful not to offend the loyalty of others. "This is no war of sections," he said, "no war of North on South. . . . It is the struggle of the People to vindicate their own rights, to retain and invigorate the institutions of their fathers . . . and therefore while I do not forget, I will not name to-day that '*subtle poison*' which has lurked always in our national system." When an excited discussion broke out in the Legislature over a motion to strike out the word "white" from the militia laws in order that the negro should no longer be debarred from military service, he put an end to the debate by proroguing the Legislature with all speed. Nevertheless, when at the end of August Frémont issued his proclamation emancipating the slaves in Missouri, Andrew welcomed it as giving "an impetus of the grandest character to the whole cause," and was willing for once to break through his rule of silence, and in an unofficial way to interpret its significance. He found his opportunity at a dinner in New York, given to the Twentieth Regiment, which was on its

way to the front. When called upon for a speech, he began by stirring the enthusiasm of the men on one point and another, praising this commander and that, and provoking laughter by his characterization of the Union Army at Bull Run as "a congregation of town-meetings without a leader." Then, having his audience in a comfortable mood, and conscious of the welcome that the North was giving to Frémont's proclamation, he went further: —

And it is not my opinion that our generals, when any man comes to the standard and desires to defend the flag, will find it important to light a candle to see what is the complexion of his face, or to consult the family Bible to ascertain whether his grandfather came from the banks of the Thames or the banks of the Senegal. But all they who have attempted to overthrow the national Constitution, which was their ægis as well as ours, to destroy their American liberty as well as ours, to overthrow the hopes of their posterity as well as ours, to destroy civil society and social life in their own midst, shall find that their peculiar, patriarchal institution, staggering, shall fall beneath their own parricidal stroke; whether they count it misfortune or not, it will be their own chickens coming home to their own roost — their own fault, and if it shall fall in the good providence of God that other men beside those of my own peculiar complexion and blood shall taste the sweets of liberty, God be praised. [The newspaper report here inserts: "Great applause, and three cheers for Governor Andrew."] I am glad that this is not heresy in the commercial metropolis of New York. I suppose that, although we ought not, if peace had been preserved, either to invade, or counsel, or promote invasion of any

constitutional right preserved to any State, when a State or people trample the Constitution itself beneath their feet, and endeavor to crush us and our children with it, we may at least have the poor privilege of praying for the happiness of them all — bond as well as free.[1]

For some of the officers in the Twentieth, scions of conservative families, this was pretty stiff doctrine; others, however, good abolitionists, heard Andrew gladly. This speech was all; Lincoln's modification of Frémont's order, which appeared in the papers a week later, bound Andrew again to silence. Nevertheless he looked forward with hope, for even then, by the camp fires on the Potomac, the John Brown song, brought from Massachusetts by the Webster Regiment, was constantly sung.

[1] Moore's *Rebellion Record*, vol. iii. p. 67.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE DAY'S ROUTINE

At the beginning of Andrew's term the military affairs of the State were managed by the Adjutant-General, — who was also Acting Quartermaster-General, — with the assistance of one aged clerk. The manifold new duties created by the outbreak of war were for a few weeks performed by volunteers. At the special session of the Legislature in May, the Governor was given authority to appoint a general military staff and to fix the salaries of its members. The position of Quartermaster-General he gave to John H. Reed, who had been doing the work ever since the first call. Reed had served as senior aide to Governor Banks, and in that capacity his latest act of military service had been the successful management in the preceding autumn of the reception to the Prince of Wales. He was a young man of a well-known Boston family, of first-rate business ability, and of that open and enthusiastic temperament which Andrew found so sympathetic to his own. For Surgeon-General the Governor selected Dr. William J. Dale of Boston, who also had assisted him almost from the beginning of the war, though at first his chief medical adviser had been

Dr. George H. Lyman. In all Andrew's staff there was no one of finer calibre than Dale. He was a man with a scrupulous sense of honor, unremittingly devoted to his work, and withal invincibly modest. The appointment of Commissary-General was given to Elijah J. Brigham; that of Master of Ordnance to Charles Amory. In the course of the war, as the military business of the State grew enormously, other officers were added: namely, Richard A. Peirce, Inspector-General; William L. Burt, Judge-Advocate-General; Joseph M. Day, Provost-Marshal-General; J. F. B. Marshall, Paymaster-General.[1] The General Staff included also state agents at Washington, New York, and Philadelphia. The Washington agent for the greater part of the war was Gardner Tufts, Mr. Dalton's special service having ended in 1861. The New York agent was Frank E. Howe,[2] who early in

[1] The first important change in the Governor's personal staff was made in the latter part of 1861, when Horace Binney Sargent resigned to take a commission in the First Cavalry. Harrison Ritchie then became senior aide, and the fourth position on the staff was filled by John Quincy Adams. In the summer of 1864, Henry Lee resigned, and was succeeded by W. L. Candler. A year later Albert Browne's place was taken by Henry Ware, who had been Assistant Military Secretary since the autumn of 1862.

[2] In recommending Howe at one time for a position in Louisiana Andrew described him thus: "He is also capable of much labor, of great activity and has more 'human nature' than one man in a thousand. Thus he can move, lead and influence men below him and at the same time keep on a good footing with his equals. The faculty of succeeding with men is a distinct one by itself. Our friends tend to over-rate the importance of *methods*. I think there is a difference in methods, but I quarrel but little about them. For, I think it is our duty by dint of our own magnetism to defy methods and succeed in spite of them. Col. Howe, if he should try, could attract

the war offered some rooms in his store on Broadway for the use of Massachusetts soldiers passing through the city. Accepting an appointment as Assistant-Quartermaster-General on Andrew's staff, Howe made himself invaluable to the regiments on their way to the front and to the discharged and wounded soldiers returning home. Other New England states, adopting the same plan, made him their agent, and 203 Broadway came to be known as the "New England Rooms." Howe himself, a big, ardent fellow, was the life of the place. He was indefatigable in getting up receptions on a large scale, such as that given to the Twentieth Regiment at which Andrew spoke, and in producing the conditions from which enthusiasm springs forth spontaneously. He was a capital travelling companion, always ready for an excursion, and Andrew, dropping in at the New England Rooms on his way to Washington, usually found it easy to detach him and carry him off for a day or two.

These officials bore military titles ranging from major-general to captain. They were in almost every case men of ability, good organizers, and able more and more to take all but the final responsibility off the Governor's shoulders. Not only had they fitness for their work, they were of the stamp of men — one of the glories of the war — who were willing to

the colored people on the one hand, fight Copperheads, army and staff officers, if there are any, on the other hand, and would be on equally good terms with a deacon, a dancing master, a dealer in second-hand clothes or in sutler's goods, and a commander in chief of an army, or the Secretary of War."

take office not for what they could get but for what they could give. The four aides, as a matter of course, and also Reed, Amory, Howe, and Dalton, served entirely without compensation. These members of the personal and the general staff constituted the Governor's "family," and this intimate word is the natural one to express the regard existing between him and them. Together they worked, and in the brief intervals snatched from work played. The labor was endless, but it was for the sake of a nation, and it was done with a will.

Andrew's surroundings and daily routine at the State House, of which it is time that some picture should be given, have been best described by the man who knew them best, Albert Browne.[1]

The arrangement of the private executive rooms at the State House [he writes] was unchanged during the whole of the Governor's administration. It was faulty in many respects, and a few simple changes in it, enabling him to seclude himself, would have saved him from much care and annoyance. They were on the same floor with the Council Chamber, and were reached through a long and narrow corridor which led into an antechamber. Out of this the Governor's apartment opened directly, with no intervening room. It was a low-studded chamber, perhaps twenty-five feet square, lighted by two windows opening westward. In the centre was a massive square table, on the side of which, facing the

[1] The quotations which follow have been taken from divers places in Browne's *Sketch of the Official Life of John A. Andrew*, principally from chapter iv., and rearranged to suit the purpose of the present chapter.

door of the antechamber, the Governor had his seat. Directly opposite him, at the same table, sat his secretary. At a desk near one of the windows was the place of an assistant secretary. The chairs and sofa were very plain and covered with green plush. The large book-cases along the northern wall, empty at the beginning of his administration, became filled before the end of it with more than two hundred volumes of the correspondence conducted under his immediate direction. A large mirror, with a heavily carved black-walnut frame, surmounted the mantel, gas-fixtures projecting from among the carving; and on these, during the first year of the war, while Massachusetts was arming and equipping her own troops, he was accustomed to hang specimens of shoddy clothing or defective accoutrements, labelled with the names of the faithless contractors, thus publicly exposed to the indignation of the hundreds of visitors who frequented the room. His only means of seclusion was to retreat into a room beyond the antechamber, from which there was no other outlet than the door of entrance, which was of solid iron. Every frequenter of the State House may remember seeing him, after being pestered beyond endurance, hasten across the antechamber into this room, where he would bolt and bar out the waiting crowd until he could finish some urgent work demanding freedom from the interruptions to which he was subject in his own apartment. Once behind that iron door he was free; and it was the only place in the whole building where he was secure from intrusion.

Andrew took his breakfast in good season at home. Here Joe Spear, the messenger, occasionally brought him the morning's mail, and Andrew, as he

read each letter, wrote in pencil on the back of it a rough draft of the reply.

Almost invariably he was at the State House as early or even earlier than either of his secretaries, and his appearance was always the signal for fresh work in every department of the building. Paying hasty calls at the offices of the Adjutant-General and the Surgeon-General, on his way, nine o'clock rarely found him absent from his own desk. . . . His habits of business lacked system, in part through inexperience of official life, but more through eagerness to dispose at once of the matters uppermost. So far, however, as he may be said to have had a daily routine, it was his custom to devote the early hours of the morning, first to his mail; then to reports from the departments of the state government, and interviews with officials of those departments and with officers of the United States having business with him; then to interviews with officers from the field or engaged in recruiting or organizing troops at home; and finally, at some time between noon and one o'clock, to throw open the doors of his room to the public. By that hour a great crowd had assembled in the antechamber, eager for admittance. Except the similar though rarer public receptions by President Lincoln, there were no scenes in which it was possible to witness more of the effect of the war on all classes of society than in those daily inroads. Instantly the room would be filled with the crowd. Women anxious for the safety or health of fathers, sons, brothers, husbands, in the armies before Richmond or Vicksburg, or in the rebel prisons, or having grievances to present as to the administration of "State aid" to their families; soldiers complaining of injustice or

of suffering in the field or at home; *selectmen* and recruiting committees suggesting plans or asking favors to promote enlistments; an endless host of applicants for appointments, military and civil; citizens of every class seeking indorsement and aid of schemes for sanitary and other charities; petitioners for pardon of criminals, for admission of deaf and dumb or blind or idiotic children as public beneficiaries to the charitable institutions of the State, — these, and a countless multitude of others, on every conceivable variety of business, all found a willing ear. . . . He would hear and examine personally into every case, or give the applicant in charge to his staff-officers to make the examination under his own supervision.

In speaking of the spirit in which he thus put himself at the disposal of the public, Browne quotes the following anecdote from E. P. Whipple.[1]

Sir Frederick Bruce, the British minister, once called upon the Governor at the State House and found the room nearly filled with colored women who had come to him to obtain news of fathers, brothers and sons enlisted in the black regiments of Massachusetts. Sir Frederick waited, while the Governor, with kindly patience, listened to complaints, answered questions, gave advice, and tried to infuse consolation and cheer into the hearts of his humble friends. After these interviews were all over the turn of the British minister came, and he was a man with the nobility of soul to appreciate what he had witnessed. Clasping the Governor by the hand, he declared that, whatever might be the advantages of a republican

[1] Eulogy before the City Government of Boston, November 26, 1867.

government, he had never believed that it could assume a paternal character, but what he had just seen proved how much he had been mistaken.

Browne has another story which is apropos here, and again gives a vivid picture of the Governor's daily receptions.

One day, among the many exhibitors of military notions who beset him, was a man with a patent knapsack. There were many visitors in attendance, some of high distinction, awaiting audience; but the knapsack man was before them in obtaining his ear. He listened to his description of the article; and when he was told that some of our Massachusetts troops wished it as a substitute for the regulation knapsack, he forgot the presence of everybody, asked for it to be packed and buckled over his own shoulders, and then marched up and down the room, testing himself its asserted merits, before he would turn to any other business.

Some other aspects of these receptions Colonel Higginson has touched upon.[1] "At the State House, where his predecessor, Governor Banks, had loved to sit with closed doors and to consult mysteriously with the most commonplace intruder, Governor Andrew met all the world in the presence of all the world. . . . The Governor had, moreover, a great taste for letter-writing, and he liked to read aloud his own letters; and some point involving really difficult political strategy . . . would be discussed in resonant tones for all to hear."

[1] New York *Nation*, July 28, 1881. Review by T. W. Higginson of P. W. Chandler's Memoir of Andrew.

This method of receiving callers had, of course, more than one disadvantage. "It was often to be wished," says Browne, "for his own comfort, that he could develop ever so small a degree of that official manner which checks and repels intrusion; but he never did." Andrew's way, as his friends were always telling him, wasted much energy over the small affairs of small persons; moreover, it often happened that people of consequence, after waiting their turn all the morning, found themselves too late to reach the Governor. To all remonstrance, however, he was deaf; it had never been in the man — least of all was it in him now — to allow any one else to decide for him whose claim was and whose was not of importance.

Since such functions never end of themselves, and the Governor could not be expected to stop as long as a single person was waiting, they usually continued until the hour for the meeting of the Executive Council. Then the Governor bolted into his private room for a hasty lunch of bread and cheese with a cup of tea, sometimes varied by soup or pie, or whatever could be eaten in the shortest space of time. This practice was the cause of much concern to his friends, and some of them made it a point to come to the State House and carry him by main force away from the crowd. Forbes used to go to Parker's, and from there send a carriage with a note, descriptive of a tempting bill of fare, to bring him the short distance from the State House to the hotel. Judge Hoar was another of these masterful friends, and a

note of his, inviting the Governor to the Saturday Club some time in May, 1861, shows the tone of authority which it was necessary for them to adopt.

Saturday afternoon.

My dear fellow: I came to seize you and take you down to dine at our club — where we expect Motley — for your soul's salvation or body's, at least. Send that foolish Council away till Monday. A man who has no respect for Saturday afternoon, has but one step to take, to join in abolishing the 4th of July. "The *Court*, having considered your case, do adjudge," that you come — if you can't come now, come down half an hour hence — to Parker's.

Yours, E. R. Hoar.

The need of such friends Andrew himself recognized, and sometimes provided for in advance. Among the anecdotes in Cyrus Woodman's scrapbook is a story of Andrew's sending one morning for General Dale. When he appeared the Governor addressed him with some excitement: "William J. Dale, Brigadier-General and Surgeon-General of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, if you don't take me out of this State House *vi et armis* at one o'clock I'll have you court-martialled." Dale replied: "It shall be done, sir," turned on his heel and left. At the appointed time he returned and, making his way through the crowd in the office up to the Governor's chair, took his arm, saying, "Governor Andrew, come with me, sir." And the Governor went.

After the Council meeting, what remained of the day was devoted to correspondence and to other

affairs presented by members of the staff. This letter-writing, it may be noted in passing, to which Colonel Higginson so lightly refers as a "taste" of Andrew's, was, far from being a pet avocation, a cruel and ever-present necessity. From the fifteenth of April, 1861, until the end of the war, the reading and answering of letters consumed the entire time of two secretaries, and often required even more assistance. Every letter and document received was filed and indexed according to an exhaustive system devised by Browne; of every letter written a letter-press copy was made. This system had to be organized *ab initio*, for before Andrew no governor of Massachusetts had had a private secretary, and Browne on taking possession had found "that the official documents of the Dept. consisted of a few bundles of papers relating chiefly to applications for pardons and for admission to public charitable institutions, and no letters written to or by any preceding Executive had been preserved except such as had passed into the care of the Secretary of the Commonwealth in his official character as custodian of such records."[1] Of course what swelled the Governor's mail to such huge dimensions was the innumerable appeals from persons who had no claim upon him, but who trusted to his well-known kindness for an answer. For the same reason, people thronged to

[1] Browne's report to Andrew, December 31, 1861. The letter-press books containing the executive correspondence begin with the eventful date of April 15, 1861. There is a story that John M. Forbes, scandalized at the unbusinesslike methods of the executive office, went out and himself purchased the first of them.

his daily reception ; and in both cases they were met with the same courtesy, no matter how trivial the request. "I am directed by His Excellency, Governor Andrew, to say in reply to your letter of the 1st of July that he has no means of knowing why your husband does not write to you," — such is the bland reply of one of the secretaries to the anxious inquiry of a soldier's wife at North Vassalboro, Maine. Worthy of record, too, is the petition of the factory girls of Taunton, giving a glimpse into a world where the labor problem seems to have been one of Arcadian simplicity. They worked from five in the morning till seven at night, and when they asked for a ten-hour day, their employers refused the request as unreasonable. To secure justice, the girls felt that there was needed only an appeal to the Governor. Of course Andrew's part in the bulk of the correspondence was confined to an oral direction, or a few scribbled lines of indorsement upon the letter to be answered. When a letter had to be of his own composing, he made a rough draft, nearly illegible, with interlineations and erasures, or, better still, dictated to Browne or the faithful Spear. This method produced letters disproportionately long for the matter they contained, and full of that expansive phrasing which is more effective in oratorical than in epistolary style. Herein perhaps lay Andrew's taste for letter-writing, but it was an enjoyment which he would probably have been quite willing to forego.

On the details of Andrew's methods of writing, his secretary is full of genial reminiscences.

For all his communications to the Legislature and his formal addresses to public bodies, he made elaborate preparation, and freely commanded and used the work of others in their details. Burdened as he was with care, it would have been impossible for this to be otherwise. Whether preparing for a professional argument or an official message, he was fond of laying in supplies and carefully organizing and drilling his forces before beginning to move, and then of moving *en masse*. . . .

He had the habit of sending his manuscript to the printer with the various sheets pasted together into a long roll like a mammoth petition; and he made revisions in the proofs with a freedom which drove the compositors to despair. The handwriting, though bold and flowing, was far from legible; and his signature, towards the end of his official life, became a puzzle to strangers. He made a practice of signing, himself, almost all the correspondence of his office. One summer, having (with his usual pains to satisfy even trivial inquiries) replied, over his own signature, to the request of a country schoolmistress to be informed, three months in advance, what day he would appoint for Thanksgiving, she sent back the letter with a suggestion that when replying to "a woman," he should write himself instead of sending the letter of some secretary whose name she could not read. His fair correspondent had better cause of complaint about the day than about the handwriting, for, that year, the Governor, attracted by the fact that the third Thursday of November was the anniversary of the signing of the compact on board the Mayflower, designated it for Thanksgiving; and the next day after his Proclamation he received a multitude of indignant letters from peda-

gogues, of either sex, all over the State, whose vacations had been planned upon a presumed appointment of the last Thursday of the month, according to a time-honored custom from which he never afterwards ventured to depart, for (he used often laughingly to say) that morning's mail contained more abuse better expressed than any other he ever received.

For a man having no natural inclination or previous training for administrative work, the amount which the Governor accomplished was little short of marvellous. The lack of system of which Browne speaks, — an excessive defect only in comparison with his own excess of excellence in the opposite direction, — was undeniably a quality which diminished Andrew's powers somewhat. A counterbalancing merit, however, was his power of making up his mind on a matter as soon as it was presented to him, and taking final action upon it then and there.

He finished what he began upon [says Bird, who during the years 1863, 1864, and 1865 served on the Governor's Council], he left no loose ends; he never had to go over the same ground twice, but closed everything that was before him so far as existing data made it possible; and if not finally finished, he "stuck a pin" at the stopping-place, and pigeon-holed the case in his brain, so that he could begin again precisely where he left off. And then he was always ready to act upon every question as soon as the merits had been fully presented. He was never concerned as to the bearings of any decision upon himself personally. "Mrs. Grundy"

never disturbed his investigations. Thus freed from influences which occasion indecision in less courageous and less conscientious men, he came to his conclusions with promptness and positiveness; and decisions thus reached seldom required review.[1]

No matter how hard a man in Andrew's position might toil, completing one task and turning instantly to the next, still he could never get ahead of his work. The utmost that he could do in a long day of labor was to keep abreast of it. In seasons of emergency, which were by no means rare, he was merciless to himself. Browne writes: —

During the first few months of the war his labor at the State House averaged more than twelve hours daily, and during April and May, 1861, the gray light of morning often mingled with the gaslight over his table, before he abandoned work, discharged his weary attendants, and walked down the hill to his little house in Charles Street to snatch a few hours of sleep before beginning the task of another day. . . . After his invariable bath and hasty breakfast he would reappear at the State House as fresh as the morning itself, without a trace perceptible to the casual visitor of irritation or fatigue, while perhaps half an hour later his attendants of the previous night would come to their places cross and jaded.

The months of July and August, 1862, were another period of particularly hard work. One day the Governor's secretary recorded over four hundred people in the Governor's anteroom, "most of them (about 3/5) for commissions." Writing at that time

[1] Boston *Commonwealth*, January 18, 1868.

to Harrison Ritchie, Andrew said that he had at last succeeded in reading Ritchie's report, but only by rising at three o'clock in the morning after barely three hours' sleep, having worked at the State House till ten o'clock, then dined, and gone to bed at twelve o'clock. A few days later he stated his case to a disappointed visitor, with the frankness of despair.

I am very sorry that you are offended with me because human nature is incapable of uninterrupted confinement and work without food or rest. I told Mr. Crandall that I would return to my office, but that, having been up so late the night before, and so early that morning, and having been driven so hard all day, I must take some food, having had no time to eat, — (my breakfast even having been interrupted, and my dinner untasted) and that I must take the air, too, or I should soon fall to the floor. I would work all day and all night, and not eat, and never sleep nor breathe — but it is impossible. I strain my powers to the utmost. I never spare myself any care or toil, and I give myself no recreations, only as car travelling on duty, — occupied, even in the train, in consultations and in reading letters, — may be called so. If my friends will bear with me I can usually bring things round during the twenty-four hours. But I *am* mortal, and cannot do everything or see all persons at one and the same moment.

With this manner of life, as was to be expected, Andrew was exclusively a public servant.

His private affairs went utterly neglected. His family he rarely saw by daylight, except in the early morning and on Sundays, and to a man of so affec-

tionate a disposition this was the greatest sacrifice. Even on Sundays there was often no respite of work. Sometimes, however, his children would come to his crowded room at the State House, and linger there for an hour in the early afternoon on their way home from school. No matter how urgent his business, there was always a moment to spare for an affectionate word or a caress, and an encouragement to make a play-room of the chamber.

This unremitting labor continued through the five years of Andrew's term. Though, at the beginning of 1864, he was obliged to give up night work as the price of continuing at his post at all, the summer of that year found him as deeply involved as ever. In declining an invitation to attend Commencement at Bowdoin, he wrote: "There is so much to do in connection with the State finances, the bounties, and the recruiting, which requires my personal presence, that everything gets into a snarl as soon as my back is turned." It is no wonder that he called the State House "my prison."

From his assistants there the Governor expected no less devotion than he himself gave.

His secretary once recommended to him an increase of the pay of a subordinate. The letter bears the indorsement instantly made: "I cordially assent, but *on condition* that he shall come at nine o'clock A. M." This was the case of an officer whose residence was out of the city, and whose duties kept him at the State House almost always until sunset and often until midnight. It was an indorsement not unkind, — never from all those years can any of his asso-

ciates or subordinates recall a single act or word of unkindness done or spoken by Governor Andrew, — but it was characteristic of his habit to hold every one strictly to the full measure of duty.

In this absorbing and taxing round of duties, there were breaks, diversions to duties less arduous, which served in the place of vacation. Of these, as has been said, the most frequent were trips to New York and Washington. Though when once arrived at either of these cities he worked as hard as at Boston, the railway journeys to and fro, albeit in the days before what we know as sleeping-cars, were for him, by a lucky exception, a real respite. Except when the press of work was unusually great, he threw off all care until the train should bring him to his destination. He seldom desired to talk; pulling a copy of the *Golden Treasury* from his pocket, he devoted himself to committing to memory one after another of its lyrics. One summer he learned on the train the whole of Longfellow's collection of minor poems called *The Waif*. Often some member of his staff was with him; occasionally, when his stay in Washington was to be for some time, Mrs. Andrew was his companion; once, in the autumn of 1861, the Howes, the Andrews, and James Freeman Clarke made together a trip to Washington of which the Governor afterward said that he had never enjoyed a journey more. This "ladies' expedition," which, besides an interview with the President and the usual "sights," included a brigade review of troops in and around Washington, a division review and a skirmish in

Alexandria, where the party also visited the fortifications and camps, was suggested and carried out by Andrew for the sake of the soldiers especially. Plainly the soldiers were greatly pleased; Mrs. Howe, having been induced to speak to them, was the heroine of the hour. "We rode home by night through the Virginia woods," Clarke says, "Wisconsin and Pennsylvania regiments marching by our side singing *John Brown's Body* while the moonlight glittered on their bayonets." [1] The episode stirred all the romance of Andrew's nature; to Mrs. Howe it gave the inspiration of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*.[2]

After the first year of the war [says Browne] he was accustomed to travel a good deal through the State in the summer season, but always on some official task which robbed him of a great part of the pleasure of the journey; and more than half the time he travelled by night, so as to save the daylight for business. On these excursions he would attend the Commencements at Amherst and Williams Colleges, the Wesleyan Academy, and the College of the Holy Cross;[3] inspect the work on the Hoosac Tunnel; be present at the Agricultural Fairs, and the closing of the terms of the Normal Schools; examine insane hospitals, almshouses, jails, and houses of reformation and correction; besides visiting the numerous military camps, at Pittsfield, Greenfield, Springfield, Worcester, Groton, Wenham, Lynnfield, and Lakeville, and the great camp at Readville. How delight-

[1] *Memorial and Biographical Sketches*, p. 48.

[2] *Reminiscences*, Julia Ward Howe, pp. 274, 275.

[3] In his capacity of president *ex officio* of the board of overseers of Harvard College, he yearly attended the commencement exercises and took his part.

ful he made these journeys to others, by his shrewd observation, lively wit, unfailing good temper, and ardor for everything that was charitable or patriotic, the happy recollections of those who had the privilege of being his companions will forever attest.

His favorite amusement was to drive far out into the country around Boston with some intimate friend, and at last, when clear of the thickly settled suburbs, leaving the horse to travel almost at his own will, to abandon himself to a hilarity than which none could be more simple and genuine. Driving thus in the fresh spring air along the beautiful roads of Watertown or Newton, fringed and fragrant with apple blossoms, he would overflow with a spring-tide of anecdote and humor. But he allowed himself few such holiday hours. Almost all his excursions from the city combined an element of business with what pleasure they afforded. Was it a sleigh-ride on a clear, crisp, Sunday morning in January; the object would be to attend the dedication of a soldiers' chapel at the Readville Camp, or the services in the chapel of the State Prison, or to sit for an hour by the bedside of some invalid soldier. Was it a drive into the green of the country, in the twilight of a summer evening; the horses would not turn their heads homeward without first stopping at the State Arsenal in Cambridge, the United States Arsenal at Watertown, the camps at Brook Farm or Medford, or the State charitable institutions at South Boston.

On these drives a frequent companion was the Quartermaster-General, "Jack" Reed. In summer, when families had sought the seashore and the men stayed out the hot days and nights in town, it was his habit to carry off the Governor to his bachelor

quarters out on Beacon Street, and there treat him and one or two others to a mid-afternoon dinner of the best that the season afforded. After dinner, the rest put Andrew on the sofa, and while they smoked and told round after round of the stories which the war was always producing, let him doze for an hour or so. Then, when the heat of the day had abated, they started behind Reed's fine horses for their drive into the country.

Another favorite recreation of the Governor's was, on a Sunday morning, to go round the corner to Peleg Chandler's house on Mount Vernon Street, to "take a fish-ball" or to "bean." After breakfast the two friends sat together, Andrew holding one end of the long flexible speaking-tube which Chandler used, and frequently, in his excitement, gesticulating with it, to the serious detriment of his listener's appreciation. Particularly after Andrew's trips to Washington, their talk was long and confidential, for between them there were no reserves.

There were also, in summer, occasional visits: a night or two spent with the Hamiltons at Dobbs Ferry, a few days at Portsmouth, Rhode Island, with the Howes, or at Naushon, the island home of J. M. Forbes. Andrew was too busy to accept ordinary social invitations; for entertaining others, his house, as well as his means, was too small. The most complete interruptions to his official life occurred when, after some stretch of especially exacting work, he took to his bed in utter exhaustion. Several times these warnings came, but he had neither the power

nor the wish to heed them. He accepted his fate, and went forward with firm step and cheery voice.

Andrew's sense of official dignity showed itself in many unexpected ways. Browne lays stress on the constant pleasure that he took in all the historic formalities belonging to his office.

He was very fond of certain stately old provisions of the Constitution of the Commonwealth, which in these democratic days it would hardly be possible to reënact if the Constitution were now to be framed anew; such as the recital of reasons for establishing by law permanent and honorable salaries for the Governor and the justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, and the whole chapter concerning Harvard College. Even in little things he manifested the same love of old associations. He took an almost boyish satisfaction in discovering that there existed in the office of the State Printer an old font of type, by means of which his first Thanksgiving-day Proclamation could be printed in precisely the same style in which he had seen those of Governor Brooks and Governor Eustis[1] when he was a boy, and when they used to be issued on a broad sheet which hung over the pulpit cushions when the preachers read them.

By virtue of the same quality of mind, although he was delightfully familiar with his official associates, and in respect to freedom of access by the public was informal beyond precedent, yet he was a lover of ceremonial, when it did not interfere with what was essential and practical. . . . The day of the Annual Election Sermon was one of great delight to him. Marching to the Old South Church, under the escort

[1] Browne ignores the fact that Maine was set off from Massachusetts when Andrew was two years old.

of his body-guard and surrounded by his associates in the government of the Commonwealth, it was easy to see in his face, as he passed down the old and narrow streets, the noble consciousness that he was no unworthy successor of John Winthrop and Samuel Adams.

In all the military circumstance of his position as Commander-in-Chief, too, he took keen delight. Though he would not wear gold lace, and though the constant recurrence of reviews, processions, and flag-presentations was often irksome enough to him and demanded subsequent compensation in the shape of a chorus of "Johnny Schmoker" with his aides, yet he loved the pageant and never failed to feel its significance deeply.

In all these multitudinous labors the commanding fact is the way in which Andrew managed to infuse his own humanity into the dullest and most perfunctory tasks. His sense of human kinship penetrated to the citadels of routine themselves. His frequent expression, "my people," in its sheer unconsciousness of self, reveals the sincerity of his feeling for all those who, as he conceived, had been given into his charge. For the soldiers and their families in particular his care was active, and nothing brought down his wrath more surely than any neglect of their comfort, or any attempt to exploit their patriotism for selfish purposes. A delightfully characteristic example of his rushing to the aid of neglected soldiers occurred in January, 1862, when, through some piece of carelessness at Washington, the Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts Regiment, having

reached New York on its way to the front, found no transportation provided for it, and was stored like so much merchandise in a disused fort in the harbor. For more than a week the regiment had been suffering there, its none too efficient officers being powerless to effect any relief from Washington for the men, and the only aid consisting in what Frank Howe could provide from the New England Rooms. When tidings of this scandal came to Andrew, he dropped his work and went straight to New York. Ice and fog made it difficult for steamers to ply in the harbor, but the indefatigable Howe secured a row boat, and in it the two men reached the fort. To the astonished and delighted soldiers Andrew announced in no mild language that he meant to stay on the island until the government relieved all their wants, — an event which it is needless to say was speedily brought to pass. Of course the loudness of the complaints had been out of all proportion to the sufferings endured, for the men were green at the business of war and were Irishmen into the bargain. However that may be, the Governor's act, wholly single-minded and unpremeditated, carried his fame far and wide through Union camps. A Massachusetts man tells the story that once, in a Philadelphia hospital, in the midst of the songs and stories with which he was trying to cheer the wounded soldiers, some one cried, "Tell us about Governor Andrew!" and that, after he had related several incidents of the Governor's care for the volunteers, of whatever State, a man in the corner cot

called out, "We boys from Indiana think Governor Morton is a bully fellow, but I swear I believe he will have to take off his hat to Governor Andrew!"

It was a foregone conclusion that with the people, whether as soldiers or as citizens, Andrew should never fail of popularity. It was quite another thing that he should reveal qualities which endeared him no less to men of wealth and high position in the community.

It is probably true [writes Bird] that no public man in Massachusetts ever gained so many new friends as did Gov. Andrew. The explanation of this is found not alone in the peculiar state of public affairs caused by the war, but in the discovery made by these gentlemen that the most intense and obnoxious radicalism was consistent with great capacity for public affairs. The men who had owned Massachusetts so long, and who had so habitually derided abolitionists as men of one idea, retained those prejudices in their full strength when Andrew became Governor; and when he sprang full-grown into the public arena and exhibited that profound statesmanship which could only be founded upon long and close study of the question of slavery in its relations to our national government, and those marvellous powers which surprised even us who knew him so well, these men — at least all who were not given over to political bigotry — were compelled to a generous recognition of his practical abilities, and to a cordial support of him in his public duties. Thus Gov. Andrew drew around him troops of new supporters. But the "old guard" never wavered, either through jealousy or lack of

confidence, in their support and love of him, and he never wavered in his faith in them.[1]

Here again, in his dealings with people trained to believe in the safeguards of social forms, the captivating thing about Andrew was that he insisted upon taking all these men and women simply and naturally upon their human side. Henry Lee's entertaining picture of him in Boston society calls to mind Carlyle's description of Robert Burns among the fine ladies of Edinburgh.

It was amusing, sometimes exciting, to follow the Governor, after he became a lion, into certain circles, knowing that their invitation was due to curiosity more than to admiration; and to see him tarrying not in the ante-chamber of ceremony but blissfully unconscious of the condescension implied and honor conferred, march briskly and salute cordially and heartily his hostess, routing her from her preconcerted formalities. This apparent or real (I never could tell which) unconsciousness, this frankness and heartiness of manner, this evident sincerity, won him real regard among men of very antagonistic opinions. "Your Governor is a good little fellow, though I don't agree with him," was an observation constantly made.[2]

The patronizing attitude implied in this last remark was not one that anybody could long retain towards Andrew; all people who possessed the touchstone of genuineness made friends with him at once, and many a house in Boston, New York, and Washington had always ready for him its heartiest welcome.

[1] F. W. Bird in the Boston *Commonwealth*, January 18, 1868.

[2] MS. Reminiscences, Henry Lee.

No duty drew more profoundly on the Governor's sympathies than that of attending the funerals of soldiers. When, after the skirmish of Ball's Bluff,[1] that early disaster which taught so many families in Boston the price of war, the body of young Lieutenant Putnam was brought to his mother's house, Andrew accompanied the procession. "The mother was sick in bed, but the sister met him at the door, smiling, but tears falling thick and fast, and said, 'Governor Andrew, we thanked you when we got Willie's commission and we thank you now.' The Governor completely broke down under his emotion."[2] No matter what the pageantry of obsequies, no matter how sadly frequent such events became, he was never insensible to the tragedy of private bereavement which is merely one of the incidents in the grim business of war.

The obvious reflection upon a life thus carried on for five years is that the man who lived it must have undergone an extraordinary development. Andrew entered upon his term as governor a lawyer of good ability, with practically no experience outside his professional work, and no circle of friends in Boston except that of the Bird Club and of his church; he left it a trained administrator of large affairs and a statesman having a name that stood among the

[1] The Twentieth suffered heavily in the affair. Colonel Lee was captured with four of his officers, three others were either killed by the enemy or drowned in the Potomac while attempting to swim back to camp. Five others were severely wounded; the loss in privates killed and wounded was also large.

[2] *A Life for Liberty*, Chadwick, p. 208.

first of those who had earned distinction in the war. But the power that sustained him was no less extraordinary. For a man so finely organized on the emotional side it would have been impossible to endure the many months of grinding routine, to tide over one discouragement after another, to watch the waste of life and the suffering it caused, without the sustaining belief in a power not himself which made for righteousness. Faith was as simple and as necessary to him as daylight, and the act of prayer availed to renew hope in him. Chandler tells of a long talk which he and Andrew once had together on the subject of prayer, when they were driving home late in the night from some speech-making occasion in the country. "He spoke emphatically," says Chandler, "of the childlike simplicity of the early Christians in asking and expecting certain specific results from supplication to God." For himself he relied on the comfort which it was "to lay out the whole case." "'I want,' he said, 'to tell the story in my own way, although I know it is impossible for me to give any information to the Almighty.'"[1] In a man whose spiritual forces were thus renewed, the power of accomplishment was limited only by physical endurance. He could mount up with wings as an eagle, he could run and not be weary, he could walk and not faint. Whatever gain he made in the wisdom of this world was of less significance than the continuing power of his religious faith.

[1] Chandler, p. 120.

# CHAPTER VIII

## ADJUSTMENTS OF AUTHORITY

The system of recruiting volunteer regiments through the governors of the several states, which on the recommendation of the War Department was legalized by act of Congress in July, 1861, established, as has already been noted, a relation between each governor and the War Department which it was of the highest importance to have rightly adjusted. That this relation must be one purely of military administration, untouched by politics, was a point of theory to be accepted as soon as it was announced. The practical submission to the principle as a hard fact, however, could in our democratic country come only after bitter experience. In the first year of the war it was not until considerable trespasses against this principle on the part of Lincoln, Cameron, and even Andrew himself, had each brought its penalty, that affairs between Massachusetts and the War Department settled into the proper routine. In the slow and costly process of adjustment between efficiency and democratic government, the fight into which the Governor of Massachusetts was forced in defence of his rights and the victory which he won, far from being mere personal matters, helped to bring nearer

the day when the Administration, putting behind it considerations of political expediency, set itself firmly to conquer the South.

The act of Congress providing for the organization of volunteers declared that the governors were to commission the field, staff, and line officers of regiments, but that when the state authorities refused or omitted to furnish troops the commissions were to be signed by the President of the United States.[1] In the face of this plain exception, under which alone the President was empowered to issue commissions, Lincoln continued, after the passage of the act, his practice of giving independent permissions to individuals to raise regiments in loyal states. The condition of things which led to his sanctioning such a ruinous competition with the state executives he described to Albert Browne and John Reed, who were in Washington to protest against this and other evils.

> Without suggestion from ourselves [they wrote to Andrew], he spoke of the impossibility of relying upon the States to respond promptly to regular requisitions for troops, if their recruiting system should be harassed by the competition of individuals engaged in recruiting under independent permissions; but he said such independent permissions as had hitherto been issued had been extorted by the pressure of certain persons, who, if they had been refused, would have accused the government of rejecting the services of so many thousands of imaginary men — a pressure, of the persistency of which no person not

[1] Acts of the XXXVII. Congress, ch. ix. sec. 4.

subjected to it could conceive. He said that perhaps he had been in error in granting such independent permissions at all, even under this pressure, but that certainly it had not been intended to do any person or any State a wrong.[1]

For all that, wrong had certainly been done. New York and Pennsylvania, in particular, had suffered grievously. At the end of July, when a requisition was made on Pennsylvania to furnish ten regiments, permission was also given to fifty-eight individuals to recruit. "It has happened in one instance," wrote Governor Curtin, "that more than twenty men in one company brought here as Volunteers under the State call, for the United States, have been induced to abandon that service, and join one of the Regiments directly authorized by the United States. In other cases, companies ready to march, and whose transportation had been provided, were successfully interfered with in like manner." As a consequence, when nearly a month had elapsed, there were some seventy fragments of regiments in Pennsylvania, and not one with full ranks. Although Andrew had experienced nothing like these difficulties, — for Gordon, Webster, and Wilson, the only persons to whom "independent acceptances" had been given, had worked in entire harmony with him, — he was annoyed to find a captain in one of the three months' regiments returned to Massachusetts with power from Washington to raise a regiment of volunteers. Andrew was not slow in adding his protest to that of the

[1] O. R., Series III. vol. i. pp. 813, 814.

governors of New York and Pennsylvania; Cameron, all politeness, sent him "positive assurance" that this latest irregular commission was also to be the last; Browne and Reed, with the report of their conversation with Lincoln and Cameron, enclosed a copy of a general order from the War Department which required all persons having independent acceptances in New York to put themselves under the orders of Governor Morgan, and they quoted the President as standing ready, if need were, to issue a similar order for Massachusetts. "I trust we may congratulate ourselves," wrote Andrew to Governor Curtin, "that this source of trouble is to be dried up at the fountain head." The would-be colonel satisfied himself with raising a company, of which he was to be commissioned captain; the future promised nothing but order and routine.

This promise, however, was soon belied. Not long after General Thomas W. Sherman had secured from the New England governors promise of a dozen regiments to serve in a coastwise expedition,[1] General B. F. Butler appeared upon the scene with a request for other regiments to serve in a similar expedition under himself. Since Butler's departure from Boston on April 18, his fame had perhaps blossomed even more rapidly than Andrew's. Through him relief had come to Washington after its week of isolation; through him rebellion in Maryland had been checked. Then, no longer a brigadier of Massachusetts militia, but a major-general of United States Volunteers,

[1] *Vide supra*, p. 245.

he had been put in command at Fortress Monroe. From there he had, late in August, made an attack upon the forts at Hatteras Inlet, and had gained renown by their speedy capitulation.

These military achievements of the general from Massachusetts, however, were of slight note beside his shrewd political strokes. Pressing himself upon Andrew, full of loyalty, when the war broke out, he was still a Democrat, and when, at Annapolis, rumors of a rising of the Maryland slaves reached his ears, he had made haste to offer his Massachusetts militia to the governor of the State for the purpose of repressing servile insurrection. All this happened when Andrew was still acting as "war minister," and he was not the man to let such an offer in behalf of Massachusetts troops go unreproved. "Servile insurrection," he wrote to the brigadier, "among a community in arms against the Federal Union is no longer to be regarded by our troops in a political but solely from a military point of view; and is to be contemplated as one of the inherent weaknesses of the enemy from the disastrous operation of which we are under no obligation of a military character, to guard them." Governor Hicks declined General Butler's offer; the disloyal sentiment in Maryland rapidly subsided, and of "the benign effect" of his own proposal Butler made the most in a long disquisition which he wrote some two weeks later in reply to Andrew. The Governor, having no time for political debates, contented himself with reminding Butler that his reply was not to the point.

All this is of small consequence save as contrast to the fact that, fourteen days after Butler had written this letter to the North, — he being now in command at Fortress Monroe, — when several fugitive slaves from Virginia appeared in camp, he called them to him, heard their story, and set them to work. When their owner, who was in command of the rebel troops in the country about, sent a demand that his property should be given up according to the terms of the Fugitive Slave Law, Butler, in suave refusal, replied that "the fugitive slave act did not affect a foreign country, which Virginia claimed to be, and that she must reckon it one of the infelicities of her position that in so far at least she was taken at her word." In so brief an interval had this astute man caught the sign, long before it began to blow, of the coming wind, and, for his own interest's sake, promptly veered about. His course met with the approval of the War Department; slaves poured into camp by the hundred. "Contraband of war" they were called, and the term was one of the cleverest Northern victories. Butler took up heartily the work of employing negroes, and soon his officers were writing home to ask the women to contrive for the negroes some quasi-uniform of blouse and gay cap. In the glow of this enthusiasm and of his appointment as major-general of United States Volunteers, Butler could not but be in friendly mood toward Andrew, and the letter which he wrote resigning his militia brigadiership was filled with profuse expressions of gratitude and protestations of firm friend-

ship. In spite of these fair words, on returning to his State in September in quest of troops he felt himself in a position to sue for favors from no one, and to have his own way at all hazards, — an attitude which speedily brought on a conflict between himself and the resolute Governor of Massachusetts.

Butler had secured his authorization to raise troops in New England from Lincoln himself in consultation with the Secretary of War. The General had asked for six regiments to make an expedition along the eastern shore of Maryland and Virginia to Cape Charles. It was a scheme of his own fertile brain, which he had not submitted either to General Scott, in command of all the Union forces, or to General McClellan, in command of the Army of the Potomac. According to his own story, his special object was to raise regiments of Democrats; and since, as he said, the Republican governors of the New England states would not commission political opponents, it was essential that he himself should have the power to arrange the rosters of his regiments. Here was one of those cases of "pressure" of which the President had complained to Browne and Reed. As the easiest way of disposing of Butler, Lincoln and Cameron gave him an order the informalities of which make it plain that it could never have come under the eye of any official in the Adjutant-General's office or on the staff of Scott or McClellan. At the same time a telegram signed by the President and the Secretary was sent to each of the New England governors, asking his "consent" to Butler's undertaking.

That such a trespass of the Executive upon the military department was purely for politics is plain from the fact that on the very day, September 11, when the telegrams were sent off to the six governors, Cameron gave his approval to a plan, submitted by McClellan, that Brigadier-General Ambrose E. Burnside of Rhode Island should raise in New England a force of ten regiments. On the next day Burnside received his orders from the Commander of the Army of the Potomac, and Butler received from Cameron a revised form of the quasi-official document that gave him his powers.[1] The Secretary of War, washing his hands of the whole matter, could look on with impartial interest at the competition of which New England was to be the arena, and utter with complacency the wish that the best man might win.

Andrew's reply to the telegram from Lincoln and Cameron was prompt and positive. Instead of giving his "consent," he asked that the power to raise the

[1] "We do not know what to call it," says Schouler (vol. i. p. 256). "It is not a letter, because it is addressed to no one; it is not an order, because it is not so designated, and bears no number."

WAR DEPARTMENT, September 12, 1861.

Major-General Butler is authorized to fit out and prepare such troops in New England as he may judge fit for the purpose, to make an expedition along the eastern shore of Virginia, via the railroad from Wilmington, Del., to Salisbury, and thence through a portion of Maryland, Accomac and Northampton Counties of Virginia, to Cape Charles. Transportation agents, quartermasters, and commissaries of subsistence will answer General Butler's requisitions for this purpose.

SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

additional regiments be left entirely with the state authorities. Then, after Sherman had been supplied, he promised to help Butler "to the utmost." The Secretary in reply was full of fair words. "Massachusetts has done so well," he answered, "in all she has promised that she shall not be disappointed in anything from the General Government." Four days later, on September 16, General Order No. 78, issued from the Adjutant-General's office in accordance with the policy already determined upon, placed all persons having independent permission to recruit volunteers under the orders of the governors of their respective states. So far as forms and rules could go, the War Department was now squarely ranged on the side of legal procedure.

Nevertheless, there was good reason to suspect that the civilian head of the War Department was playing at cross-purposes with his military subordinates. Butler, travelling about New England to submit his plans to the several governors, came in due season to Boston and called upon Andrew. The Governor met him fairly and offered him from Massachusetts two regiments, — the Twenty-Sixth, already in camp at Lowell, the nucleus of which was the old Sixth, under Colonel Jones, "a townsman and personal and political friend of General Butler;" the other, an Irish regiment about to go into camp as the Twenty-Eighth. Butler, on his part, agreed to postpone active recruiting for them until the regiments needed for Sherman should be more nearly completed. In spite, however, of this amicable

arrangement, which was intrusted to memory and not to paper, an order came from Cameron detaching Wilson's regiment from Sherman, to whom the Governor had assigned it, and ordering it to report to Butler. Andrew immediately warned Sherman, and a brisk interchange of telegrams with Washington took place in which the disputed regiment was bandied back and forth between Sherman and Butler according as the official in Washington was a sympathizer of one or the other. In the end Andrew won his point; Wilson's regiment was marched to Washington, out of Butler's clutches, and Cameron sent more fair promises to Andrew that he would act "strictly in accordance with" his "suggestions."

Andrew understood his opponent well enough to know that he would not be deterred by this rebuff. Butler, as Andrew had perceived from their conversation, was bent on securing a colonelcy for his friend and fellow-Democrat, Jonas H. French. To this hero of the Tremont Temple riot and leader in the chorus of "Tell John Andrew," the Governor, like any man with normal antipathies, had already refused a commission. He felt no impulse to alter his decision on the score of a plea from Butler, of all men, that Democrats were not having their fair share in the war. By way of making public their agreement as he himself understood it, and so forestalling Butler, Andrew issued on September 23 a general order, in which, after quoting the order of the War Department of September 16, he gave this plain direction: "In accordance with the above, *the Commander-in-*

*Chief directs that no new regiments or companies be formed . . . without orders from these headquarters.*" Butler's next move showed that these precautions had been taken none too soon. He went again to Washington, and by means of "pressure" obtained a general order creating temporarily the Department of New England, with headquarters at Boston and himself in command. As if this were not enough, he extorted also an order which gave him an immense advantage over the state authorities, by enabling him to offer his recruits a month's pay in advance. Returned to Boston, Butler announced the formation of the department, and required "all officers in command of troops mustered in the service of the United States" to "report . . . to these headquarters." In a few days his recruiting officers were about, offering advance pay to men who would enlist under them. Thus the issue between the Governor of Massachusetts and the Commander of the Department of New England was fairly joined.

Now followed a deal of epistolary manœuvring between the parties. Butler asked of Andrew a general order recognizing his authority to recruit soldiers; his request was refused. Andrew asked of Cameron that advance pay be given to all men enlisting in Massachusetts, thus doing away with the exception in favor of Butler's men; this was refused. Butler asked for office room for himself and staff in the State House; he was again met with a refusal. The correspondence made little difference to the actions of either party: General Butler began to

enlist men for two new regiments, one, called the Eastern Bay State Regiment, going into camp at Lowell, the other, called the Western Bay State Regiment, going into camp at Pittsfield; Governor Andrew continued to refuse sanction of any sort. Butler announced that all men enlisting under him would receive State Aid; Andrew, in a counter proclamation, announced that only those enlisting in the Twenty-Sixth and the Twenty-Eighth would be entitled to it. To bring this matter to a head, Butler asked the Governor to sign the commissions of the officers chosen for a company in the Eastern Bay State Regiment. Andrew promptly refused, basing his refusal on the provision of the act of Congress, and on the perfectly clear and consistent orders which he had received from the War Department. The Attorney-General of the State, in answer to a request from the Mayor of Lowell, had given his opinion that no regiment would be entitled to State Aid in case the Governor should refuse to sign the commissions of its officers. That contingency had now occurred, and Butler's chance of enlisting more men in Massachusetts, except by palpable fraud, was practically over.

Butler's realization of the strait he was in is apparent from his report made to the United States Adjutant-General on November 18.

I . . . was informed by Governor Andrew, in substance, that the President of the United States had no right to recruit in Massachusetts men for the volunteer service of the United States without

his leave. This doctrine of secession did not seem to me any more sound uttered by a Governor north of Mason and Dixon's line than if proclaimed by Governor Magoffin, south, so that I paid no heed to it.

Again, the State of Massachusetts pays as high, in some cases, as $12 per month extra pay to soldiers in the shape of a relief fund, at the option of towns, which the State is bound to reimburse, and for which a claim will be made on the General Government. But whether it is made or not is immaterial; as a member of the Union the State impoverishes herself in paying such bounties, for no State can support a war with so extravagant an outlay for the payment of her soldiery.[1]

To fraud accordingly, Butler now resorted. He sent to Fort Warren for five men belonging to the Twenty-Fourth, who, he claimed, had been enlisted in one of his own regiments; but the state authorities were too quick for him, and had the men put beyond his reach. He then made an effort to force the Governor's hand by sending to sea a battery which had been assigned him by the Governor and placed in his camp at Lowell, but of which the officers had not yet been commissioned. A week after it had sailed, Butler sent to the State House a list of officers elected by the members of the battery with a request that they be commissioned forthwith. As the list was not accompanied by the descriptive roll, which was essential for identifying the men, no notice was taken of this request. Three weeks later Butler

[1] O. R., Series III. vol. i. p. 655.

renewed the application, ending his letter with the remark: —

A reply to this communication either in refusal or acquiescence would be but justice to the acting officers of this Battery but a matter of entire indifference to

His Excellency's ob't serv't,
Benj. F. Butler, Major-General commanding.

It was a favorite trick of Butler's, when beaten on the main question, to turn the dispute upon a side issue on which he could win an easy triumph. A ridiculous wrangle now followed between the secretaries of the two parties to the controversy on the etiquette of military correspondence. A letter written to Butler by Albert Browne, in behalf of Governor Andrew, was returned as being "of improper address and signature," because, forsooth, General Butler, being "the co-ordinate" of the Commander-in-Chief, could not receive letters from that official's secretary. Browne in reply denied the intention or existence of any discourtesy, and by way of set-off referred to the grossly intentional discourtesy of a letter written by Butler a month before in which, with the ingenious malice of a naughty child, he had profusely employed the words "His Excellency," enclosing them each time in marks of quotation.[1]

[1] The following paragraphs show what the letter was like: —

Head-Quarters, Department of New England,
Boston, October 12, 1861.

Will "His Excellency Governor Andrew" assign to General Butler the recruitment of a regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, and

This piece of impudence, which was undoubtedly as much a dig at the secretary for his precise ways as at Andrew, had naturally been unanswered. By bringing it up now, Browne, in his eagerness to hit back, fairly overreached himself. Butler, addressing himself to Andrew and writing "in the character of a citizen," as if the stickling for military etiquette had been all on the other side, offered an ostensible apology, every sentence of which bristled with new insult.

I disclaim [he wrote] most emphatically any intentional or even accidental discourtesy to the Governor of Massachusetts. I have by far too high a respect for the office to wish to aid in lowering its dignity. . . .

In the matter of the address in quotation, I but

a squadron of mounted men, to be armed and equipped by him under the authority of the President; the officers to be selected by General Butler but commissioned by "His Excellency," with, of course, a veto power upon what may be deemed an improper selection. As these officers are to go with General Butler upon duty, would "His Excellency" think it improper he should exercise the power of recommendation. . . .

General Butler is informed, by the returns of those who have recruited for him, that he has already a number of men, equal to two regiments, in such progress that they can be organized in ten days, being the most prompt recruitment ever done in this State; these besides the 26th and 28th Regiments, assigned to him by General Order.

General Butler trusts that "His Excellency" will not, without the utmost necessity for it, throw any obstacles in the way of his recruitment . . .

General Butler hopes that these views will meet "His Excellency's" concurrence and co-operation.

Most respectfully, "His Excellency's" obedient servant,

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

copied the address assumed by one of the numerous military secretaries who write me on behalf of the Governor, and it was because of the formality of that address. "His Excellency Governor Andrew" is neither a "baptismal, inherited or constitutional" title, and, after using it once in the letter alluded to, I carefully used the title of the constitution, and marked it in quotation, to call attention to the difference.

I was the more careful to use the third person in the letter, because I was asking a favorable consideration to a request, and in that case I am not taught to sign the rank with which I have been honored.

The major-generals of the United States seldom officially ask favors. You will also observe that therein I used the third person in speaking of myself. May I call your attention to the fact that the rules in regard to set-off, used in the profession which we both practised, and which, perhaps, it would have been better for both and for the country if we had never left, do not apply to the courtesies of life. If you have, by accident, treated me discourteously, it is no set-off that I had accidentally or even intentionally treated you discourteously. As soon as it is thus made such set-off, then your discourtesy becomes intentional. But something too much of all this. As you have disclaimed all intentional discourtesy, that is sufficient. If my attention had been called to any supposed want of courtesy on my part I should have at once disclaimed it as I now do. Let, then, the citizen speak to the citizen, and say, without circumlocution, paraphrase or euphuism, that in the matter of the officers of the Light Battery, I should not have recommended Captain Manning unless I had supposed that he was specially desired by yourself

and the Adjutant-General. If he does not commend himself to you, I have no objection to his not being commissioned, and will offer another. With regard to the other officers, their good conduct, after several weeks' trial, commended them both to me and their men. If any base charge can be substantiated against either of them, I shall be happy to substitute others; I believe, however, that neither of them have ever done any thing worse than seducing a mother, and making a father wifeless, and children motherless; and that, you know, is no objection to a high military commission in Massachusetts. I believe neither of them dead or physically disabled, as suggested in your note. If apology is needed for not notifying you of the fact that the Battery was going to sea, I must say that your supposed absence from the Commonwealth during all the time from the organization of the company till the exigencies of the service required them to go, is the best that I can offer.[1]

As far as the battery was concerned, Andrew was now helpless; there was nothing for it but to commission its officers without more ado. But the contest still went on in the region of scandal into which Butler had turned it. A story of the sort to which he alluded always has two sides, and Andrew, in commissioning the man in question as colonel of a regiment, had chosen, as has been said, to accept the more lenient interpretation, and to rest on the fact that the applicant was a good soldier, — a position which, it should be said in passing, was fully justified by the colonel's subsequent career. At the time

[1] O. R., Series III. vol. i. pp. 853, 854.

Andrew had bluntly refused to constitute himself a "court of chastity;" now he was forced to enter the contest with proof and rebuttal, against an unscrupulous antagonist.

Meanwhile, under cover of the dust raised by this side dispute, which was diligently kept up in Massachusetts, Butler was transferring his main operations to the national capital. Much to the disgust of the Washington authorities, they now found the Butler-Andrew controversy on their hands for final settlement. From the first Lincoln and Cameron had chosen, with true politicians' philosophy, to regard the dispute as a factional squabble which it was the business of the disputants to smooth over for the sake of the cause. When Andrew obstinately continued to maintain his legal rights, they assumed that by "tipping him the wink" they could persuade him to sacrifice justice to party harmony. Their hopeful attitude was reported to Andrew by Henry Lee, who, learning while in Washington that "General Butler was here for the express purpose of abusing you and making misstatements," called on the President "to present simultaneously counter testimony."

The President expressed his regret [Lee wrote] at the want of concert between your Excellency and General Butler, but from the fact that Col. Wilson had been aided, he inferred that the want of encouragement to Butler was owing to a personal dislike, whereas I contended that the President's own declaration to me that he had never heard of the slightest

discord between your Excellency and any of the U. States authorities, or between your Excellency and any individuals, was strong presumptive evidence in your favor and against Butler, confirming his previous reputation both here and at home as a factious man.

To sum up, the President said that the alternative presented by me was to crush Butler or to prevail upon your Excellency to forgive him and to commission his officers.

For the information which Lee gave him the President professed to be grateful, saying that some of it was new to him. Later, Lee had a talk with Colonel Thomas A. Scott, the Assistant Secretary of War. Though Scott was a business man of ability and decision, and had little sympathy with the politico-military point of view, he made out the best case possible for his superiors, and told Lee that Andrew would "greatly oblige the Department here by commissioning his officers and letting Butler go."

I told the Ass't Secretary of War [wrote Lee] that I would comply with his request and communicate to you at once the desire of the Department, and that I should not add that they had caught an elephant and did not know what to do with him, whereat the Asst. Secy. smiled.

At the same time [Lee continued] Attorney General Foster was, at my request, presenting to the President in a more quiet and convincing manner than I am master of, the confusion brought upon us by General Butler's mode of recruiting, during which conversation the President remarked that Genl.

Butler was cross-eyed and he supposed he did n't see things as other people did.

For a man of Andrew's temperament this was not the kind of answer that turneth away wrath. He had proposed to Cameron that the Department of New England should be abolished, and that the irregularly enlisted men should be distributed among the regular Massachusetts regiments which, thanks to Butler's competition, had been so long in filling up. His anger and despair were increased tenfold when, in response to this suggestion, he received from the Secretary of War a roster of the Eastern Bay State Regiment, headed by the name of Jonas H. French, as Lieutenant-Colonel, with the request that Andrew commission the men as officers and give the regiment a number as a Massachusetts regiment. The peremptoriness of this demand was partly explained by Cameron's desire to secure without further delay every regiment available for Butler's expedition, which now was destined to take part in an important movement against New Orleans. This consideration, however, availed no more with Andrew than had that of rendering a personal favor to Lincoln and Cameron, and he replied sharply: "Nothing whatever has occurred to change my determination not to commission officers over these irregular troops since the time when that determination was first made known to Major-General Butler and to the department of war. Therefore I respectfully decline to comply with the request of the Sec-

retary."[1] In a personal note to Cameron, however, he offered to waive his point as to the illegal method of raising the regiments, and to do everything in his power to organize and officer them as Massachusetts volunteers, provided that he was not dictated to by Butler. "But I must frankly say," he added, "that there are men whose names I perceive are likely to be proposed to me, and on which I presume General Butler is likely to insist, whom I could not in conscience appoint, and whom to commission would offend both my sense of honor and of duty." Andrew's chief objection, of course, was to the name of Jonas H. French, and on this point he was immovable. For once making an exception to his rule never to give reasons for making or refusing to make an appointment, he justified himself to Sumner. French was, Andrew wrote, "a good militia captain, a handsome man, and belongs to a class of fast genteel young men in Boston." He was "the well understood leader of the mob against the abolitionists in the Tremont Temple last winter; if he had brought the mob into conflict with the civil power and death had ensued, — which is always probable when violent and riotous conduct is begun, — my duty might now have been to consider whether or not he sh'd be held to suffer all its lawful consequences, instead of considering his claim to lead good soldiers to the field."[2] As Andrew was entirely right in thinking that the General would in-

[1] O. R., Series III. vol. i. p. 852.

[2] Andrew to Sumner, December 28, 1861.

sist on his own nominees, affairs were at a deadlock. The Governor of Massachusetts was the only living person who could lawfully sign commissions for the men who were already acting as officers of the regiments, and this he flatly refused to do. As he pointed out to Sumner, "Those who disapprove of my decision must find a remedy in choosing another for Governor."

It was now January, 1862. Congress and the state Legislature were in session, and legislators were anxious to get to the bottom of this unseemly business. Andrew, holding firmly to his refusal to sign the commissions of Butler's officers, could afford to be generous to the deluded men in the ranks, and in his message to the Legislature recommended that the privilege of State Aid be extended to them by special enactment. Further, the importance of letting the whole truth be known required the publication of the correspondence in the dispute, scandals and all, — an act to which Andrew consented with great reluctance. For Sumner and Wilson he had already had copies made, and he had entreated them to see that justice was done him at Washington. The "contemptuous silence" with which his latest offer to the Secretary of War had been received showed, however, that the senators from Massachusetts were none too eager to embroil themselves on his behalf. At last, after an interval of two weeks, Andrew received a personal telegram from the President: "I will be greatly obliged if you will arrange somehow with General Butler to officer his two un-

officered regiments. A. Lincoln." As a further sign that the General was still working darkly at Washington came a special order issued from the Adjutant-General's office in which occurred this paragraph: —

The following lists of officers of the Western Bay State Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, raised by authority of the War Department, approved by the President Sept. 12, 1861, is announced for the information of all concerned; the commissions to take effect from the dates of their muster into service.

Butler's list of officers followed; and another section of the order "announced" in the same manner the officers of the Eastern Bay State Regiment. Plainly, both Lincoln and Cameron were still on Butler's side.

Nevertheless, Andrew did not despair. The triumph which his opponent had won should be, he determined, merely that which is accorded to the villain in melodrama at the end of the fourth act. In reply to Lincoln's telegram, he patiently wrote out the statement of his case, which in one form or another he had sent so many times to Washington, and repeated his proposal to officer the regiments in any way except through Butler. With regard to the special order, the craven and irresponsible act of a Secretary whose official hours were already numbered, Andrew had no hesitation in holding its inconsistencies up to ridicule for the benefit of the General Court.

For one of the regiments no Colonel is proposed. For the other no Colonel nor Major. The first has

ten companies of infantry and three of cavalry. The other has six companies of infantry. It should be remarked that the law requires ten companies to a volunteer infantry regiment, and ten only. Nor, by law, can infantry and cavalry form constituents of the same regiment.

By whom, where, and how, were these officers appointed? Are they erroneously "*announced*" by the Adjutant-General, not having been appointed at all? Or, having been rightly *appointed*, by whom, when, how, and by what law are they to be commissioned?

Is it the purpose of the President to leave it to the Governor *somehow* to commission these officers; or does he intend to find some other means of imparting to them commissions? Or does he suppose that the Governor *has already appointed* these very officers, and that commissions will soon follow? Or has an effort been made, and is it now in progress, to over-ride, break down and humiliate the Executive of the Commonwealth, in which effort it is hoped to involve the President himself?[1]

In these official utterances Andrew held his wrath in check with a success that was really remarkable. In private he made no such effort.

It would have been impossible for me [he wrote to a friend in Washington] to have believed the cross-purposes, mismanagement and no-management, and the want even of gentlemanly consideration of others, and of respect to their own rules and orders, could have existed, had I not in my own person

[1] Message of January 23, 1862, vetoing, because of its verbal inaccuracies, the bill which gave State Aid to the irregularly enlisted men in Butler's regiments.

experienced them all. . . . Indeed from the evidence of incapacity and want of purpose as to what *to do*, and of knowledge as to what *has been done*, and of inattention to what is doing, I am led to think that nothing but the special providence of Infinite and Divine Mercy keeps us afloat, from one day to another.

To Frank Howe he expressed himself more familiarly and tersely: "*I am right*, I know I am, in spite of all that earth and — 't other place can do or say."

The curtain now rose upon the last act. To the relief of the whole nation, Cameron, on January 11, left the War Department, and was solaced with the mission to Russia, — an effective banishment. With the publication of this grateful news came a telegram from Sumner, saying that if Andrew would send on his programme, the War Department would adopt it. Of the loyalty and vigilance of the new Secretary, Edwin M. Stanton, Andrew had formed a high opinion in the last uncertain days of Buchanan's administration; from what he now learned through his own Washington correspondents, he felt that here at last was the official who would deal justly, fearing no man. Through one of these correspondents, who was also a friend of Stanton's, Andrew sent the Secretary the pamphlet of eighty odd letters and telegrams which had been printed as a document of the Massachusetts General Court, and which, from its racy contents, was beginning to have an unrivalled *succès de scandale*, and professed full

confidence in the Secretary's decision. Stanton, replying to the friend's letter, declared his esteem for the Governor and added: —

In a short time, I shall request Governor Andrew to favor me with an interview with him at Washington, and I trust that, after a full explanation, I shall be able to redress whatever grievances may have been occasioned by any action of this Department. I beg you to assure the Governor that it is my anxious desire to prove worthy of the confidence and good wishes he has expressed for me.

Again, a few days later, when Stanton happened to meet Charles Sumner and Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the absorbing topic of the day was mentioned, Stanton exclaimed, "Well, why does n't he come here? If I could meet Gov. Andrew under an umbrella at the corner of the street, we could settle that matter in five minutes, if he is the man I take him for." The two men from Massachusetts assured him that he was not mistaken, for Andrew "was precisely the man to meet him cordially and sensibly without parade and offhand."[1]

In spite of the change at the War Department, Butler's front was as brazen as ever. He showed freely his version of the correspondence, which he made to appear an elaborate treatise on military etiquette, written by Albert Browne. His talk was loud and threatening. He declared to Senator Wilson that he meant to prepare an address to the Legislature, accusing the Governor of Massachusetts of

[1] Emerson's *Diary*, February 3, 1862. MS.

stirring up mutiny and insubordination in the two Bay State regiments. At last, however, one man after another at Washington, reading the correspondence, came to see and know the truth, to realize with what a thick cloud General Butler had befogged what was a matter of plain statute law, and to admit that the Governor of Massachusetts was not an obstinate martinet, taking advantage of his official position to harass a political opponent, but the victim of a man who had practised all the wiles of which he was past-master.

Full of a sense that the stage was now prepared for the entrance of the ultimate victor, Frank Howe wrote to Andrew from Washington a letter the breezy style and cavalier punctuation of which are highly characteristic.

The tide has set the other way, and while Butler's paid men here have and are working their hardest (to my certain and full knowledge) the feelings of all those in cabinet are with you.

Mr. Lincoln told me he would like to see you — Mr. Seward told Mrs. Andrew last night that he wished to see you so much that if you were not coming here, he would go to Boston — by the time you can get here Mr. Stanton will be ready to see you, and I hope you will come at once, for I have learned some wrinkles here, which will help matters — I will wait if its a month if I can aid in any way to put this Butler matter right. But the sooner you come, the better. . . .

When Mrs. Andrew and I entered the room at Presidents Reception, he advanced and taking Mrs

A by the hand — "Well how does your Husband and Butler get on — has the Governor commissioned these men yet?" Mrs A hesitated — when I said We are informed Sir that you have commissioned them —"No" said he "but I am getting mad with the Governor and Butler both" he said when Mrs A said you dont look very angry — "No" said he "I dont ever get *fighting* mad, no how."

These were his precise words.

It was impossible for Andrew to leave Boston at the moment, and that his cause might not suffer for want of advocates, — for both the Massachusetts senators still held aloof, — John M. Forbes and Samuel G. Ward set out for Washington. On January 27, Howe wrote again to Andrew: —

I have done nothing since I have been in this place but talk the Butler matter *strong*.

Everybody asks me, and I have astounded them by *facts* — I am myself astounded at the reading of the published correspondence, for I had no idea you had so *strong* a case. The two letters in *Transcript* of 23rd inst which today I left in a *casual* and careless manner with Mr. Stanton are rousers. . . .

In conclusion — the tide of thought and feeling here in the Butler matter is changing strongly in your favor — but I must confess, that by Butler's course in showing parts of your correspondence, and his snaky, slimy course generally, it was not altogether so a week ago. —

At last Andrew was able to disentangle himself from State House business and go to Washington for the expected interview. Stanton was fully dis-

posed to recognize the rights for which Andrew had contended; Andrew was anxious not to embarrass Stanton by requiring of him any action that would needlessly reflect back upon Cameron; thus they speedily came to an agreement. Two officers of the regular army were to be assigned as colonels of the regiments in question, and with their help, Andrew, following his usual practice, was to arrange the respective rosters. Two representatives of army organization and tradition, the commander of the Army of the Potomac and the Adjutant-General of the United States Army, stood by and approved the arrangement. They hastened to clear themselves of blame, declaring, what was undoubtedly the truth, that the army officials had always been on Andrew's side, but that they had been constantly overruled by Cameron. To the letter which Andrew wrote, describing this happy consummation, he appended a significant remark: "P. S. The 'Department of New England' is to be discontinued."

Andrew, though triumphant, was still a bit sore. He was in a way the hero of the hour, and while he stayed in Washington was constantly engaged with people, great and small, on official business, particularly on the subject of defences for the Massachusetts coast; but he could not bring himself to darken the doors of the White House.

I . . . did n't go near the Mrs. Lincoln Ball [he wrote Frank Howe] nor did my wife. Are we not true *Romans?* Mrs. A. had a sick headache and *could n't,* while I *would n't.* I am very glad — espe-

cially when, the more I think of it, the more I feel the improper levity of such a proceeding in the present awful condition of the country. It was on the very brink of ruin, — and *it is now*.

By the time Andrew was back in Boston public sympathy was all in his favor. The *Advertiser* had spoken with no uncertain condemnation of the authorities at Washington; the loyal "Warrington" had related in the Springfield *Republican* the current version of the interview between the Governor of Massachusetts and the Secretary of War; Caleb Cushing had declared, doubtless with grim satisfaction, that Butler had "ridden rough-shod" over Andrew.

I have just finished reading the Butler correspondence [wrote T. P. Chandler], and thank you for the best laugh I have enjoyed since the war commenced. You never did anything better. I hope old Lincoln will read it. It is time Cameron was in Russia and Butler in hell.

None the less Butler and his friends were as jaunty and jubilant as ever. Of course he knew that the battle was lost; he was merely attempting to march off the field with colors flying. As a supreme stroke of impudence, he began to recruit for a third regiment; and when the new colonel of the Thirtieth, as the Eastern Bay State Regiment was now designated, attempted to depose French, he was warned that General Butler would refuse to recognize any other Lieutenant-Colonel and would compel Colonel Dudley to do the same. When this

information reached Stanton, he acted with all the speed of his fiery nature. "If Gen. Butler assumes to control your appointment or interfere with it," he wrote to Andrew, "he will transcend his authority and be dealt with accordingly. The Adjt. Genl. . . . will transmit an order to Gen. Butler that will prevent his improper interference with your legitimate authority." Forthwith Butler received a telegram ordering him to muster Lieutenant-Colonel French out of the service "immediately," and let it be recorded that for once at least in his career the insubordinate major-general obeyed. The second of Butler's regiments was now embarked from Boston. With its departure, on the 21st of February, Butler published a general order announcing that "The Department of New England, temporarily created . . . for recruiting, having fulfilled the purpose of its creation, has been abrogated by the Department of War."[1] He himself left at once for Ship Island, in Mississippi Sound, the rendezvous for his command. From Ship Island he made his successful expedition up the Mississippi to New Orleans, entering immediately after its surrender. There his resentment against Andrew spent itself in petty

[1] From Massachusetts, Butler had taken the Twenty-Sixth Regiment (the Twenty-Eighth, after much squabbling at the Adjutant-General's office, he had refused), the two "Bay State" regiments, which were now the Thirtieth and the Thirty-First Massachusetts Regiments of United States Volunteers, three companies of cavalry, and three of light artillery. From the other New England states he had obtained in all ten regiments and three batteries. His force was completed by three Western regiments from Fortress Monroe.

persecution of the officers commissioned by the Governor to displace his own appointees.

This episode, it is hardly necessary to say, was the only one of its kind in Andrew's career as governor. His path and Butler's did not cross again, and Butler was certainly the only man in America with the genius to create such a controversy. As for the authorities at Washington, who by their timidity encouraged the quarrel, Cameron would have been a millstone round the neck of any President or party, and Lincoln, in the first year of office, was necessarily a novice in dealing with the emergencies of combined civil and military government. The real and lasting harm was that it should not have been Lincoln's fortune to adjust the difficulty between the Administration and the Governor of Massachusetts, and to exercise toward Andrew that wise tact which was one of his supreme gifts, and which by its personal touch won the devotion of such different men as Seward, Stanton, and Sumner. As it was, Andrew was forced into an attitude toward Lincoln which was far from sympathetic, — an attitude external and aloof which he was never wholly to abandon.

It must not be supposed that Andrew had any less need of discipline than the President. The change from those hot and eager days when he was "war minister" for the nation to the months of well-established routine was no slight thing, and for him, too, the political complication, in one form and another, was often present. Under these cir-

cumstances, it is not surprising that he found himself involved in a difficulty of his own making.

Up and down the Potomac on the Maryland shore were Union camps, to which, as by a homing instinct, the darkies of the country-side resorted in great numbers. Too often, however, they came not back, and their masters, loyal or quasi-loyal, were moved to remind the Administration that this war was a war for union, not for freedom. In response to their complaints an order was issued by General C. P. Stone, commanding the division to which the Massachusetts Twentieth and Fifteenth were attached, which, though its terms were general, was obviously meant to enjoin upon all officers the active enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law. To many of the young fellows of the Twentieth, brought up on stiff Websterian constitutionalism, this was sound doctrine; to abolitionists and Republican radicals at home the order was a veritable red rag. Therefore, when the report came to Andrew's ears that an officer of the regiment, who had recently been promoted to be captain, had been active in obedience to the detested law, he forgot everything in a returning wave of his old anti-slavery zeal, and caused a sharp message to be sent to the officer to the effect that if the Governor had had this knowledge sooner, the promotion would never have been given. The message was sent through Lieutenant-Colonel Palfrey, who, since the capture of Colonel Lee at Ball's Bluff, had been in command of the regiment. Palfrey, for all that he was the son of a father who

had set free the slaves coming to him by inheritance, was tinctured with Boston conservatism, and, as Andrew expressed it, had "no just sympathy with the humane side of anything." Moreover, irritated by Andrew's zealous interference, and believing that the alleged act was a harmless incident highly colored by young abolitionists in the regiment, Palfrey did not send the Governor the true story of what had happened. Although he wrote to the State House two or three times a week, he did not even acknowledge the receipt of the Governor's communication. Instead he referred it to General Stone, as a civilian's attempt to interfere with military discipline.

The letter worked its way up through various staff officers, receiving proper comments from these scandalized militarists — "there is danger in that abolition element unless a little energy check it at the start,"[1] wrote one of them — until at last it reached General McClellan himself. Thereupon an extended correspondence took place between the Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac and the State House at Boston. McClellan's high and mighty assumption that "the volunteer regiments from the different states of the Union when accepted and mustered into the service of the United States became a portion of the Federal Army and are as entirely removed from the authority of the governors of the several states as are the troops of the regular regiments," had this weakness, that it ignored the exclusive

[1] J. F. Lee, Judge-Advocate-General to General McClellan, December, 1861.

power of governors of states to make promotions within a regiment. At first Andrew contented himself with pointing out this weakness in mild but firm language. Presently, however, he received from General Seth Williams of McClellan's staff the letter which General Stone had written by way of comment on Andrew's letter to Palfrey.

The fact [it read] that most of the soldiers in the regiment referred to were enlisted into the service of the United States in the State of which the governor referred to is the respected chief magistrate does not I conceive give his excellency a right to assume control of the interior discipline of the regiment, nor does it give him authority to command the punishment of a meritorious officer for any offence, either real or imaginary.[1]

Not satisfied with emphasizing the military point in this somewhat personal way, Stone drew a comparison between Andrew's act and the acts by which secession had been accomplished in the Southern states.

The usurpations of those ambitious state authorities [he remarked] commenced in much smaller matters than this of assuming authority in a national regiment serving in the field against the public enemy far removed from the State of which his excellency is governor. And it matters little to me whether the usurpation comes from South or North, Georgia or Massachusetts, I feel it my duty to bring the matter at once to an issue and if possible to arrest the evil

[1] O. R., Series II. vol. i. p. 786.

before its natural fruits — open rebellion — shall be produced.[1]

This insult angered Andrew through and through. Since McClellan, by sending him the letter, seemed to approve its tone, and since McClellan was the only person to whom he could reply, Andrew addressed to the commander of the Army of the Potomac an answer which indignantly resented the disparagement of Massachusetts.

The Regiment was *raised* in the State [he wrote] under my authority in response to a certain requisition, not for *soldiers*, but for "ten Regiments," from the Department of War. I appointed and commissioned its officers, and the regiment was recruited here, on our own soil, at Camp Massasoit in the town of Dedham and the county of Norfolk, and marched from here to Washington with every kind of equipment and furniture recognized by the Army Regulations of the United States, — and all of it provided and paid for by this Commonwealth, — from its army-wagons, ambulances, and horses, and its Enfield rifles (imported by Massachusetts from England under contracts made by an agent sent there by the State, the next week after the fall of Sumter) down to shoe-strings and tent-pins. Nor did we omit to supply anything for which the gallant Colonel William Raymond Lee (now a prisoner in a felon's cell at Richmond,) — himself a regularly-educated officer and distinguished graduate of West Point, suggested to me even a wish.

I would to Heaven that he were back now, at the head of his regiment, — or that the Army of the

[1] O. R., Series II. vol. i. pp. 786, 887.

Potomac were hammering at his prison door with both hands, — and neither hand averted to protect the institution which is the cause of all this war.[1]

To this slap, — it can hardly be designated by any other word, — the Headquarters deigned no reply, for obviously there was none to make.

All that remained of the affair was a coolness on Andrew's part toward Palfrey, which the latter's stiff and tardy explanation, forwarded in a roundabout way to the State House, together with hints that Colonel Lee, though still a prisoner, should be displaced in favor of himself, did not help to remove. Here again, as in the Butler controversy, the point is that the universal inexperience in the new state of things brought forth complications every day. A democratic nation was learning with slow steps how to put down a rebellion of one part of its people. The youthful abolitionists in the regiment who too hastily magnified the original incident into a panoplied enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, the lieutenant-colonel who fancied that when his superior officer was captured the position fell to him, the governor and the general, each making excursions of authority into the other's territory, — all were in the act of learning a difficult lesson, and it is no wonder that when the war was only nine months old they were not yet letter-perfect.

To match this adventure, in which Andrew brought his personal political principles to bear on

[1] For the correspondence on this subject, see O. R., Series II. vol. i. pp. 784–797.

an official matter, was another in which his enthusiastic temperament played a similar part. When the news of the capture of the Confederate envoys, Mason and Slidell, was received, Andrew, who was in Washington, happened to be in the office of the Secretary of War. As Cameron read aloud the telegram to the group of men in his office, nothing but a feeling that the privilege was the Secretary's by right prevented Andrew from leading off in the cheer that burst forth. The envoys were in the power of a government which they had plotted to destroy. It was not strange for men to be eager that sentence should be executed upon them as traitors. On the other hand, when the two prisoners were brought to Fort Warren, families who had entertained Mason during his visit to Boston at the time of the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument made ostentatious efforts to mitigate his comfortable confinement. To Andrew's mind, these Southerners, representing in their persons the evil counsels which had brought upon the nation the curse of war, richly deserved their punishment. When some one asked him to put a stop to the demonstrations of sympathy toward them, he wrote: —

I very well remember Mason's insolent, overbearing demeanor in that memorable interview between himself and old J. B., and can truly rejoice with you that, . . . in the few days which yet remain to him in this life, his power for mischief is for ever abridged, and that all the luxuries which Boston sympathizers with treason and with traitors can

bestow cannot defeat the purposes and the plans of infinite justice.

By the same token, Andrew set no stint to his praise of the officer who had taken the Southerners from the Trent. When Captain Wilkes, the hero of the day, brought his captives to Boston, he was given, besides a reception in Faneuil Hall, a private dinner at which Andrew, Mayor Wightman, and Chief-Justice Bigelow spoke. Sober second thought had not yet come to the nation, and the speakers, in attempting to justify the Captain's act, were plainly expressing their enthusiasm rather than formulating a deliberate judgment. Judge Bigelow's praise of Wilkes for acting "more from the noble instincts of his patriotic heart than from any sentence he read in any law-book," was on the face of it a genial after-dinner excursion into the fields of international law, and Andrew was not behind the rest in praising the sailor's bravery and decision. In the almost universal commendation of the seizure of the Trent, the ebullitions of the Revere House dinner met with protests from but few people. It was only when, a month later, the London *Times* of December 12 reached this country, with a leader commenting in severe language upon the remarks of the Governor and the Chief-Justice of Massachusetts, that there was in Boston any hint of blame for what had been said. In the leader, which contained the characteristically British modicum of misinformation, Andrew was made to declare that "it crowns the exultation of

my American heart that Commodore Wilkes fired his first shot across the bows of a ship that bore the British lion at its head," [1] — an utterance for which the *Times* visited condemnation with a fine air of offended propriety. To these transatlantic strictures the American nation was acutely sensitive, for it was face to face with its question of conscience; and when it had accepted Seward's decision, and Mason and Slidell had been released from their quarters at Fort Warren, the public, by a natural reaction, joined the *Times* in condemning the speakers at the dinner. "Such men," Asa Gray wrote to Charles Darwin, "should not have talked bosh, even at a little private ovation, and we have reason to know some of them were heartily ashamed of it as soon as they saw it in print." [2]

The main purpose which the incident served with Andrew was to cause him to bestir himself in the matter of defences for the coast of Massachusetts. Seward, the Secretary of State, had already asked the governors of states bordering on the Atlantic seaboard and on the lakes to put in order the harbor defences within their respective boundaries, assuring them of reimbursement by the federal government. From the Bureau of Engineers Andrew obtained plans and estimates for the works necessary to protect Boston, Provincetown, and Vineyard

[1] As reported in the Boston *Journal* of November 27, 1861, the sentence was, "And we are met to-night to congratulate a gallant officer who, to uphold the American flag, fired a shot across the bow of a ship that bore the British lion."

[2] *Letters of Asa Gray*, vol. ii. p. 476.

Sound. With great earnestness he presented the matter to the Legislature in his annual message in January, 1862; and, going to Washington, he appeared before congressional committees, endeavoring to obtain federal coöperation in the work that the State was to undertake. Upon this subject he spent an extraordinary amount of work and worry, for even before the danger of foreign war declined, the new danger from Confederate privateers threatened. In spite of his endeavors to get the assistance of the national government, it proved to be too closely engaged with the enemy in front to provide against the possible attacks of an enemy in the rear, and throughout the war the State had to cope with the matter single-handed.

To round out the year 1861, a brief reference to two other events is necessary.

When the Republican state convention met at Worcester on October first, the renomination of Andrew was a matter of course, and the interest of the proceedings was in the attempt to make a composite state ticket, which should bring conservative Whigs and Democrats to the support of the Republicans. In convention the plan succeeded, but as the two men nominated for this purpose declined to run, Republicans had to be substituted. As to the doctrine to be put forth in the party platform, Charles Sumner, in an elaborate speech, attempted to get a declaration in favor of "carrying Africa into the war." The event proved that he was manifestly ahead of his

party. In most quarters the impulse of the days of April to rally all parties to the support of the war was still dominant; the Border States were yet in the balance; by Andrew and all the party managers it was felt that the duty of the hour was not to push on the Administration but to support it. Indeed, it would have been highly absurd for a Republican convention to put upon its ticket a Bell-Everett man and a Democrat, and simultaneously to declare itself in favor of emancipation and arming the slaves.

The sounding of the cry of Freedom Andrew was willing to defer; but if the people were willing to move onward, the cry of Union needed present and authoritative utterance. He was resolved that Massachusetts at least should not lack such a summons, and he found his opportunity in the governor's official proclamation for Thanksgiving Day. For this document tradition required some quotation from Scripture; Andrew ransacked his memory for the most inspiring exhortations of the Jewish warrior-poets, — sentences which were familiar to every congregation, and which, turned to this purpose, should thrill every listener anew. When the day came for composing the proclamation, the hours until late in the evening were crowded with work. Then he and Albert Browne went down to Parker's, and there, over a bowl of oyster stew, so the story runs, the Governor put together and wrote out the ringing phrases which he knew so well. When Browne questioned the accuracy of his memory, a Bible was sent for, which, being found after long search, justified

the Governor in every word. The proclamation was then rushed off to the printer, and on Sunday was read from every pulpit in Massachusetts. It was read, too, throughout the North; it became, in very truth, the message that Andrew had longed to have uttered. It broke the silence, it united and uplifted men. One member of a devoted Union family in New York wrote to another: "Did you read Governor Andrew's proclamation? If you did n't, do! It is like a blast out of one of the old trumpets that blew about the walls of the strong city till they tumbled down." [1] In the house of James A. Hamilton, son of Alexander, it hung for a long time on the library door. At that time the family did not know Governor Andrew personally; "it was the religious fervor of that Proclamation," writes Hamilton's granddaughter, "the noble poetic ring it had, the *heart* that was in it, that spoke to . . . all of us, and consoled and inspired us through many a dark hour of national reverse and disappointment."

The summing up of Andrew's first year in office may be taken from his annual message of 1862. Its recapitulation of domestic matters, forming a part of the story of what, but for the war, would have been the chief concern of his governorship, will find place in a later chapter. The account of the military affairs of the Commonwealth was detailed, being in effect the consolidated report of the departments for which he was personally responsible. Under Lincoln's call for militia for three months, the State had

[1] *Letters of a Family during the War for the Union*, vol. i. p: 215.

# Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY

## JOHN A. ANDREW,

### GOVERNOR:

# A PROCLAMATION

FOR A DAY OF

## PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

The example of the Fathers, and the dictates of piety and gratitude, summon the people of Massachusetts, at this the harvest season, crowning the year with the rich proofs of the wisdom and love of God, to join in a solemn and joyful act of united Praise and Thanksgiving to the Bountiful Giver of every good and perfect gift.

I do, therefore, with the advice and consent of the Council, appoint THURSDAY, the 21st day of November next, the same being the anniversary of that day, in the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and twenty, on which the Pilgrims of Massachusetts, on board the Mayflower, united themselves in a solemn and written compact of government, to be observed by the people of Massachusetts as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise. And I invoke its observance by all people with devout and religious joy.

> "Sing aloud unto God, our strength: make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.
> Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery.
> Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast day.
> For this was a statute for Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob."—*Psalm* lxxxi. 1—4.
> "O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard:
> Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.
> For thou O God, hath proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried."—*Psalm* lxvi. 8—10.

Let us rejoice in God and be thankful, for the fulness with which he has blessed us in our basket and in our store; giving large reward to the toil of the husbandman, so that "our paths drop fatness:"

For the many and gentle alleviations of the hardships which in the present time of public disorder have afflicted the various pursuits of industry:

For the early evidences of the reviving energies of the business of the people:

For the measure of success which has attended the enterprise of those who go down to the sea in ships, of those who search the depths of the ocean to add to the food of man, and of those whose busy skill and handicraft combine to prepare for various use the crops of the earth and the sea:

For the advantages of sound learning, placed within the reach of all the children of the people, and the freedom and alacrity with which these advantages are embraced and improved:

For the opportunities of religious instruction and worship, universally enjoyed by consciences untrammelled by any human authority:

For "the redemption of the world by Our Lord Jesus Christ, for the means of grace, and the hope of Glory."

And with one accord, let us bless and praise God for the oneness of heart, mind, and purpose in which He has united the people of this ancient Commonwealth for the defence of the rights, liberties, and honor of our beloved country.

May we stand forever in the same mind, remembering the devoted lives of our fathers, the precious inheritance of Freedom, received at their hands, the weight of glory which awaits the faithful, and the infinity of blessing which it is our privilege, if we will, to transmit to the countless generations of the Future.

And, while our tears flow in a stream of cordial sympathy with the daughters of our people, just now bereft, by the violence of the wicked and rebellious, of the fathers and husbands and brothers and sons, whose heroic blood has made verily sacred the soil of Virginia, and, mingling with the waters of the Potomac, has made the river now and forever ours; let our souls arise to God on the wings of Praise, in thanksgiving that He has again granted to us the privilege of living unselfishly and of dying nobly, in a grand and righteous cause;

For the precious and rare possession of so much devoted valor and manly heroism;

For the sentiment of pious duty which distinguished our fallen in the camp and in the field;

And for the sweet and blessed consolations which accompany the memories of these dear sons of Massachusetts on to immortality.

And in our praise let us also be penitent. Let us "seek the truth and ensue it," and prepare our minds for whatever duty shall be manifested hereafter.

May the controversy in which we stand be found worthy, in its consummation, of the heroic sacrifices of the people and the precious blood of their sons, of the doctrine and faith of the fathers, and consistent with the honor of God and with justice to all men. And,

> "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered: let them also that hate him flee before him.
> As smoke is driven away, so drive them away."—*Psalm* lxviii. 1, 2.
> "Scatter them by thy power, and bring them down, O Lord our shield."—*Psalm* lix. 11.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this thirty-first day of October, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and the eighty-sixth of the Independence of the United States of America.

JOHN A. ANDREW.

By His Excellency the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council.

OLIVER WARNER, *Secretary.*

**God Save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**

sent five regiments of infantry, one battery of artillery, and one battalion of rifles, in all 3736 men. In response to the call for volunteers, she had contributed twenty-four regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, five batteries of artillery, and two companies of sharpshooters.[1] The expenditures for arming and equipping these troops amounted in round numbers to $3,384,000. Of this sum $775,000 had already been paid to the Commonwealth by the United States government, and a system of auditing accounts between them was in smooth working order. As for other matters connected with the war, the Governor reported the loan of two thousand muskets to the loyal authorities in West Virginia in response to an urgent appeal from them for arms in the month of May; the sending of three hundred and fifty blankets and suits of clothing and the sum of one thousand dollars to Richmond to relieve the

[1] This enumeration includes the Twenty-Eighth and the Twenty-Ninth regiments, which are set down as having left the State on January 11, and January 2, 1862, respectively. To make up the total of 29,012 men sent by Massachusetts in response to the President's first call for three years' men, it is necessary to add the three unattached companies of cavalry raised by Butler, and his two Bay State regiments. This total, however, does not include the companies which in June joined New York regiments (see p. 226), or a battalion of five companies at Fort Warren, which afterwards became part of the Thirty-Second, or those recruits sent to the front after their organizations left the State, or men who entered the naval service.

The estimate of 29,012 men is taken from Andrew's annual message of 1864, being that accepted by the U. S. Provost-Marshal-General's office in computing the amounts to be credited to Massachusetts against her several quotas. Computations based upon figures sent in earlier than 1864 are of little value.

privations of the Massachusetts men captured at Ball's Bluff; and the offer of Maryland, now restored to loyalty, to provide for the families of the men killed in Baltimore on the nineteenth of April.[1] All through the message was the sense of a great State rousing herself for a great task. This business of war was no longer a temporary matter, a series of emergencies; to carry it through to the bitter end patriotic devotion must be aided by organization and coöperation on the most comprehensive scale.

[1] The sum of $7000 was later voted for this purpose by the legislature of Maryland.

END OF VOLUME I.

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